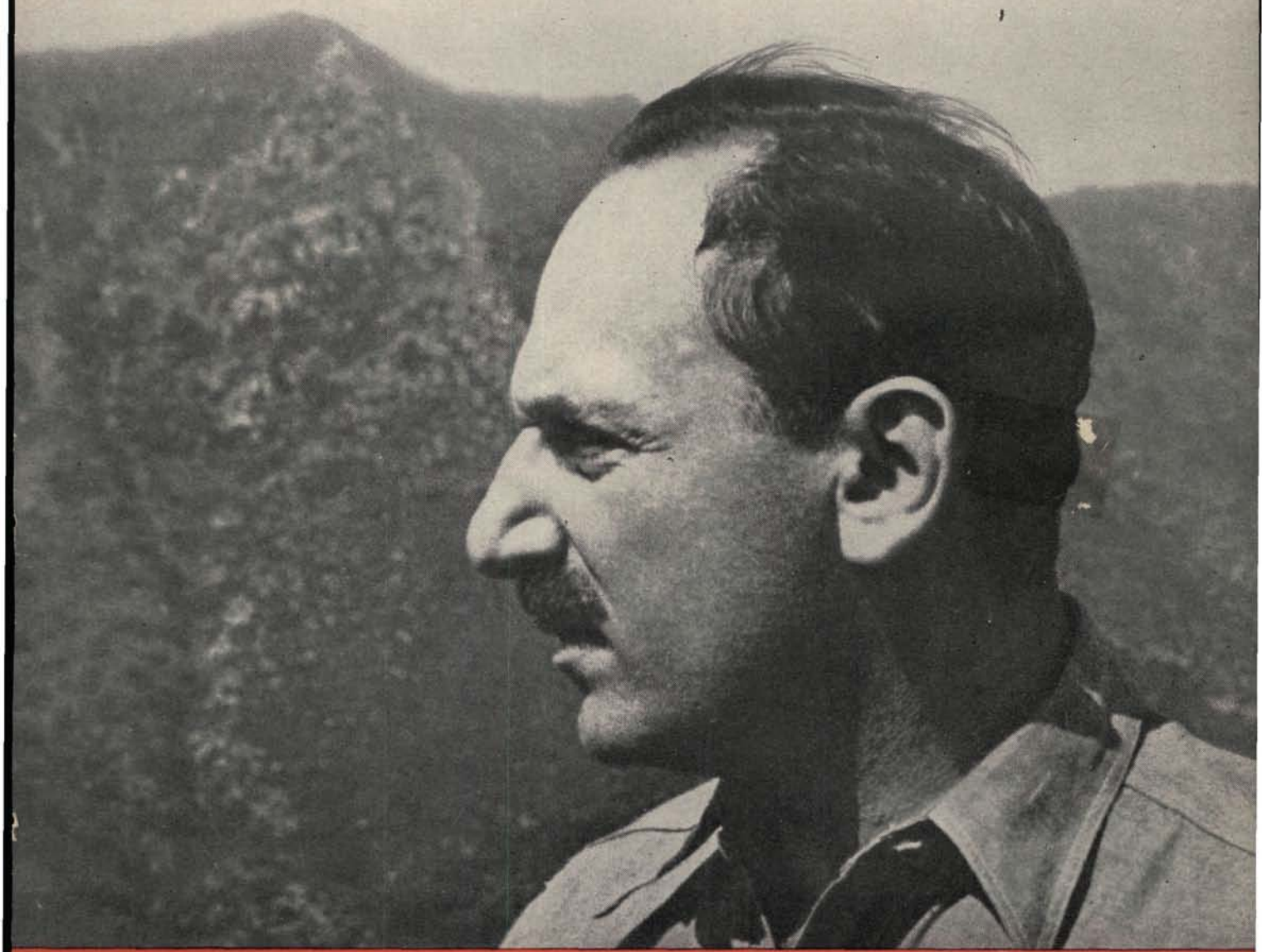
Saturday Review

MAY 11, 1957 / 25¢



Nathanael West, whose collected works are reviewed on page 13

WHAT KILLED COLLIER'S?

By Hollis Alpert

★

THE PERENNIAL BLUES: *Mid-Month Recordings*

★

NEW BOOKS FOR CHILDREN: *SR's Spring Survey*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is what the English reviewers say:

*"... a serious and unbiased contribution to historical knowledge..."—**London Daily Express***

*"A remarkable performance. Lord Beaverbrook writes like a cross between Tacitus and Mr. Creevey."—**The Times***

*"A fascinating and absorbing book."—**Evening Standard***

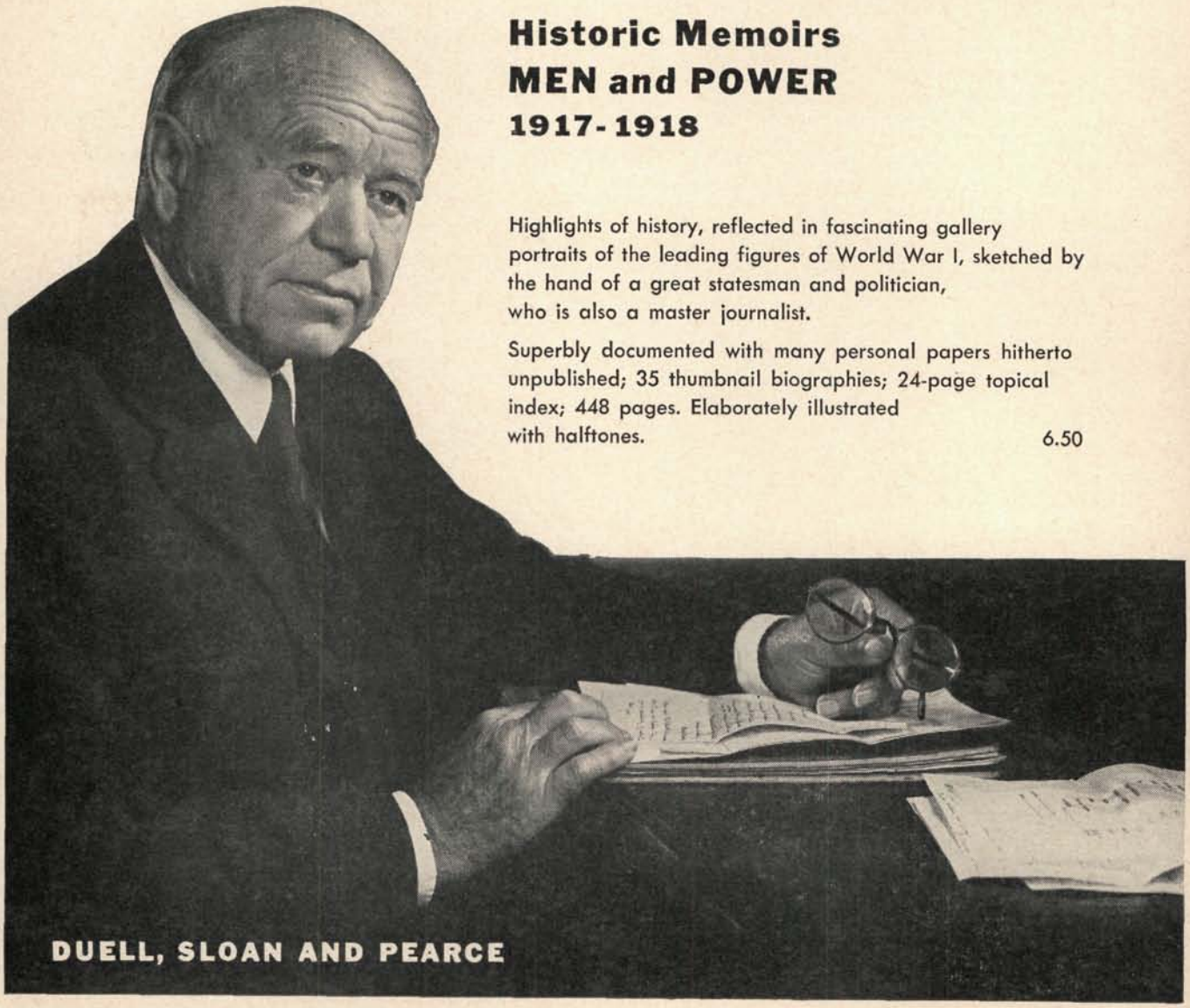
The First Volume of

LORD BEAVERBROOK'S

Historic Memoirs
MEN and POWER
1917-1918

Highlights of history, reflected in fascinating gallery portraits of the leading figures of World War I, sketched by the hand of a great statesman and politician, who is also a master journalist.

Superbly documented with many personal papers hitherto unpublished; 35 thumbnail biographies; 24-page topical index; 448 pages. Elaborately illustrated with halftones. 6.50



DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

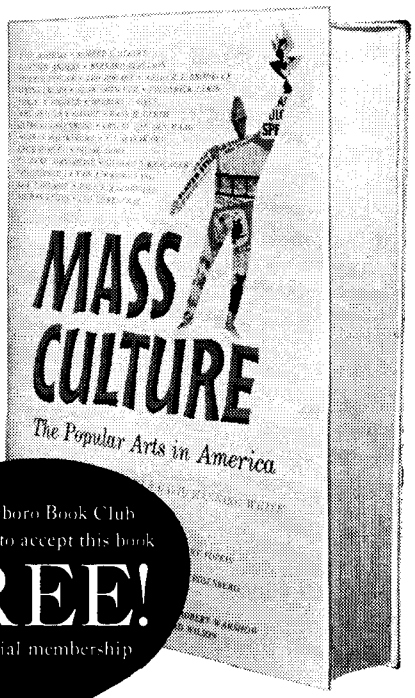
Another Marboro Book Club Exclusive!

THE MONUMENTAL STUDY OF

Mass Culture

A scholarly, witty, wickedly revealing portrait of the "Lonely Crowd" at play

- From Mickey Spillane to Norman Vincent Peale
- From Kostelanetz to Rock-and-Roll
- From the "girlie" magazines to the "New Yorker"
- From the Cult of Sadism to the Rituals of Conformity



The Marboro Book Club invites you to accept this book

FREE!

with a trial membership

THIS IS A BOMBSHELL OF A BOOK... a thought-provoking, fight-provoking, mercilessly honest study of our brave new world of fish-tailed automobiles, embarrassingly Freudian comic strips, orgiastic "detective" stories, and dehydrated fresh-frozen "culture". By turns stinging, hilarious, and perversely hopeful, it is the most comprehensive and significant critique of mass culture ever published—a fitting successor to *The Lonely Crowd.*

$6.50 Everywhere — Yours Free

Never until now has the scholarly world descended upon the "popular" arts with such thoroughness, such diabolical zest, and such remorseless logic. The writers of this book are justly celebrated in the academic sphere (David Reisman, Edmund Wilson, Dwight MacDonald, Christopher LaFarge, Clement Greenberg, and Charles J. Rolo are just a few of them). But here their scholarship is directed at some exceedingly down-to-earth questions. *For example:*

L'il Abner Psychoanalyzed

Is L'il Abner's mother over-protective and masculine? (And if so, why did Al Capp name her Pansy?) Why do "naughty" girls in Hollywood films turn out to be "good"? (And why do good girls in French films turn out to be naughty?) Was it just a coincidence that Spillane and McCarthy happened to the same country at the same time?

No aspect of American popular culture is neglected (or spared). The hagiology and demonology of Madison Avenue... the "culture-pill" therapy of the self-help books and the digest magazines... Hollywood's contributions to theology... the rage for "nearly-classical" music... the almost clinical portrayal of advanced schizophrenia in a popular song called *Paper Doll*... the bizarre "Orwellesque" implications of *Person to Person* and *This Is Your Life*... these are just a few of the other mass-phenomena studied, diagnosed, and dissected with delightful erudition (and with utterly fascinating results).

MASS CULTURE is typical of the kind of book the MARBORO BOOK CLUB makes available regularly to its members at drastically reduced prices. It has just been published at $6.50. But it is yours *without charge* if you join now.

Trial Membership Is Cancellable

You are not obligated to order any books from the Club when you send for your free copy of MASS CULTURE. Read it, enjoy it, for 2 full weeks (it is almost 600 pages long). Then, if you are not absolutely certain that you wish to remain a member, simply return the book. You'll be under no obligation and your trial membership will be cancelled. The Club takes all the risk. Why? Because we believe you'll want to keep the book as a Free Gift and continue your membership. You see, this is no *ordinary* book club.

A Select Circle of Readers

Like a cooperative, the MARBORO BOOK CLUB enables readers who share the same discerning tastes to *pool* their *purchasing power*—and thereby save an average of ***one-half*** when they buy books.

For instance, members of the MARBORO BOOK CLUB paid only $3.95 for THE MANDARINS. (Everybody else paid $6.00.) Sartre's BEING AND NOTHINGNESS ($10.00 everywhere) cost members only $4.95. If you had been a member during the past year, you would have saved comparable sums on THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS, ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES, SEVEN BY COLETTE, PICASSO: THE SCANDAL OF HIS GENIUS, and many, many others.

Save 50% on Books You Want Most

You will find many of these titles still available if you join now—plus, of course, the important new books that you would otherwise buy this year at higher prices—and all at the Club's remarkably low *Members'* Prices. Moreover, you will receive a Free Bonus Book of your own choosing with every 4 books you select from the scores of new and recent titles always available to members at substantial savings.

Important to Act Quickly

Meanwhile, you'll want to send for your *free* copy of MASS CULTURE and make up your own mind later about membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB. So mail this coupon today while copies are still available.

"Probably the best book on the subject now available. Ought to be read by everyone who still can read."
—GILBERT SELDES, *Saturday Review.*

SEND NO MONEY WITH THIS COUPON

MARBORO BOOK CLUB, 222 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 3

Please issue me a cancellable Trial Membership in the MARBORO BOOK CLUB and send, as my free gift for joining, a copy of MASS CULTURE. If for any reason I decide not to remain a member, I may return the book within 2 weeks and my membership will be cancelled without cost or obligation. If I elect to keep the free book and remain a member, I agree to buy at least 4 books during the coming year. I will receive advance notice of each book offered by the Club, and I may decline any book simply by returning the printed form always provided. Every 4 books ordered through the Club at the low Members' Prices entitle me to a free **Bonus Book** of my choice.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

M.S.11

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Advertisement)

Editor at Large

If you happen to be poking around the Andes this summer and you come across a metal tag reading "My name is Dinah. I live in Anchorage, Alaska," will you please return it to Helen and Frank Schreider in Van Nuys, California.

This probably sounds complicated, but there is a reasonable explanation, and here it is:

Helen and Frank Schreider are a young California couple who spent their belated honeymoon in an 18-month drive by amphibious jeep from Circle, Alaska to Ushuaia in Argentina's Tierra del Fuego.

They travelled most of the way on the Pan-American highway, which meant not 60-mile-an-hour driving, but hacking a passage through the jungles of Central America, passing through the Panama Canal, sailing in treacherous Caribbean waters to Colombia, driving over snow-covered mountains and eventually crossing the Strait of Magellan.

The Schreiders were accompanied by their mascot, a German shepherd dog named Dinah, who lost her tag somewhere near the Christ of the Andes on the Argentine-Chilean frontier.

They have told the story of their trip in a new Doubleday book called "20,000 Miles South," which is one of the most entertaining adventure travel books since the heyday of Richard Halliburton.

And if you don't plan to be in the Andes this summer, I can recommend no better substitute than going there with the Schreiders in their book.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"20,000 Miles South" by Helen and Frank Schreider ($3.95), is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, also publishers of "Europe in Color," by the editors of *Holiday* ($7.50), almost as good as a trip to Europe and nowhere near as expensive. Both books may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 633 Canal St., New Orleans 16, La.

The Saturday Review

MAY 11, 1957

SR/IDEAS

9 What Killed Collier's? by Hollis Alpert

12 The Vatican Film Library, by Thomas B. Sherman

24 The Americans and the Hungarian Story: An Editorial by Elmo Roper

34 The Perennial Blues, by Yannick Bruynoghe and Stanley Dance

51 New Books for Children: *SR*'s Spring Survey

SR/BOOKS

13 The Complete Works of Nathanael West
Reviewed by Roger H. Smith

15 Berlin, by Theodor Plievier
Reviewed by Richard Plant

16 In the Court of Public Opinion, by Alger Hiss
A Report by Thomas E. Cooney

17 Men and Monuments, by Janet Flanner
Reviewed by Francis Henry Taylor

18 Sources of Art Nouveau, by Stephen Tschudi Madsen
Reviewed by Georgine Oeri

19 A Source Book in Indian Philosophy, edited by Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan and Charles A. Moore
Reviewed by Paul Arthur Schilpp

20 The Nature of Passion, by R. Prawer Jhabvala
Reviewed by John Frederick Muehl

20 The Printer of Malgudi, by R. K. Narayan
Reviewed by John Haverstick

21 Mushrooms, Russia and History, by Valentina Pavlovna and R. Gordon Wasson
Reviewed by Robert Graves

23 Low's Autobiography, by David Low
Reviewed by Stephen Potter

46 Mass Culture: The Popular Arts in America, edited by Bernard Rosenberg and D. M. White
Reviewed by Gilbert Seldes

SR/DEPARTMENTS

6 Trade Winds

25 Letters to the Editor

26 Broadway Postscript

27 *SR* Goes to the Movies

28 TV and Radio

29 The Fine Arts

31 Booked for Travel

33 Music to My Ears

64 Literary I.Q.

65 Literary Crypt

67 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1207

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher; Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XL, No. 19, May 11, 1957. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952 at the Post Office in New York, N.Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1957 by Saturday Review, Inc.

The wonderful story of **AUDUBON'S** *other love*

The deeply moving story of Mrs. John James Audubon—a valiant woman, a loving wife, a great American—and her part in bringing America one of its most priceless cultural possessions. Enriched with letters by Lucy and John Audubon, it is a story as authentic as it is memorable.

Mr. Audubon's Lucy

A novel by **LUCY KENNEDY**

Now at your bookstore, $3.95

Crown PUBLISHERS

RIPS ASIDE THE TRAVEL POSTERS!

A significant illuminating book about SPAIN as it really is

KINGS without CASTLES

By LUCY HERNDON CROCKETT

author of *The Magnificent Bastards* and *Popcorn on the Ginza*

TO bring you this extraordinary, intimate picture of the *real* Spain of today, Miss Crockett motored 10,000 miles inside the land of bullfights, castles and fiestas. She talked to hundreds of Spaniards of all persuasions, in all walks of life. Her perceptive, thought-provoking comments reveal a strange and mystifying land seldom seen by the tourists and understood by few foreigners.

224 Pages, $3.95 at all booksellers.

RAND McNALLY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New records for old, for the record library of your dreams!

THIS MONTH ONLY! TRADE IN YOUR OLD ALBUMS ON NEW RCA VICTOR CLASSICAL HI-FI L.P.s LIKE THESE:

Any old Albums that cost you $2 or more each... any brand... any speed... are now worth $1 toward the purchase of any RCA Victor Classical L. P. Album!

Here's your chance of a lifetime to build the Long Play classical record library of your dreams! A golden opportunity to start, or modernize, your collection of the world's greatest music – with fresh, new hi-fi recordings! Trade in your out-of-date record albums on any of the wonderful classical L.P.'s in RCA Victor's great catalog. You'll thrill to New Orthophonic High Fidelity recordings of the World's Greatest Artists performing your favorite music.

RCA VICTOR
Trade(s) of RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRADE Winds

THE BARKER GREETING CARD COMPANY has pioneered in the field of trick cards. They've made cards where a moth flies out as you open it; some reference is made to your being a cheapskate, I believe. In another one, when you turn the page to read the message, a piece of wire snaps with terrific force on your right thumbnail.

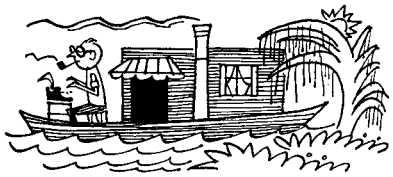
This is the kind of thing that Dick Falk, Barker's press agent, calls "the sardonic, avant-garde type of humor." He reports that "a catchy rhyme or a fancy sonnet was once the thing to send. Today that's dead." Barker used to employ twenty-five full-time poets. Now they have only one versifier and twenty-five cartoonists and slapstick experts.

But come that Day of Days, Mother's Day, the Barker Buffoons get real serious. They show us that they can turn out good poetry if they want to. Here's the latest, the apostrophes being Mr. Barker's, not *SR*'s:

Mother's are wonderful
Mother's are fine.
But the very best one
Is that mother of mine!

This, of course, has the same effect as a trick card, because every time you read it your right thumbnail, among other things, hurts terribly.

"YOU SMART-ALECKS give me a pain in the neck," complains Alberta Vaughn



of Salina, Kansas. "Fairfield County this, and Fairfield County that! There are a few writers elsewhere, you know. I think Roderick Pelletier of the Mississippi Valley Authors Club is right when he says you Easterners just sit around and buy from each other. Phooey! I've submitted stories to magazines for years, every bit as good as anything they ever print, and they just send them back with a rejection slip. They don't even read 'em!"

How about Richard Bissell of Dubuque? He was out there in his father's overall factory when he sent an article to *The Atlantic*. Somebody finally read it, because eight months later he heard that he'd won a $1,000 prize. It was goodbye overalls from then on. His third book, "7½ Cents," was made into the show, "The Pajama Game," and now his fifth book, "Say, Darling," is all about how *that* happened. It is without doubt the sharpest and deepest and funniest needle yet driven into the tender skins of New York and Fairfield County, so it ought to please Alberta Vaughn. (She'll get it from the Book-of-the-Month Club; it's their April choice.)

"Say, Darling" did get a couple of bum notices, at least. *Variety* knocked it, and so did *The Milwaukee Journal*. "I can't understand the man on the *Journal*," Bissell says. "Maybe it's because I didn't speak to him at a cocktail party out there seven years ago. As for *Variety*, it's probably that the reviewer resented the idea of an outsider coming in and writing about the stage, just as my father resented it when I wrote about his factory in '7½ Cents'."

If you drop a match out of the Bissell study window it falls into Five Mile River, the finest small boat harbor in Long Island Sound. The house is in (ugh!) Fairfield County, but it is filled with fresh-water, Mississippi-River relics and mementoes, testifying to the pull of the river that has meant so much to Bissell, and to the fact that he is a Midwesterner who likes to go home to Dubuque, and often does. He likes the extremes of weather out there so much that in March, when he heard a big blizzard was heading that way, he sped out to be there when it hit. (He still owns a house in Dubuque.)

Dick spent years on river boats, as a deckhand, mate, and pilot. Two of his novels, "Stretch on the River" and "High Water," are about Mississippi boating. He can't get it out of his system. Tied up at Dubuque now are these Bissell craft: *No Bottom*, the new houseboat; *Cassville*, the flatboat with power; *Floating Cave*, the old houseboat named after the original *Floating Cave*, a ten-room houseboat where he and Marion lived for three years after they were married; the thirty-four-foot Diesel tug *Canton*, which is going to be used to move the houseboats around; and a speedboat for racing from houseboat to houseboat. In the wintertime you go down to the river, light up the stove in your icebound houseboat, chop holes in the ice, and fish at 20 degrees below. In the summer you float all over the Mississippi and write novels.

Mr. Bissell likes Fairfield County all right, but he likes Dubuque County much better, and I hope Alberta Vaughn is satisfied.

THE JAUNDICED EYE. All the papers reported that "more than a million persons" walked up and down Fifth Avenue on Easter Sunday for a two-hour period, showing off their Easter finery. Traffic was blocked off between 46th and 57th streets for the parade.

I figured out how much space there was, multiplied and divided, and found that to get a million people there would require eleven of them to stand on each square foot of area.

It's because of the language. "Million" is so easy to say. In China they don't have a word for million. They have a word *wan* meaning 10,000. So Chinese are always running around saying 10,000 so-and-so. If a Chinese goes to a cocktail party, he comes back and says, "Boy, was it crowded! There were 10,000 people there."

At American cocktail parties and parades there are always a million people.

THERE'S A terrible new disease. It hasn't been named as yet, but it has been reported by Dr. H. Angus Bowes, a psychiatrist at St. Anne's Hospital in Quebec. It is hi-fi. Doctor Bowes (a hi-fi fan himself) studied the cases of sixteen hi-fi addicts (as opposed to fans) who came to him for treatment. They were a frightfully unhealthy lot, he discovered.

The typical addict, Dr. Bowes has found, is a highly intelligent male of middle age. Often he is single but, if married, childless. Three out of four hi-fi addicts are men. The doctor reports:

"His tendency to become preoccupied with, and dependent upon, bizarre recorded sounds to the exclusion of all other interests, combined with the urgency of the need and the final insufficiency of all attempts to satisfy it, brand him as a true addict.

"The sound is turned up till it reaches the physical level of pain. One addict told me that he would not be satisfied until he could hear the drip of saliva from the French horns as they were emptied."

The sickly hi-fi addict is obsessed by "extremely low frequencies that can be felt rather than heard . . . and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the highest frequencies that leave one's head ringing." The addict has a drive for perfection in his equipment, Dr. Bowes says, manifested by his need for ever more complex equipment. Sometimes he uses his hi-fi layout as a blasting means of aggression against neighbor.

Last and certainly not least, Dr. Bowes found that for some addicts hi-fi takes the place of normal sexual outlets. Often the wife of a married addict would report she had to compete with the hi-fi for hubby.

The cure for all this? Well, it would be easiest if Dr. Bowes and his patients turned hi-fi addicts themselves.

NOW we pass on a dispatch from Pelham Grenville Wodehouse concerning his new book:

"Feuer and Martin want to make a musical out of 'The Butler Did It.' It may fall through, of course, as theatrical projects are apt to do, but if it comes off it'll be fine, as F&M's batting average for musicals so far is 1.000. They've done five shows—'Where's Charley,' 'Guys and Dolls,' 'The Boy Friend,' 'Can-Can,' 'Silk Stockings'—and have had five hits."

I can't understand how Wodehouse could get excited about anything any more. He's had so much happen and done so much in the last fifty-five years that a hit show on Broadway shouldn't quicken his pulse at all. He's written ten books for boys, one for children, forty-four novels, 315 short stories; he's been author or part author of sixteen plays and has written the lyrics for twenty-two musical comedies. ("Bill," from "Show Boat," and "Till the Clouds Roll by," the title song of the movie about Kern's life, have words by Wodehouse.) He also spent several years writing scenarios in Hollywood. He's been one of the world's most popular authors for forty years, and at the age of seventy-five he sits out there on Long Island at his custom-made typewriter (the keys are all screwed up) and continues to pound out the material. —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1206)

M. T. JEANS:
INTRODUCTION TO TIME

Now clockwise mind and season-tutored eyes
Gather within themselves a new compulsion,
A new awareness that the memory lies,
A speeding up of time, a jet-propulsion;
And years that once passed slowly, heaven bound,
Now hurtle by us with the speed of sound.

This vice-president is making a sound movie while he sits at his desk!

He's working on a new public relations film. He's adding his personal message to the movie *right in his own office!*

How? By using the new Kodascope Pageant Projector, Magnetic-Optical. This new communications tool is two machines in one. It's a superb silent and sound projector for 16mm films. And it's a precision magnetic recorder.

With this machine you start with *any* kind of 16mm film, sound or silent, and, after processing, have magnetic striping added for about 2½¢ per foot.

Do it yourself: Then you run the film through the projector and record your *own* sound. Mix voice with music, add from other sound sources, record on the spot, blend automatically. Erase, alter, re-use the magnetic stripe at will. Change your message to fit different groups, *as often as you wish.*

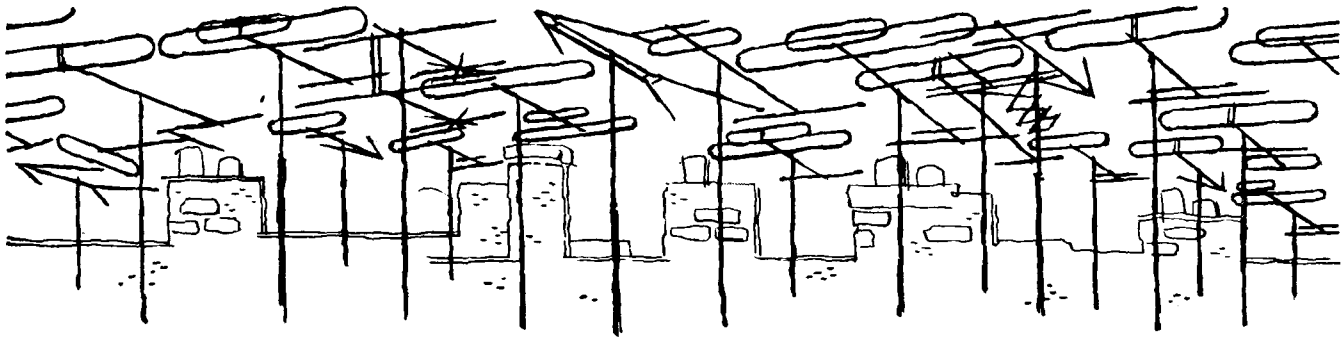
Brilliant projection: And then use this fine *portable* projector for showing every kind of 16mm film. You'll be delighted with its simplicity of operation, brilliant pictures, and fine tone. And no more worry over maintenance because the Pageant is *lubricated for life!*

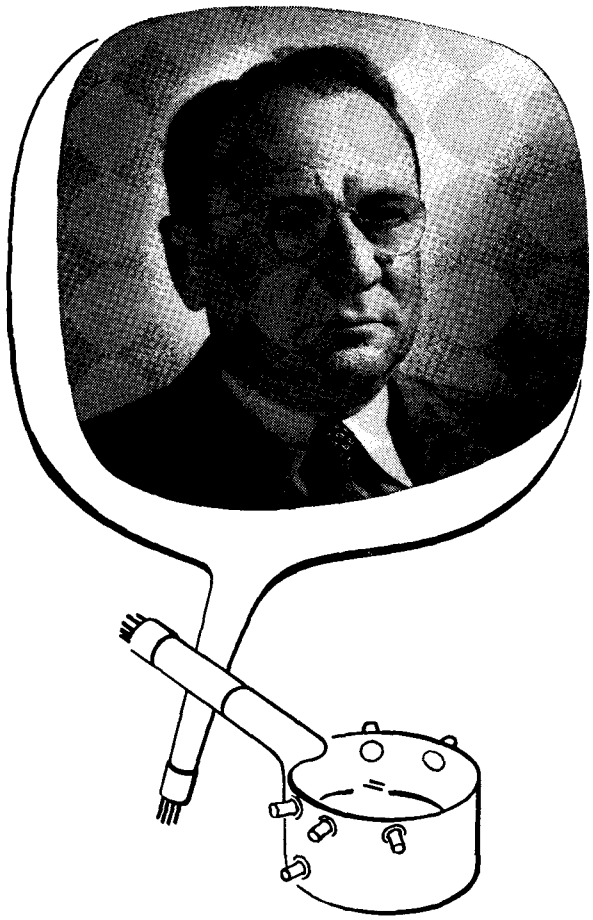
INTERESTED? More details about this unusually versatile business tool will be sent you on request. And, if you don't already know him, ask us for the name of the Kodak Audio-Visual Dealer nearest you. No obligation, of course.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Dept. 8-V, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





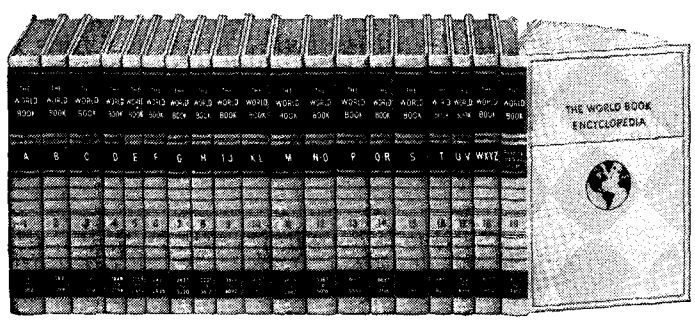
Vladimir Zworykin, one of the leaders in the development of television. Invented the iconoscope and helped develop the picture tube. Honorary Vice-President of R.C.A.

Vladimir Zworykin

DISCUSSES TELEVISION WITH YOU
in the
WORLD BOOK
encyclopedia

Imagine the thrill of talking television with the man behind some of the industry's most significant discoveries! In effect, that's what you'll be doing when you read this fascinating, far-reaching subject in the World Book Encyclopedia. Every feature in World Book's comprehensive article on television has been critically reviewed by Dr. Zworykin. You'll find it interesting, easy to read, complete. Even the intricacies of color television are explained with easily understood color diagrams.

All contributors to World Book are leading authorities in their fields. That's why World Book Encyclopedia is always accurate, informative, up to date, and first in sales and popularity. When you want facts, clearly explained, look them up in World Book.



FREE! 20-page booklet, "Earth and Star", reprinted from World Book Encyclopedia. See for yourself how World Book makes even the most difficult subjects easy to understand.

For your free copy of the "Earth and Star" booklet, mailed without obligation, write Mr. Jack Dienhart, World Book, Dept. 1265, Box 3565.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ County_____ State_____

Field Enterprises, Inc., Educational Division
Merchandise Mart Plaza, Chicago 54, Illinois

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
MAY 11, 1957

THE LAST WORD: The layout above used to be one of the most familiar sights in America. It is the last issue of *Collier's* (dated January 4, 1957), a periodical for which Franklin D. Roosevelt once had hoped to write, which had printed brilliant and prophetic articles on the space-satellite and America's wondrous technological future (as well as reporting the latest fashions in diet), and which as its expiring gesture hailed our own Princess Grace of Monaco, then carrying the Princess Caroline to be. Many *Collier's* readers may find it difficult to understand how the famous magazine, with circulation climbing steadily, could have died. *SR*'s editors have asked Hollis Alpert, well-known critic, short-story author, and editor, to prepare this inquest into the demise of *Collier's* Magazine.

WHAT KILLED COLLIER'S?

By HOLLIS ALPERT

WHAT killed *Collier's?*

No one claims that either *Collier's* or *Woman's Home Companion,* both of which died this past December, were indispensable to the culture of America. But they were magazines, disseminators of the written word, carriers of opinion, reporting, and entertainment, and they were a part of the corrective apparatus which journalism furnishes to a democratic state. Now there is some professional journalism missing from the scene; skills used to put out the magazines are lying fallow or going to waste; and a cloud of doubt hovers over the profession and business of large magazine publishing.

Which other of the large, established magazines are apt to run into trouble or are faltering under the stress of competition? For an appropriate answer, one must look beneath the surface, disregard the proud boast of multi-million circulations and even vaster readership and find out whether they pay, whether advertising is sufficient, whether readers want the magazines or are handed them at far below cost, whether they are editorially alive (*i.e.,* modern, up to date, geared to today's psychology and living habits, high in prestige, and possessing a clearly defined policy).

Circulation is not the whole story. *Collier's* and *Companion* had reached their all-time highs at the time of their expiration, both over 4,000,000 copies per issue. But advertising was declining, had been on a continual downhill slide from 1947 on. The decline was halted momentarily when *Collier's* turned fortnightly in 1953, but then it started again. The outlook for 1957 was dismal indeed for both magazines.

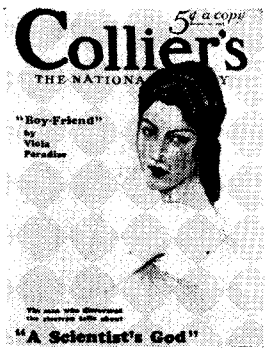
Ten years ago the Crowell-Collier

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1898: The pre-Beck *Collier's* is a sobersided family periodical, patriotically cheering on the mustachioed recruit to the Spanish-American War. It cost ten cents; this was before the advertising man had come along to carry most of the cost-burden.

1919: On this cover the editors request readers to send their used magazines off to soldiers returning from World War I. Beck came to *Collier's* in 1919, and the small-girl-with-puppy motif of the Beck-Knapp partnership is the consequence.

1922: The back cover of this issue was given away. Although the magazine was losing a lot of money, the steady subsidy Beck and Knapp had provided begins to show up in the slicker format and authors. It costs five cents, to match the *Post*.



1925: Call this one "The Influence of William Chenery." The sophisticated girl, the cleaner and artier lay-out, the feature fiction-story (by Viola Paradise), and the mixture of science and philosophizing herald the future personality of the magazine.

magazines (which included *American,* suspended earlier in 1956) were healthy by nearly all criteria. *Collier's,* particularly, had made big gains during the Depression years, looked upon *The Saturday Evening Post* as its competition, and went into the years of war and paper shortages with a well-maintained circulation, firm ad rates, and a margin of profit. "The magazine," said *Scribner's* Magazine in 1939, "is an article of commerce more brightly packaged and more efficiently sold than any breakfast cereal; a vehicle of light entertainment as dependable and competently engineered as a V-8 straight from the assembly line; a slick journal with a zip of showmanship in every line, as lively as a swing band."

It is a puzzling phenomenon, this rise and decline of magazines, and the pattern of *Collier's* may be significant. It was the creation, in 1888, of Peter Fenelon Collier, a salesman of books on the instalment plan who used the magazine as a premium. Later it had some influence under Norman Hapgood, an editor who, according to the same article in *Scribner's,* "used facts to expose evil, quoted Browning and Wordsworth at its readers, thundered at corruption and corporations." But the magazine, as we knew it when it died, was largely the creation of Thomas Beck, a super-salesman for Procter and Gamble and popularizer of Crisco, who as advertising manager for *Collier's* went to Joseph Palmer Knapp (head of the Crowell Publishing Corporation) in 1919 and sold him on the idea of adding the magazine to the three monthlies Knapp then published. They were *American, Woman's Home Companion,* and *The Country Home.*

The secret of publishing a successful weekly eluded Beck and Knapp for a time. Knapp had purchased *Collier's* for the price of settling its debts; it began to roll up new ones. It was so sick that in the early Twenties the back cover had to be given away. (The influence of Knapp, by the way, is said to have been felt on the magazine in terms of its occasional puppy-and-kitten covers as well as its later anti-Prohibition stand. Knapp, it is reported, drank a daily bottle of brandy until the day of his death, and mixed martinis in a giant-sized shaker.)

Three editors were hired and fired between 1920 and 1924, a rapid rate for those days. Then William Chenery was made editor. Chenery was a literate Virginian gentleman who, while taking his time about bringing the magazine out of the red, brought in such lively and convivial spirits of the day as Walter Davenport, W. B. Courtney, John T. Flynn, and Kyle Crichton.

Some of their high spirits flowed over into the magazine. The circulation of *Collier's,* when Chenery came along, was 850,000. It went up to 1,500,000 in 1927, and 2,000,000 in 1929, the first year the magazine reached the break-even point. One of Chenery's first acts was to reaffirm a strong stand on Prohibition—against. This stand, though it alienated a few hundred devout Prohibitionist subscribers, brought in a great many more free-drinkers, and *Collier's* was on its way. Later, in the Thirties, having no scruples against alcohol, the magazine was able to get the liquor and beer advertising the *Post* would not accept. It has been said that alcohol and automobiles (Chrysler was a heavy advertiser) kept the magazine on its feet. But the relatively healthy state of the magazine by 1940 could not have been achieved without the enthusiastic faith of Beck and Knapp, who since they had taken over had raised and spent more than $15,000,000 on it.

Important as Chenery was to the magazine, so was Charles Colebaugh, his managing editor, and eventually editor. Colebaugh has been credited for the success of *Collier's* during its liveliest period, the Thirties and early Forties. He dressed up the book, cut and edited writers to speed up the tempo, though not so bluntly as one of its competitors, the now defunct *Liberty.* As for Chenery, his literary tastes did not keep him from utilizing an office boy to test-read doubtful manuscripts. If the boy could understand an article or story, then anybody could. Nevertheless, Chenery and Colebaugh were regarded as one of the keenest, shrewdest editorial teams in the field.

Collier's, during the first two Roosevelt administrations, took a friendly if occasionally critical attitude towards the New Deal. The editors were liberals, and Beck himself was a friend of Roosevelt and of Jim Farley. Beck's salesmanship proved a valuable asset to the magazine; he loved to go out on the road and sell advertising, and he personally brought in some of the largest accounts. He also loved to travel, and wherever he went he had the annoying habit of commissioning pieces for the magazine. Good or bad, the editors were stuck with them. Beck, made chairman of the Crowell-Collier board in 1946, was said to have sought direct editorial control of the magazines, particularly after Charles Colebaugh died at his desk in 1944, but the Board, under Knapp family influence, carefully removed his fingers from the pie.

During the Forties, *Collier's,* as one editor put it, "tried to find a political area for itself quite a bit to the right of its old position. Since several other weeklies were already in this area there was, unfortunately, not enough room." Contributing to this state of uncertainty is the fact that there was continual interference

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the Board with editorial policy. And when Louis Ruppel was made editor of *Collier's* in 1948 a clear-cut ideological split developed between editor and publisher, particularly when Edward Anthony came into the latter spot in 1952.

Ruppel has come in for some criticism. However, during his four-year tenure he brought the semblance of a policy to the magazine, and whether he helped or hurt all the more is still debatable. He was strong on hot journalism, originating a series of exposes that gave *Collier's* a certain sensational tone for a while. He also raised circulation. According to an editor who worked with him he was "a rough, tough-talking newspaperman type, closer to 'The Front Page' than reality. He liked to originate projects himself, often rushed in like a wild bull with hot enthusiasms. Being a newspaper man he avoided literary agents, and alienated some of the best ones." One of his projects was the issue devoted to "The War We Do Not Want." This presupposed a push-button war with Russia, and some well-known writers and authorities were recruited to put forth their views. "No one intended it," said an editor of that time, "but the net effect was one of extreme belligerency. There were protests from all over the world, and it distinctly hurt the magazine." Another editor speaks of an atmosphere of intrigue and fear that permeated the staff at that time.

Under Roger Dakin's editorship (he succeeded Ruppel in 1952) foreign affairs were played down, fiction grew even lighter in tone, and agents were told that stories with foreign characters and locales were out of bounds for *Collier's*. Under all these changes, the magazine was slowly losing the character it had developed under Chenery and Colebaugh. There was editorial floundering and—until shortly before the end—there was a hesitancy to invest in the long-range editorial projects that, when successful, boost circulation.

And there was financial trouble. In 1946 the Crowell-Collier Corporation had racked up the largest earnings in its history. But even then this prosperity was due almost entirely to the very profitable book department, which included the Collier's Encyclopedia, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, and sets of standard authors in fairly garish bindings. (Incidentally, this operation continues, and the spirit of Peter Fenelon Collier can be said to be living on.) As the Forties rolled on the earnings of the book department were used increasingly to keep the magazines alive.

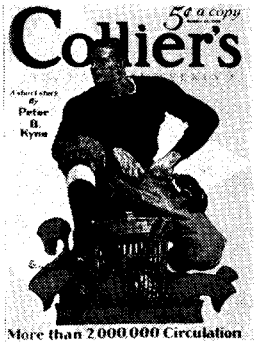
The last big man on the scene was Paul C. Smith, brought in in 1953 by Clarence Stouch, chairman of the board. Smith, who went from vice-president without portfolio to simultaneous president, chairman, and editor-in-chief of the publications at the end, had to cope with the hard facts of magazine publishing under present-day economics. With the cost of paper and manufacturing inexorably rising, he saw little chance for an upturn before 1958. Smith was not a banker, but after assuming his new job he spent far more time raising money than running magazines.

Smith had been general manager of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, resigned after a management row. According to *Time* he was once known as "the wonder-boy of American journalism." From 1954 on he was running Crowell-Collier's, achieved the extraordinary feat of getting banks to loan money for the magazines, managed to meet cost deadlines, but was always running into more cash shortages. A careful examination of the magazines during his tenure shows no startling editorial changes. "I want a magazine with scope, not scoop," was one of his bywords, and near the end he made this observation: "I think we may have going on what may be one of the great publishing turnarounds in history." But this was not to be. On December 11, 1956, about thirty years after the decision of Knapp and Beck, now both dead, to push ahead with the magazines at all costs, the directors met again. This time their decision was different; and the journals closed down.

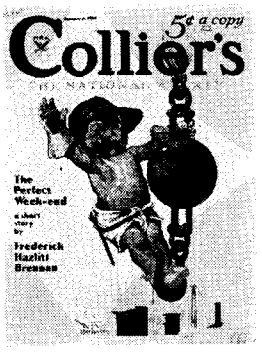
THE death throes were fairly complex. One of the problems of liquidation was the subscriber indebtedness—that is, copies of the magazines owed subscribers. *Collier's* owed 125,000,000 copies, and *Companion* owed 50,000,000. In terms of corporation debt, if all subscribers were to demand their money back it would come to some $8,000,000-$10,000,000. And now *Look* entered the picture. An offer came, at the crucial moment, from Cowles Magazines to buy *Collier's*, and its two subscription-selling organizations, for $1,600,000. Another $1,000,000 was borrowed from Cowles on the printing plant (in Springfield, Ohio) and, most important of all, *Look* took over the *Collier's* subscriber indebtedness. What this amounted to was getting subscribers to agree to accept *Look* instead of *Collier's*. It was a costly way for *Look* to get circulation, but it was sure-fire, and advertising rates would eventually be increased. During the last ten years *Look* and *Collier's* were in direct competition with each other, and it was always noticeable, in *Look*'s comparison charts, that the comparisons were more likely to be made against *Collier's* than against *Life* or the *Post*.

This is the history of *Collier's*. Now, what killed it? Obviously there was

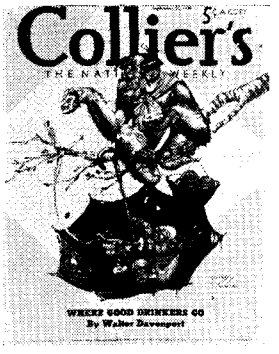
(*Continued on page 42*)



1929: This is the break-even year, when Beck and Knapp's long haul finally pays off. Containing no hint of the imminent Wall Street disasters, the cover features a Michelangelo-esque "American boy"—and an equally robust circulation figure.



1934: On the back cover of this issue is found an editorial damning Prohibition and praising the NRA. For a while now *Collier's* will definitely side with the Roosevelt Administrations — and will help themselves by taking on the liquor advertisers.



1939: Every American remembers these monkeys, and their thousand variations. Where are they now? *Collier's* marched into the war years in great shape: a superb stable of writers, experienced staff of editors, lots of income and circulation.

1946: The most recent and familiar style of *Collier's* now appears, in this year of its biggest boom in history. Here are the clean-cut boy and girl out on a date; inside, a little sport, a friendly sex-talk, and some palatable popular science.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VATICAN FILM LIBRARY

St. Louis University Acts to Preserve the Literary Treasures of the Papacy

By THOMAS B. SHERMAN

MORE than 788,000 feet of film containing microscopic reproductions of about 10,224,000 pages of rare manuscript are now on file in a single room at St. Louis University, the university operated by the Jesuit Order at St. Louis, Mo. These microfilm copies of handwritten works, whose value cannot be estimated, were made in the Vatican Library. The process of selecting, photographing, and shipping these copies to St. Louis was begun four years ago and by the end of last year this unique project was brought to the completion of its first stage.

The collection in its entirety now represents almost three-fourths of the Vatican manuscripts in Latin, Greek, and modern languages. Thus, one of the world's greatest deposits of classical and medieval lore has been established in the center of America. A second phase, however, is still in prospect.

Under the arrangement with the Vatican whereby the manuscripts were copied the contents of printed volumes will also be photographed to the number that financing will permit. The cost of the manuscript photography has been underwritten by the Knights of Columbus. As now planned, the new undertaking will be financed by selling the microfilm copies of printed volumes to other requesting libraries in the United States.

The Vatican Film Library, as the St. Louis collection is now called, originated in an idea that came to Father Lowrie Daly, S.J., one day back in 1950. Father Daly, a history instructor at St. Louis University, was thinking of the Vatican's many treasures and their liability to damage and, perhaps, destruction in the uncertain state of the world's civil affairs. Moreover, all man-made documents were subject to the erosion of time. So, in considering the need for preserving the Vatican's literary treasures and extending their life-span into an indefinite future, Fr. Daly concluded that a duplication of their contents was indicated. And he concluded further that many good ends would be served if the film could be brought to St. Louis.

Fr. Daly first broached the idea to a colleague, Fr. Joseph Donnelly, then librarian of the university, and the two then presented it for discussion to Rev. Paul C. Reinert, president of the University. Fr. Reinert gave the project his full approval and started preliminary negotiations with the Vatican.

Through the good offices of Rev. James Naughton, S.J., the first American to hold the position of Secretary of the Jesuit Order, the St. Louis petition received the blessing of the Holy See. A formal request—in Latin—was then forwarded to the Most Rev. Anselmo M. Albareda, Prefect of the Vatican Library. On December 15, 1950, Fr. Albareda wrote an official answer—in flawless English—approving the request and making St. Louis University the sole depository of the projected film library.

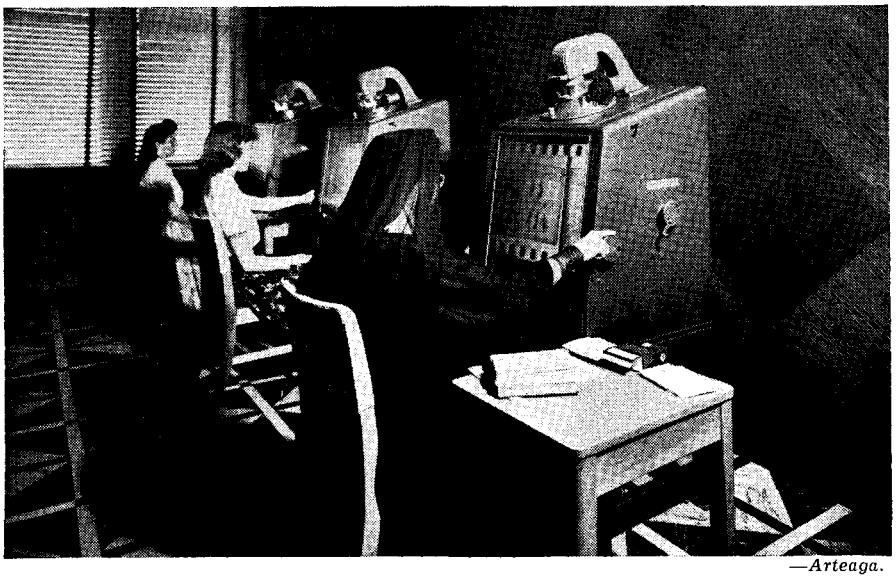
Shortly thereafter Frs. Daly and Donnelly went to Vatican City to survey the situation and work out a preliminary plan of operation. Their first sight of the Vatican Library with its seemingly endless corridors and its fifteen kilometers of shelving brought them a staggering realization of its magnitude; and on closer examination of the material they reached two important conclusions. The first was that the tentative budget of $50,000 would not be nearly enough to finance the copying of just the handwritten material. Secondly, they decided that many duplications and much material of a slight critical interest, such as the numerous copies of the Vulgate Bible, would have to be excluded.

MEANWHILE, Fr. Reinert applied himself to the task of raising a fund that would permit the fullest possible development of the manuscript phase of the project. Luke E. Hart, a St. Louisan and a member of the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus, became interested; and it was through his efforts that this Catholic organization, together with St. Louis University, established the Knights of Columbus Vatican Film Library at Saint Louis University. The outlay of funds amounted to about $350,000 by the time the last manuscript was photographed.

Listing of the items to be photographed was carried on partly in Rome by Fr. Daly and partly in St. Louis after Fr. Daly returned with all available indices and inventories which could be consulted by classical authorities at the university. What remained then was largely an organizational job. This proved tedious enough as it happened. Equipment that would carry through the photographic process from start to finish was an essential requirement and as the Korean War was still in progress it was hard to come by. Obtaining a thermostatically controlled film developer was particularly difficult. Frs. Daly and Donnelly found one in California after an eighteen-month search, but it was too big for the hatches of any available commercial airplane. This crisis was finally resolved by removing the doors of a Scandinavian airlines plane and forcing the machine inside.

Photographing was started in 1952. Technicians of the Vatican Library

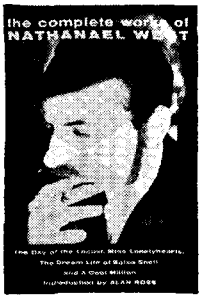
(*Continued on page* 44)



—*Arteaga.*

The microfilm machines at the Vatican Film Library, St. Louis University.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SR's *Spotlight on Fiction:*

"COMPLETE WORKS OF NATHANAEL WEST"

By ROGER H. SMITH

THE publication this week of "The Complete Works of Nathanael West" (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $5) provides a fine opportunity for general readers and students alike to appraise the work of a significant and unique American writer of the 1930s. For many, we hope, it will provide the occasion for discovering the world of Nathanael West, a limbo world as relevant today in all its harshness as it was when it was first conceived.

Readers, if they know West at all, probably know him only for two novels: "Miss Lonelyhearts," a bitter, poetic little book; and "The Day of the Locust," unquestionably the best novel ever written about Hollywood. In addition to these two, the present collection includes "The Dream Life of Balso Snell," West's first novel, and "A Cool Million," his third, both of which have been out of print in this country for many years. Though none of West's four novels sold well when they were first published, today, with our gift for 20-20 hindsight, there is an eerie relevance in West's portrayal of what Alan Ross, in the introduction to this collection, calls the seismographic "dead center" of a time and an emotional state.

Today, much of the American writing of the 1930s seems strangely distant. A great majority of that period's best writers were involved, in varying degrees of intensity, with a conflict which was essentially political, not artistic. At the time, no doubt, these writers had no difficulty in justifying their commitment, but one effect of their commitment has been that the books they wrote in the 1930s today seem oddly obsolete. Depression America produced very little first-rate writing, in contrast to the prolific outpourings of the 1920s immediately preceding and the 1940s immediately following. In the Twenties, the dream of art, enunciated by the American expatriate writers, seemed valid. For the artists, at least, it justified their self-imposed exile from society. "We are the laughing morticians of the present," exclaimed the manifesto of one of the period's "little magazines" of which West was briefly an editor.

But if the Twenties were years of exile, the Thirties were years of involvement. Pressured by circumstances and their own sensibilities, the exiles who returned were compelled to choose sides in an intellectual conflict so intense and yet so self-contained that when the conflict ended, much of the art it produced became obsolete.

Nathanael West's saving grace was that, as a man and as a writer, he practiced the fine art of detachment. Although he was as concerned as his colleagues with the ills of Depression America (once he was arrested for joining a picket line in front of a New York department store), he rarely permitted the period's numerous teapot tempests to intrude on his serious writing. As a writer, his preoccupation was with the moral bankruptcy that underlay the surface ills. Specifically, he wrote of the dreams by which man attempts to live and of the violence which perverts these dreams.

West was a late recruit to the American literary expatriate movement of the 1920s. He arrived in Paris in 1924, following his graduation from Brown University, and stayed until 1931. Surrealism was a rising, organized vogue in Paris during West's years there, and he learned much from it. Rejecting the surrealists' code that art is for art's sake, not for communication, West nevertheless assimilated much of the surrealists' methods and philosophy: dreams, the subconscious, echoalia, and the sense of the "theatric uselessness of everything," as Wallace Fowlie has characterized the movement's *esprit*. These elements West added to what he had learned from Dostoievski, his favorite author and most obvious literary ancestor, and the French medieval writers, who fascinated him at college. The first result of this fusion was "The Dream Life of Balso Snell," published in Paris in 1931.

"Balso" is the precocious work of a young writer, still groping for technique. Self-conscious, arty, full of rather undigested learning, it nevertheless contains passages that reveal the scope of West's remarkable talent and treats themes that are basic to his harsh, pessimistic philosophy. Each of West's novels is based on two polarized concepts: the dreams of men and the violence of the man-made world. In "Balso," the dream of art is swallowed up in a world of animal instincts. In "Miss Lonelyhearts," the violence of the world defeats the Christ dream. "A Cool Million," West's third book, is the Horatio Al-

---

THE HAPPY MORTICIAN: Up to now a casual dropping of the name of the ill-fated author of "Miss Lonelyhearts" has served as a splendid method for rating fellow imbibers at cocktail parties. Where it has always been simple to gauge strangers by their reaction to the name of Scott Fitzgerald, mention of the name of Nathanael West constituted a far greater test. He was the rarest of literary vintages, the property of a select few. Seventeen years have passed since his tragic death and his reputation has endured. Now with the publication of his collected work, perhaps West will enjoy a belated and deserved popularity.

Certainly during his lifetime lucky stars never shone. His brightest years might have been his Brown college days where as Nathan Wallenstein Weinstein he earned his bachelor of philosophy degree and the friendship of some other young men with literary proclivities, among them Quentin Reynolds, I. J. Kapstein, and S. J. Perelman, who later married West's sister. A journey to Paris coincided with a wildly Bohemian phase at which time West declared, "In order to be an artist one has to live like one." It was during this cafe period, in 1924, that he began to work on his curiously original first novel, "The Dream of Balso Snell." More sedate occupations followed. Back in New York, he worked as night-clerk and manager of the Hotel Sutton, a resident-club hotel, simultaneously pursuing an elusive and unsatisfactory writing career. His work accepted, the publishing firm would go bankrupt or meet some other disaster. Exasperated, West fled to Hollywood where he wrote several screen plays and obtained the background material and ideas for his "Day of the Locust." In 1940, grown more saturnine and acerbic, he married Eileen McKenney, the gay and beautiful sister of "My Sister Eileen." Seven months later—on the very day F. Scott Fitzgerald died a few miles away—he and Eileen were killed in an automobile crash.

—ARCHIBALD VAN VOORHEES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ger rags-to-riches dream in reverse, the breakdown of the American dream. "The Day of the Locust," West's fourth—and last—novel, anatomizes the Dream Factory itself—Hollywood, where West spent the last five years of his life earning a living writing movie scripts. With his bride Eileen McKenney, West died in California in an auto accident in December 1940 at the age of thirty-six.

"Miss Lonelyhearts" is about a man who writes a newspaper "agony column," who finds that confession is neither good nor effective for the souls of his readers and that it ultimately comes to jeopardize the soul of the confessor himself. As Miss Lonelyhearts (he is given no other name in the book) states the problem:

> A man is hired to give advice to the readers of a newspaper. The job is a circulation stunt and the whole staff considers it a joke. He welcomes the job, for it might lead to a gossip column, and anyway he's sick of being a leg man. He, too, considers the job a joke, but after several months in it, the joke begins to escape him. He sees that the majority of the letters are profoundly humble pleas for moral and spiritual advice, that they are inarticulate expressions of genuine suffering. He also discovers that his correspondents take him seriously. For the first time, he is forced to examine the values by which he lives. The examination shows him that he is the victim of the joke, and not its perpetrator.

"Miss Lonelyhearts," with its dissection of the confessor, is a vibrantly bitter little book. The structure and the writing are flawless. The successive negation of the incomplete dreams of modern life—incomplete because each of them denies a part of reality—and the final negation of the Christ dream itself are put forward in episode after highly charged episode. The plot—crusading newspaperman against a backdrop of sex and speakeasies—has been done in hundreds of grade-B movies. But in West's hands, the plot takes on a high-speed intensity that makes "Miss Lonelyhearts" a small classic.

WEST wrote his third book, "A Cool Million," hurriedly, to meet a publisher's deadline. West was a slow, meticulous writer, and this rush job was his worst book. A slapstick account of Depression America, it also was his least detached effort, and this, too, detracts from its quality. Nevertheless, it is funny. Dedicated to West's brother-in-law, S. J. Perelman, the book displays much of that humorist's free-swinging style. It is acid in its delineation of the decaying Horatio Alger American dream. Taken as that, "A Cool Million" is superior to most of the similar work produced during the period.

It was five years before West produced another book—"The Day of the Locust." This novel shows the full maturity which West's talents had attained in the interim between books. West was one writer who was inspired, not prostituted, by Hollywood. The marginal Hollywood of the has-beens and the would-bes fascinated him. Describing the artistic development of Tod Hackett, the graduate of the Yale School of Fine Arts who is one of the principals of "The Day of the Locust," West is writing autobiographically when he describes Tod's reaction to the crowd that inhabits the Hollywood limbo:

> From the moment he had seen them, he had known that despite his race, training, and heritage, neither Winslow Homer nor Thomas Ryder could be his masters and he turned to Goya and Daumier. He had learned this lesson just in time. During his last year in art school, he had begun to think that he might give up painting completely. The pleasures he received from the problems of composition and color had decreased as his facility had increased and he realized that he was going the way of all his classmates, toward illustration or mere handsomeness. When the Hollywood job had come along, he had grabbed it despite the arguments of his friends who were certain that he was selling out and would never paint again.

In going to Hollywood, West was not selling out. There he found a graveyard of dreams which served perfectly as a setting for exposition of his basic attitudes and philosophy.

"The Day of the Locust" is West's richest and yet most pessimistic book. In his earlier books, the dreamers of the big dreams—art, Christ, America—seemed justified in their dreaming, even though, in the end, they are defeated by the violence of the world and the obsolescence of their own dreams. But in "The Day of the Locust," the dreamers of the big dreams—Tod (objectivity) and Homer Simpson, a retired hotel clerk from Iowa (innocence)—are defeated utterly, for their dreams are based on the incomplete picture. In the world of the Dream Factory, objectivity is assailed and innocence is corrupted. Success in this book comes only to those who have the complete picture, who can key their aspirations to the gimcrack dreams produced by the Dream Factory. The dreams raised in defiance of the Dream Factory are defeated by the Factory's violent end-product—a riot at a movie premiere.

West's pessimism comes from his examination of the basic motivating force behind human action—dreams. Man dreams himself a pose and seeks to realize that pose. Noble dreams conduce to noble actions, ignoble dreams to ignoble actions. Perverted dreams produce a sensation of having been cheated, and the cheat leads to violence. In the gimcrack, materialistic civilization which cripples West's grotesques, the norm of dreams is the violent scenes played up by the tabloids and the movies. But direct access to these heroics is denied to the crowd. Instead, it must settle for tawdry facsimilies—rioting at a movie premiere, shooting Miss Lonelyhearts in a hallway, parading in the coonskin caps and leather shirts of America-First. And the crowd settles only momentarily for these substitutes. The urge to violence goes on without end. creating an age which is incapable of sustaining—or even understanding—the noble dream.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Nazi Apocalypse

"Berlin," by Theodor Plievier *(translated by Louis Hagen and Vivian Milroy. Doubleday. 446 pp. $4.50), is a fictionalized account of the fall of the German capital in 1945.*

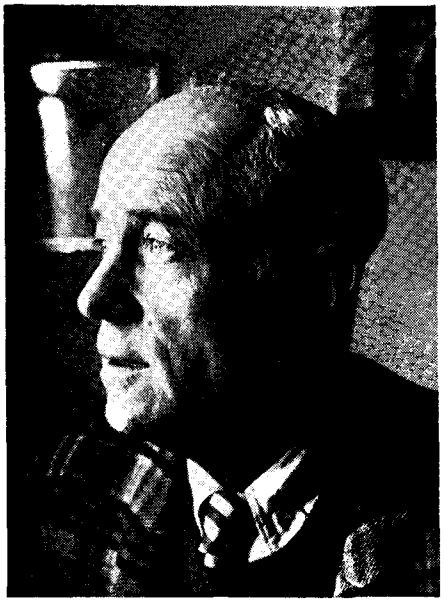
By Richard Plant

FOR Colonel Zecke, traveling to Berlin from the safe haven of a HQ job in Prague, the apocalypse was beginning to come true. In April 1945, fire rained from the heavens, lightning struck on all sides, floods inundated the ruins and the plague fell on the weak and the maimed. Berlin was dying. Its people, huddled in stinking caves, had turned into worms and moles. Slowly, civilization retreated: after five daily bombings you didn't care any more whether you ate or not, whether your belongings were still there after the smoke had cleared, and whatever happened to the thousand-year-Reich.

This is perhaps the most amazing fact to emerge from "Berlin," Theodor Plievier's mountainous novel: the Party sycophants, the criminals in SS costumes, the jail birds turned commissars, the maniacs in high places refused to face reality. Only a few admitted that to resist had become senseless. Of course the witch doctor supreme, Hitler, half-dead, inert, depending on daily injections, had long lost his mind. Perhaps Plievier's best scenes are those describing the twilight of the false Gods in Hitler's bunker as the broken down magician moves non-existing armies across the map and celebrates his wedding by shooting "traitors" within his inner circle.

To this reviewer Plievier succeeds best in conjuring the Byzantine cabals of Hitler's demoniacal court, the grinding on of the party machinery in the face of inevitable defeat. Just a few hours before his suicide, Hitler ordered the destruction of factories, villages, towns but the orders were not carried out.

Plievier also successfully brings to life several episodes in Russian prison camps, in East German factories about to be dismantled and shipped to Russia. He renders a horrifying but plausible account of the onslaught of the Asiatic invaders who could drink raw alcohol or eau de Cologne without being the worse for it. But the gigantic task he has set out for himself—to present the chronicle of a modern Carthage sacked by the Vandals—is beyond his reach, and this comes hardly as a surprise.



—*Maywald.*

Theodor Plievier—"unflagging energy."

It would take the combined powers of a Dante and Goya to recreate in fiction the death agonies of Germany's largest city. Plievier is capable of handling an enormous structure with numerous subplots and side-wings. But by necessity he neglects his human beings. His characters are dwarfed by the holocausts confronting them. They seem lost, like tiny figures in an oversized mural. It is possible that Plievier intended this to be so: it is also possible that he has been too ambitious.

When Plievier turns to life in Eastern Germany, when he works on a smaller scale, his figures become more human, although none of them emerge far enough to hold our sympathies throughout. The enormous mass of incidents easily becomes oppressive; the huge apparatus appears to be unwieldy, and the final result is more a fabulously detailed montage of a ravaged city than a work of fiction.

As a documentary, "Berlin" is impressive. As a sort of fictionalized history (similar to Upton Sinclair's Lanny Budd series, only less naïve) it should be required reading for our experts on European affairs, Eastern Division. There are a few errors (the Nibelungs are no tribe like the Goths) and the translation is wooden, but the theme's impact and Plievier's unflagging energy will carry most readers along.

As someone once said of Zola: less would have been more.

DULY NOTED: **"Not Yet,"** by Tereska Torres (Crown, $3), sketches the brief love affairs of three French convent school girls who find more danger and tragedy than they had bargained for. The author, wife of novelist Meyer Levin, has a flair for the concise portraiture and for the selective background detail that is popular with Sagan fans.

"Small Wonder," by Graham Porter (Macmillan, $3.50), is concerned with the expectant palpitations of a young married couple, the Templetons, a sophisticated version of Blondie and Dagwood. The plot is comic but slight, the dialogue witty, the situations zany. Captivating reading.

"Hurricane Season," by Ralph Winnett (Reynal, $3.95), takes its readers to a small Southern town during World War II where the citizenry is ostracizing a Russian-born journalist named Kirillin. After a wearying bout with security officials and town prejudice Kirillin wins a truce. This first novel by a former newspaperman crackles with political-social talk that occasionally impedes the development of a basically intriguing story.

"A Haunted Land," by Randolph Stow (Macmillan, $3.75), probes an assortment of psychological fears that are slowly breaking up a family isolated on an Australian farm. Father Maguire, obsessed by the memory of his wife, so dominates the lives of his children that they become psychotic pretzels. A skilfully, sharply drawn picture of a macabre, twilight world where emotions run rampant, by a beginning Australian novelist.

"Ferguson," by Rayne Kruger (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.50), follows a cynical adventurer into the criminal underworld of Tangiers, where he makes the mistake of mixing business with pleasure; i.e., he takes the wife of his employer, a smuggler, as his lover, and is rewarded by an assassin's knife. A rough-and-tough tale, fluently told.

"Alabama Empire," by Welbourn Kelley (Rinehart, $5), is about an adventurous medico named John Adam Fyfe, who in 1789 is sent by President Washington to the haunts of the savage Creeks. Besides Indians, he encounters epidemics and romance, handling them all as a good ambassador should. Despite the unusual length of the novel and its burden of detailed Americana, Mr. Kelley maintains a lively pace.

"The Hunger," by Charles Beaumont (Putnam, $3.50), is a collection of short stories that makes the abnormal its province: a teacher seeks a demon-lover in the woods; a spinster exposes herself deliberately to a maniac on the loose; a jazz player is haunted by an impossible dream. The quality of the stories varies greatly; they are always violent, and depend almost exclusively on shock-techniques for their effect.

—S. P. MANSTEN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alger Hiss's Story

—Wide World.

Alger Hiss in 1949.

—George Cserna.

Alger Hiss today.

One of the season's most widely discussed books—"In the Court of Public Opinion," by Alger Hiss—is published this week by the firm of Alfred A. Knopf at $5. Because the work is in essence a lawyer's brief that presupposes familiarity with Hiss's two trials and the tangled skein of events surrounding them, SR *has asked two authorities to appraise the book from the vantage point of their specialties—C. Dickerman Williams, leading member of the New York bar who has made a close study of the case, and Wayne Boulton, product analyst for the Royal Typewriter Company, an expert on the manufacture of typewriters. To allow Messrs. Williams and Boulton time to prepare thorough critiques,* SR *has scheduled their contributions for its next issue. Below, we publish a report on the book's contents and background prepared by Thomas E. Cooney.*

By THOMAS E. COONEY

ON NOVEMBER 27, 1954, Alger Hiss, former president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, and former official of the U.S. State Department, was released from the Federal Penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, after serving a five-year sentence for perjury. He had been imprisoned following two of the most sensational court trials of the twentieth century, the first ending in a hung jury, and the second in his conviction. Hiss has devoted some of his time since his release to writing a book that seems certain to raise resounding echoes of those trials. "In the Court of Public Opinion" he repeats his contention that he is innocent, and attempts to support that view by detailed argument about certain crucial aspects of the evidence against him, and by the presentation to the public of what he claims is new evidence that he was the victim of a frame-up involving "forgery by typewriter."

Because the last widespread public attention to the Hiss case centered around Whittaker Chambers's account of it in his autobiography, "Witness" [*SR*, May 24, 1952], it is useful to review the events that led to Hiss's conviction and to the book that he now offers to the public.

In August 1948, the House Committee on Un-American Activities, whose members included Karl E. Mundt, Richard M. Nixon, and J. Parnell Thomas, was investigating alleged Communist infiltration in the high councils of the Federal Government. Among the witnesses who appeared before the committee was Chambers, an editor of *Time* and former Communist, who testified that Hiss had been a member of the Communist Party in the 1930s while a State Department official. In subsequent hearings, and in a libel suit brought against him by Hiss, Chambers charged that Hiss had given him State Department documents during this time for transmission to a Soviet espionage group. It was Hiss's denial of these statements under oath that led to his two trials for perjury. Between his conviction in January 1950 and his imprisonment in March 1951, Hiss and his lawyers made an appeal to the United States Court of Appeals, and a request to the United States Supreme Court for review of the second trial, both of which were denied. Then, while Hiss was in prison, his attorneys presented to the judge of the second trial a motion for a new trial. This motion, made in January 1952, was based on the claim that they had uncovered new evidence that Chambers's charges were false, and that therefore the prosecution's case was invalid. But the judge denied the motion. This denial was also appealed, without success, to the United States Court of Appeals, and in April 1953 the United States Supreme Court declined to review it.

That, in bare outline, is the sequence of events that made and kept Alger Hiss a Federal prisoner. It is also an outline of the matters covered by Hiss in his new book, for what he attempts in its pages is nothing less than a presentation to the general public of his own side of the entire controversy, beginning with Chambers's first accusations before the House Un-American Activities Committee. This intention is signalled by his title, which is apparently a reference to that Committee's own characterization of itself in its Interim Report of August 27, 1948:

> . . . the House Committee on Un-American Activities has . . . a very special responsibility. It functions to permit the greatest court in the world—the court of American public opinion—to have an undirected, uncensored, and unprejudiced opportunity to render a continuing verdict on all of its public officials. . . .

What, specifically, does Hiss offer to that "court" now?

- He offers several chapters of comment on the proceedings of the House Un-American Activities Committee which attempt to demonstrate that the Committee's handling of Chambers's, Hiss's, and all related testimony was highly prejudicial to Hiss from the start.
- He seeks to show that the House Committee, the press, and the public exerted prejudicial pressure and censure on Judge Kaufman and the four jurors of the first trial who held out for acquittal.
- He claims that Judge Goddard in the second trial, and U.S. Attorney Thomas A. Murphy committed numerous errors and improprieties

(*Continued on page* 45)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FINE ARTS

French Ideas, American Dollars

"Men and Monuments," by Janet Flanner *(Harper. 297 pp. $5), is an almost day-to-day record of the emotional climate and events that produced the French masters and masterpieces of our generation. Francis Henry Taylor, director of the Worcester Art Museum, is our reviewer.*

By Francis Henry Taylor

JANET FLANNER is probably the most gentle and benevolent *tricoteuse* that ever watched heads roll into a basket. Unlike her famous predecessor, Mme. LaFarge, who was motivated by a sadistic and vengeful curiosity, she has remained the soul of justice, implacable, yet entirely free from prejudice.

To those of us who for a quarter century have read "Genet's" Paris Letters in *The New Yorker,* the cold, dispassionate perception of her new book "Men and Monuments" does not come as a surprise. That this splendid, bright Medusa should have chosen to focus her searching and sometimes withering gaze upon the world of art may result not so much in turning contemporary gods to stone as it may reveal the extent to which their feet are made of clay. Her book is one which will cause deep anxiety to the intelligentsia and an agonizing reappraisal of their portfolios by those who recently have loved art not wisely but too well. It is a tale of two cities, Paris and New York, of French ideas and American dollars.

The book is a collection of profiles, more amply presented than they usually appear in *The New Yorker,* of the persons who have dominated the visual arts since the beginning of the century. André Malraux opens the series as the spokesman for "The Human Condition," the title of his novel of the Chinese Revolution. Here he is portrayed in his mercurial role of revolutionary, world traveler, youthful Communist who foresaw the collapse of Western domination in the East, and idealist who fought with the Spanish Republicans. Always a chameleon, this explosive and fecund genius later switched his allegiance to General de Gaulle whom he served both as *guerrier magnifique* and Minister of Information. Obsessed throughout his life as writer and editor with the history of art, he has rewritten it in a dozen virtually identical volumes not as it ever was but in terms of his own esthetic experience. Now he is about to write the same history once again, this time in twenty volumes, with as many collaborators.

The two subsequent pieces, one on Henri Matisse entitled "King of the Wild Beasts" and another on Georges Braque, "Master," are among the most moving and sensitive chapters ever written on modern art. Only a political and war correspondent could place the painters so easily and so effectively in their own time and in their own environment. They are longish profiles, brimming over with factual information and human intimacies. The third of her trilogy is of course Picasso, whom she calls "The Surprise of the Century." This is the least good but paradoxically the most exciting of these biographical sketches. For Miss Flanner, with all her limpid realism as a journalist, is an incurable romantic so far as Paris and things French are concerned. And her particular brand of Romanticism is one that is gaining currency, namely the cult of acceptance for acceptance's sake.

WE have had a hundred years of various romantic movements—art for art's sake, revolution for revolution's sake, then cerebration for cerebration's sake, and now the public has been battered into such a bloody pulp by the *cognoscenti* that they accept any and every idea simply because it is new. The critics and the learned men have been so often wrong, they say "What the Hell? We might as well try it on for size. If we are wrong we can't at any rate be more wrong than they have been in the past." So today there are no longer any criteria for judgment other than novelty and privy experience. Any emotional or political ideology is fair game.

This all adds up to a very exciting and stimulating creative atmosphere; but how long can this rather thin-blooded mood persist? Reading between the lines one suspects that even Miss Flanner detects a certain *fin de siècle* fatalism in the air. Matisse is dead at eighty-five, Georges Braque and Picasso are now in their seventy-sixth year. Their greatness is behind them and their legacy is one which leaves little beyond confusion to the ensuing generation. To find the *fin de siècle* arriving so soon again at the half-century mark is as disconcerting as finding only half a worm in a chestnut.

The concluding essay is devoted to the spoils of war and the recovery of the art conquests of the Nazis. Here Miss Flanner is at her best; the story has never been told so vividly or with such a breadth of understanding of its implications. The flirtations of Malraux and Picasso with Russian Communism emerge in all their sorry details. Against the systematic chaos of one system is placed the calculated thievery of the other. The sentimentalist and the political esthete are left holding the bag.

"Men and Monuments" is not a history; it is in the best sense of the word a chronicle—an almost day-to-day record of the emotional climate and events that produce the masters and the masterpieces of her generation.

For the first time in living memory artists and their works pass before the scrutiny of an informed foreign correspondent—a reporter equally at home in world politics and literature with none of the inevitable bias of the professor or the critic. Her enthusiasms are those of the layman; she owes no loyalty to any school or individual and while her estimates of an artist's work are at times open to debate, her appreciation of both the men and of their monuments is fresh, invigorating, and often very tender. Where she shines most brilliantly is in the discovery of pertinent facts that no professional critic would ever bother to find out.

—*George Platt Lynes.*

Janet Flanner—"benevolent tricoteuse."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Magnificent, Monstrous Outbursts

"Sources of Art Nouveau," by Stephen Tschudi Madsen *(translated by Ragnar Christophersen. Wittenborn. 488 pp. $18.50), is a study of the origins of the decorative style that flourished at the turn of the century in Northern and Central Europe.*

By Georgine Oeri

ART NOUVEAU, the international decorative style that reached its peak in 1900, still represents one of the most baffling, if not incomprehensible, adventures of the European genius. "Sources of Art Nouveau," Stephen Tschudi Madsen's thorough and extensively illustrated study, does not attempt to interpret it or to give enlightenment as to its meaning. At times one cannot wave off a feeling of frustration that he confines himself to collecting and describing facts. One finds oneself staring at the lavishly provided material of illustrations, the wealth of magnificently monstrous outbursts of the imagination—chalices, furniture, wall decorations, staircases, made of and covered with wild tendrils and exuberant floral ornamentation. And while the impact of authenticity is unquestionable, one feels helplessly confronted with a way of expression as strange as any of an alien cultural realm.

It would be unfair, however, to jump ahead of the author's intention and to expect him to unravel the meaning of a vast material of features which have to be rediscovered in order to be appraised. Mr. Madsen's professed aim is to trace the sources of Art Nouveau, and he presents a painstaking compilation, a meticulous inventory which will be an indispensable source of the sources. The narrative account proper is further amplified by a listing of retrospective exhibitions within the last twenty years on the subject; a listing of exhibition catalogues of the period itself; a listing of the astounding amount of contemporary periodicals, subdivided according to the country of their appearance, and an extensive bibliography of the writings of the period as well as of critical works ever since.

—From the book.

Art Nouveau in 1884 textile design.

While studies (like Nikolaus Pevsner's "Pioneers of Modern Design: From William Morris to Walter Gropius") have been made which scrutinized Art Nouveau as a source of modern art, Mr. Madsen examines the sources which in turn nourished Art Nouveau.

The picture that emerges shows Art Nouveau as not primarily a preparatory ground for the revolution of the modern movements but as a breakthrough of considerable momentum to a new general formal language in its own right. It was an extremely weird one, to be sure, but a genuine one all the same, and hampered by one of its major accomplishments: that it absorbed, digested, and did away with what has been termed "historicism," the imitation of previous styles.

There can be no question that in the decades leading up to Art Nouveau, and during the period of its flourishing from 1890 to 1900, problems have been focussed and formulated that have remained with us way into the twentieth century. And if Art Nouveau "failed to solve the common problems which new materials and social tasks posed," as Mr. Madsen states in his concluding chapter, it is open to question whether we have solved these problems satisfactorily in our own time.

Averages: A Pantomime

By Edwin Honig

THE infant rat, all head and stumble,
Stopped naked on the kitchen floor,
Shivering to its whiskers. I
Stood by my dog agog, his body
Couched between his paws.
The rat was watching us.

Minutes passed. We were each
A character, the other's audience,
Till the rat's tail inched and twitched.
The dog's tail shot up fast. I raised
The broom— (To lunge, or what?
Pity overpoised grows fat.)

Back to back with naked fact,
Half-willed man as usual
Played God, wily in the justice
Which is compromise: the stumbler
Lured into an empty can,
I pitched it quick upon

The rubbish pile (outdoors with luck
The rat might thrive, come back to chance
Real traps, or not) that's not too near
The house nor undisclosed to birds—
One in three, or four,
A swooping scavenger.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INDIA

Oriental Treasure House

"A Source Book in Indian Philosophy," edited by Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan and Charles A. Moore *(Princeton University Press. 684 pp. $5), brings together enough of the philosophical wisdom of ancient and modern India to acquaint Westerners who are not Sanskrit scholars with that land's contribution to world thought. It is reviewed by Paul A. Schilpp, editor of The Library of Living Philosophy.*

By Paul Arthur Schilpp

INDIA's Vice-President, Sarvepalli Radhakrishnan, and the University of Hawaii's Charles A. Moore deserve the gratitude of philosophers and scholars around the world for at last having made available in "A Source Book in Indian Philosophy" enough of the philosophical wisdom of both ancient and modern India to allow the student of Indian philosophy, who is not a Sanskrit scholar, to become truly acquainted with India's great and lasting contribution to world thought.

Within the covers of this single volume they have managed to bring together—in readable English—as nearly complete a sampling of Indian thought from the most ancient times to the present as one could possibly hope for without reading all of the originals. Here the reader will find some of the best examples from the earliest Vedas and Upanisads, some of them dating from perhaps fifteen centuries B.C. The important "Bhagavadgita" and Buddhist "Dhammapada" are reproduced in their entirety. From the Epic Period also we are given excerpts from the "Mahabharata," from "The Laws of Manu," and from Kantilya's "Artha-sastra." In addition there are carefully chosen and sufficiently lengthy selections from both the orthodox and the heterodox systems of the later periods and even from the writings of two contemporary Indian philosophers.

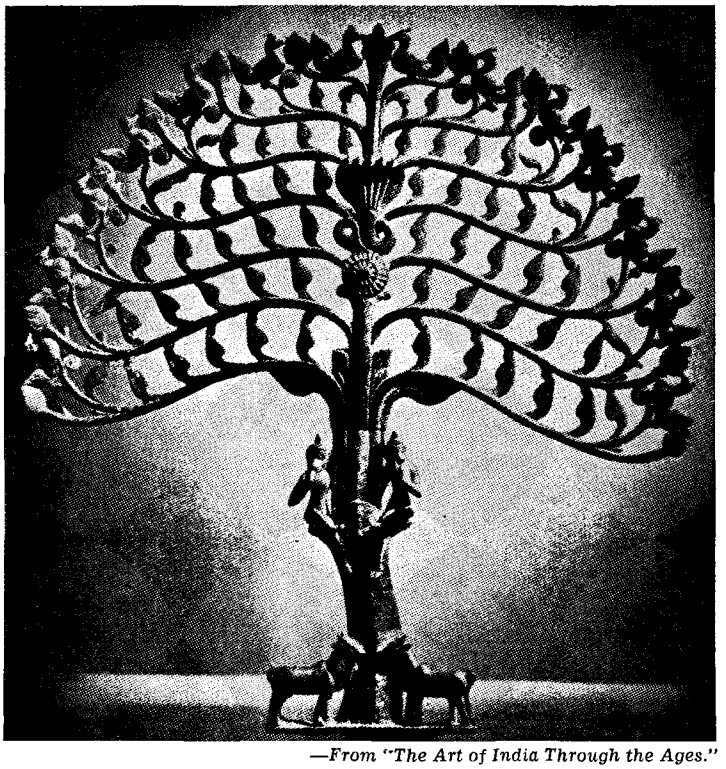
The book is truly a treasure-house of Indian philosophy, filling a need which has been all the more imperative because the practical annihilation of distance brought about by the achievements of applied science has forced East and West into close proximity, where it is daily becoming more important for Orient and Occident to understand and appreciate each other. As Radhakrishnan himself points out (in his "General Introduction"), even "political unity is impossible without philosophical understanding. . . . Social and political conditions in the several areas of the world depend . . . upon the philosophical and spiritual thought and ideals of the peoples of the world. It is to philosophy, then, that man must turn in his hope to bring the peoples of the world together. . . ."

The desire of the editors to present in one volume as much as possible of the actual classical and modern Indian philosophical systems made it impractical to supply the readings and excerpts with running commentaries, much as such might otherwise have been desirable.

For the most part the editors allow the texts to stand on their own feet. Yet they have enriched the book for Western readers with enough general introductions to the various epochs, systems, and sometimes even individual philosophers as to make it possible even for the uninitiated reader to follow the general trends of Indian thought.

The excerpts from the writings of two twentieth-century Indian philosophers are illustrative not merely of the best continuity of modern Hindu thought with its rich past, but also of two of the most influential contemporary points of view in Hindu philosophy. Sri Aurobindo represents the best of the current Indian accent on intuition and mystical insight, whereas Radhakrishnan's emphasis on synthetic rationality and the "enlightened intellect" not merely gives a new twist to Hindu thought, but also constitutes the most widely acknowledged philosophical bridge between Oriental and Occidental philosophy.

If philosophical thought is not always easy to read or comprehend even when written by Western thinkers, the difficulties of grasping Oriental ideas will be found, by most Western thinkers, to be even greater. And this all the more so because much of Indian philosophy is expressed in allegorical language and often approximates poetry as much as philosophy—a way of thinking which, at least since Plato, has been rare in Occidental philosophy. Yet, if East and West are to meet, it is at least as important for the West to familiarize itself with Oriental ideas as it has been for the Orient to study Western philosophy. This "Source Book" makes a significant contribution towards this end.



—From "The Art of India Through the Ages."

Tree of Life and Knowledge—"India's great contribution to world thought."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Father Spider

"The Nature of Passion," by R. Prawer Jhabvala *(Norton. 267 pp. $3.75), is a novel of present-day India and of Lalaji, whose family seethes with rebellions against him.*

By John Frederick Muehl

IT WAS just a year and a half ago that Mrs. R. Prawer Jhabvala's first novel, "Amrita," was published in this country. It was not hugely successful and it would be surprising if more than a discriminating handful even remembered the title. It was a comedy of manners and it was set in India, commercially two strikes against any book. But "Amrita" was a sleeper; it was brilliantly funny and it was one of the *best written* novels of the last decade.

Mrs. Jhabvala's second novel, "The Nature of Passion," is again a light comedy, in spite of the title. It is a brilliant companion to a brilliant first novel; together, the two books set an exciting pace. And in a way it is appropriate that they should be considered together, for they fit and interlock like the pieces of a puzzle, complementary in theme and viewpoint, yet carefully articulated in their separate plots.

Where "Amrita" was the story of two Indian families and a Jane Austenish analysis of their matrimonial maneuverings, "The Nature of Passion" only begins in the home, reaching out into the worlds of finance and government. The chief character is Lalaji, and radiating out from him are a whole host of relations, hangers-on, and dependents, whom Lalaji provides with the material means for their various rebellions against himself. There is his daughter, Nimmi, who considers him old fashioned, and son Viddi, who feels that he is coarse and venal. Phuphiji objects to his "modern" ideas while Chandra sees him as selfish and corrupt. They are, all of them, right; he is old fashioned and coarse. He is "modern" in one sense. He is selfish and corrupt. But he is patient as well; like a good-natured spider he sits in the middle of his elaborate web. In the end, of course, things happen his way, as Lalaji knew they would all along.

Like "Amrita," "The Nature of Passion" is a tour de force. It is the performance of the author which you will notice first and last, the marvelous lively chaos of her canvas, the living and breathing reality of her characters. Mrs. Jhabvala obviously writes as easily as she writes well, and this is the kind of talent that *should* turn toward the novel. There is no sense of strain; on the contrary each paragraph seems to spring from a fresh and different excitement. Mrs. Jhabvala is clearly very fond of her characters. She treats them as a proud mother treats her children. This is a homely quality, but an important one. It is the quality which most distinguished Henry Fielding and Charles Dickens. And perhaps the most exciting idea of all is that it should be joined to such a superior talent as Mrs. Jhabvala's.

R. Prawer Jhabvala—"tour de force."

Sly Rascal

"The Printer of Malgudi," by R. K. Narayan *(Michigan State University Press. 276 pp. $3.50), a new work by a man often called India's greatest novelist, is about an amiable twentieth-century rascal who makes a fortune out of the ancient traditions.*

By John Haverstick

"WHEN a customer enters our premises he is, in our view, a guest of the Truth Printing Works," says the printer Sampath to Mr. Srinivas, editor of the weekly paper *Banner*, in the opening pages of R. K. Narayan's latest novel. "Well, you think, *The Banner* is yours. It isn't. I view it as my own."

In these words Mr. Narayan introduces the protagonist of "The Printer of Malgudi" both to editor Srinivas and to his readers, and, true to form, from that moment Mr. Narayan's tragi-comic (and non-political) novel becomes no longer Mr. Narayan's. It becomes the novel of the printer Sampath, who is no ordinary printer. He is a rogue; he is a completely untrustworthy fellow; he is also a completely likable fellow.

Mr. Narayan has already published five novels in this country, in every one of which he is at his best with his tragi-comic interpretation of his native compatriots. So is he in his sixth, "The Printer of Malgudi."

The story of "The Printer of Malgudi" is, ostensibly, the story of the editor Srinivas—and so it is, until the printer Sampath takes over. The change of command occurs when a middle-aged, rigid-faced man, wearing a close coat and a turban, walks into the Truth Printing Works. Mr. Soma Sundaram, the District Board President, has come to ask why Sampath has delayed printing a speech which he plans to deliver at the opening of a bridge—a grand function.

Before long, the printer has so ingratiated himself with Somu that he has become the instigator of a new (and highly shaky) enterprise called Sunrise Pictures—with Somu footing the bill for a film magnificently entitled "The Burning to Ashes of Kama—God of Love." Only at the end of the book is Sampath finally forced to confess that Somu has "enough reason to put me in prison." But, optimist to the end, he cheerfully adds: "Well, I may probably try and save myself if I can interest [him] in a new story."

It is as a framework on which to interpret the life of India that the story of "The Printer of Malgudi" achieves its real importance. By this framework author Narayan is able to delve into the lives and feelings of present-day Indians—and, when he is at his best, to parody some present-day commercializations of age-old Hindu legends and teachings.

Says Srinivas toward the close of the book: "I might be in the twentieth century B.C., for all it matters, or 4,000 B.C." But the reader can be sure that he is in the India of the twentieth century A.D. So, too, can he be sure that Mr. Narayan is an Indian writer who sees his own country from an Eastern point of view, not, as has so frequently been the custom of novels about India that appear in the United States, over the shoulders of a Westerner.

DULY NOTED: "Sushila," by Graham McInnis (Putnam, $3.95), traces the career as an artist of an Indian girl born of a mixed marriage. The best parts of this somewhat saccharine tale offer glimpses of the lives of the well-to-do and intellectual strata in recent times. —S. P. MANSTEN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATURE & MANKIND

How to Avoid Mycophobia

One of the most curious and surely one of the most expensive works to be published in this country in many years is "Mushrooms, Russia, and History," by Valentina Pavlovna and R. Gordon Wasson. Three hundred fifty copies of this lavishly printed and illustrated two-volume work are being offered to the public by Pantheon Books at $125 a set. The distinguished British novelist-poet Robert Graves writes about its curious contents below.

By ROBERT GRAVES

VALENTINA PAVLOVNA, now a doctor of medicine practising in New York, came to the States long ago as a white emigrée, and has never lost her inherited passion for eating mushrooms. Her husband, R. Gordon Wasson, a native American who started life as a newspaperman, and is now an active vice president of J. P. Morgan & Co., changed at marriage from violent mycophobia (fear of mushrooms) to tender mycophilia (love of mushrooms); and now preaches his new gospel with all the fervor of a convert. He has naturally pondered the strange phenomenon of *mycophobia,* an ancestral obsession which rules certain clearly defined areas on the world map, but not others. In Europe mycophobia coincides roughly with the Protestant confession, though also embracing Greece with its islands and large parts of France and Spain. Why? Why?

In 1949, when I first began corresponding with the Wassons, they had not realized how exposively their theme would develop. They were still taking endless trouble to classify and extol edible mushrooms, but at the same time, in all fairness, calling attention to the toxic properties of the comparatively few non-edible varieties. This study included a review of names given to mushrooms in different countries, the sampling of rare varieties (I won a good mark by bringing them down a rare *cépe du pin* from the top of the Pyrenees), and the reading of countless travel books, botanical works, and histories. We corresponded mostly on Greek and Latin references to mushrooms.

Four years ago, the book—to be called "Mushrooms, Russia, and History"—seemed to be completed, with numerous full color plates of mushrooms painted between 1885-1895 by the great Jean-Henri Fabre; their originals were found lying unpublished and neglected on a top shelf in Fabre's home at Sérignan. The Wassons sent me galley proofs to read, and promised me my complimentary copy that autumn. But surprising discoveries delayed publication. A sudden light shone, and all the confusing and often contradictory lore that they had gathered, sifted, and tabulated, made sense at last. It should have made sense hundreds of years ago, had the traditional scorn which most scholars feel for "disgusting toadstools" not blinded them to the central facts. "Mushrooms, Russia, and History" had, in fact, outgrown its title, and should now rather bear an ambivalent one provided by their discoveries: "The Food of the Gods." To be brief: though a great many "disgusting toadstools" taste divinely both cooked and raw, the prime reason for the wide and ancient ban on mushroom-eating—with the occasional exception of the common white field-mushroom—can only be a religious one. They were a food reserved for gods.

What direct evidence have we for mushrooms as a sacred food in ancient Europe? First, there is the Greek proverb quoted by Suetonius and others: "Mushrooms are the food of the gods." The third-century B.C. philosopher Porphyry seems to be referring to it when he calls mushrooms "theotrepheis"—"feeding the gods." This adjective is elsewhere applied only to ambrosia, a mysterious food denied to mortals, and for the vulgarizing of which Tantalus was condemned in Tartarus to suffer agonies of hunger and thirst. A rigid convention forbids the mention of mushrooms in Homer, Hesiod, or any of the Attic dramatists; and all later Greek writers but Porphyry, mention them only with fear. The indirect evidence for their

---

THE MUSHROOM HUNTER: What manner of man writes a $125 book on mushrooms? *Wild* mushrooms.

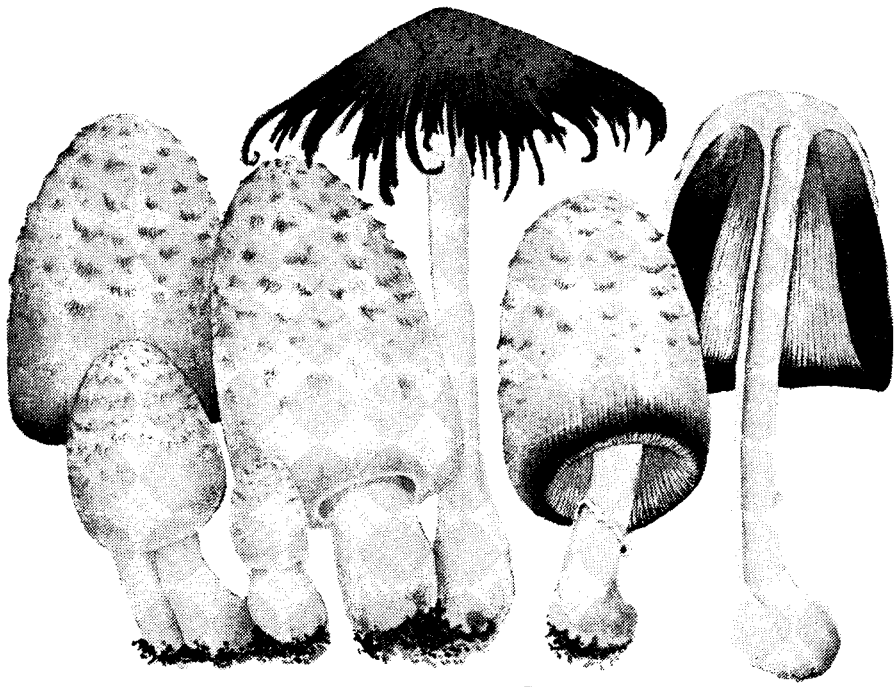
In the author's library, a Guatemalan mushroom statue peering stonily over his shoulder, surrounded by Japanese *Kakemono,* Chinese paintings of mushrooms, and a vast fungal bibliotheca (ranging from Basque to Lapp), R. Gordon Wasson logged for us some of his voyage into mycophilia. It began in 1927, when Wasson was a financial reporter for the *New York Herald Tribune,* and he and his Russian-born bride went for a brief holiday at a friend's lodge in the Catskill mountains. To Wasson's horror, his wife kept running off to pick all manner of unfamiliar fungi, exotic to him but as much a part of Valentina Pavlovna's gastronomic heritage as peanut brittle is of any reasonably red-blooded American boy's. His wife's survival (she ate a mess of what she called *lisichki*) fortified Wasson's courage, and eventually epicurism won out over his Anglo-Saxon prejudice against "toadstools."

The years have taken the Wassons a long way from the Catskills, but never very far from mushrooms. On vacations from their respective careers (Mrs. Wasson is a physician; Mr. Wasson an investment banker) they have combed the mossy corners of the fungus producing world in quest of mushroomic lore. Together they have ridden their hobby to Friesland, Lapland, Provence, the Basque country (with a Bordeaux professor as interpreter); they have ranged into the remotest corners of Guatemala in search of vestiges of mushroom worshipping cults and have eaten of lotus-like inebriating mushrooms in Mexico. The fruits of their thirty years of labor are pooled in "Mushrooms, Russia, and History"—a fascinating and sumptuous excursion into cultural history.

As a footnote, Kurt Woolf of Pantheon Books informs us that "Mushrooms, Russia, and History" is the most intricately fashioned and costly book his house has yet produced. The book was designed by Hans Mardersteig, and the text printed at the Stamperia Valdonega, Verona. The Fabre paintings were reproduced by Jacomet, Paris; other illustrations by Alinari, Florence. The paper was made by hand by Magnani, Pescia; the binding by Torriani, Milan.

No paperback reprint is planned. —MARTIN LEVIN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—From "Mushrooms, Russia, and History."

The *coprinus comatus*—"a food reserved for gods."

sacredness rests precisely on this fear—the foolishness of which, except as a religious taboo, is proved by the extremely high prices paid for mushrooms in mycophilic regions, and by the rarity of deaths there from mushroom poisoning. Most interesting are the evil names given to highly colored or eccentrically shaped varieties. "How poisonous they look!" cry the mycophobes—as though tomatoes, peppers, oranges, red currants, and aubergines did not look even more poisonous! Tasty and nutritious mushrooms are named for demons, hobgoblins, and succubae, for various loathsome reptiles, insects, and animals, for unmentionable human organs and their disgusting by-products—so that the Wassons' index of mushroom nomenclature reads in part like a catalogue of pornography. The second syllable of "toadstool," by the way, refers to excrement; and even "penicillin," that life-saving, Nobel Prize-winning fungoid drug, has been formed from a word tabooed in ordinary speech.

Sacred foods are usually protected by what the Pharisees technically called "a hedge." Not only is the food itself holy, but one must avoid even second-hand contact with it—as in Catholic churches only a priest dares handle pyx or chalice. Thus swineherds were untouchables in Pharaonic Egypt, where pork was eaten sacrificially once a year at mid-winter by the priests alone, but tabooed at all other seasons. The Israelites seem to have learned the pig-taboo in Egypt; and the orthodox Jew will not touch even Kosher beef if it has been in the same refrigerator with bacon. It therefore seems probable that the ban imposed on all mushrooms in mycophobic areas was designed to keep unauthorized persons, especially children, from eating sacred mushrooms by mistake for ordinary ones.

The sacred mushroom of the Old World is the fly-amanite, a handsome, conventionally-shaped variety with a white-spotted scarlet top. "The deadliest of all toadstools," mycophobes say in a whisper; and some have written detective stories about fatal brews artfully concocted from the fly-amanite—unaware that cooking removes its toxic properties! Nor does this mushroom kill healthy adults, even when eaten raw, though the juice burns the mouth. The awe which it excites depends rather on the resultant delirium; which is startling enough to be regarded as evidence of divine possession.

In the phrase "food of the gods," "gods" did not necessarily mean a disembodied spirit. The Greeks applied the term even in historical times to outstanding live personages: not so much conquerors like Alexander the Great, as religious adepts like Pythagoras and Empedocles. It is unknown what sacred food was eaten at the Great Mysteries, food that apparently caused the initiates to gasp with wonder at the supreme moment of revelation; but the accounts suggest some toxic agent. Could it have been fly-amanite? The very word "mystery" (*mysterion*) may throw light on this problem, because the Mysteries were secret autumn ceremonies, held in the mushroom season; and the complimentary Spring ceremony was called *anthesterion*, from *anthos* ("flower"). Does the *my* syllable in *mysterion* perhaps refer to the fly (*myos*), which gives its name to the fly-amanite in many languages beside English? Or even to *myces* ("mushroom") itself?

The discovery which delayed the publication of the Wassons' book, and added another fully illustrated folio volume to it, was prompted by my casually sending them a clipping from a Canadian pharmaceutical journal which discussed an ancient mushroom cult in Mexico. Sixteenth-century Spanish missionaries had reported, on hearsay, that perverted Mexicans were revering certain mushrooms, which caused a horrible inebriation, and ascribing the resultant visions to "God's flesh" which they had sacramentally eaten. "Devil's flesh, rather," protested the friars.

Following this clue, in 1953 the Wassons went with their sixteen-year-old daughter Mary to a village thirty miles from the nearest high road, in the high mountain of Oaxaca, and there found far more than they had ever hoped to find. Nine different varieties of hallucinatory mushrooms were in secret use among the Indians. The cult, though discountenanced as witchcraft by the local Catholic padre, had taken on Catholic disguise, and the toxic mushrooms were now described as "Christ's flesh," his particular gift to Oaxaca. The two elder Wassons witnessed a night-long mushroom-eating ritual, and were allowed to ask questions of the presiding priest, who claimed oracular powers. That his answers proved uncannily correct was by no means the greatest surprise the Wassons had; for on a second visit to Southern Mexico, Gordon Wasson and Allan Richardson, his photographer, dared eat the mushrooms themselves.

Here is a brief excerpt from Gordon Wasson's account of his experiences:

> At first we saw geometric patterns, angular not circular, in richest colors, such as might adorn textiles or carpets. Then the patterns grew into architectural structures, with colonnades and architraves, patios of regal splendor, the stone-work all in brilliant colors, gold and onyx and ebony, all most harmoniously and ingeniously contrived, in richest magnificence extending beyond the reach of sight, in vistas measureless to man. For some reason these architectural visions seemed oriental, though at every stage R.G.W. pointed out to himself that they could not be identified with any specific oriental country. They were neither Japanese nor Chinese nor Indian nor Moslem. They

(*Continued on page 47*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRITAIN

Low: Cartoonist of Our World

***"Low's Autobiography," by David Low** (Simon & Schuster. 387 pp. $5), is the story of the New Zealand-born, British-based cartoonist whose work is admired wherever wit and trenchant satire are held in high esteem. Our reviewer, Stephen Potter, is the Briton who codified One-Upmanship and Gamemanship.*

By Stephen Potter

DAVID LOW has a reasonable chance of going down in history as the greatest cartoonist of the half century. Even if he had no skill as a writer (which would be surprising since cartooning is so literary an art), his own story of fifty years of celebrated faces should make an attractive history lesson. To an Englishman like myself, sharing the same pitch and the same battleground, it is an enthralling one.

In fact the book is something more than that again, for Low has a pungent life and personality of his own. This Lowish quality needs some explaining. In England we regard him as "ours"; but in fact he had made two separate names for himself before the date of his English conquest in 1922—first in New Zealand, his birthplace, and then with the *Sydney Bulletin* in Australia. These promotions came not by good luck but by good strong pushing. They came because (if I may respectfully use the current American adjective) Low was a "very dedicated" cartoonist. He had not only always wanted to draw, he had always wanted to draw for the biggest possible public. The conquest of London, like the preliminary conquest of Australia, was preceded by a softening-up bombardment. Admonitions to "use Low"—Low-inspired—would somehow be buzzed into the ears of editors who had never heard of him.

I doubt if any other writer could have made me interested in Australian politics pre-World War I; nor in the struggle, when Low came to London, towards a New Deal for cartoonists. The more coveted the post Low accepted, the more ruthlessly would he insist on his own terms—on complete freedom of ideas, and on freedom of space as well. In the end Low won his battles so successfully that fellow cartoonists reaped the benefit.

Low is a very good draughtsman; yet I think that it is for the originality of his ideas and his wit that he will best be known. His summaries of the daily political instant are founded on hard-won knowledge and tough routing out, on "lunching, dining, and talking with knowing birds, unimpeachable sources, and chaps just back." Sometimes it is above our heads; sometimes, as in his wonderful creation of the Blimp character, right inside them. Blimp is sometimes wrongly de-subtilized as the diehard tory Colonel. In fact he represents an internationally rampant character, the political sentimentalist, who speaks not from the head but from a weak heart. "Gad, Sir, Mr. Lansbury is right. The League of Nations should insist on peace—except of course in the event of war."

Low lifted the cartoon away from such British clichés as the bulbous young lady dressed up as Britannia, or such American clichés as sick Mr. World with a bandage round his head. In his actual drawing, hard work and careful observation are the saving graces of a basically conventional style. He never achieves the elegant genius of Charles Keene or his admired Daumier. Yet if he knows his subject well, his faces achieve something better than caricature, something better even than likeness. He is somehow able to fuse the face with the achievement—to give Gandhi the tender strength of his policy, Neville Chamberlain the umbrella stiffness of his departmentalism, or to suggest the self-distrust behind the aggressive ardor of Ramsay Macdonald (these wondrous drawings are included in the fifty well chosen illustrations).

If this "confounded little rascal," as Churchill once called him, has one disagreeable fault, it is a certain cockiness, an I-was-rightness. Low admits to it. But the cockiness is itself a grateful shaping of his mind to the clear thinking of the great common sense nineteen-tenners, to Shaw for instance and H. G. Wells. It is an "H.G." cockiness—but it gives him, as well, a clear head, courage, and absolute integrity. Whether Low is using his pen for drawing or for writing, it is the quality of truth which makes this book a real book, a book to remember.

—From "Low's Autobiography."

"Baby Play with Nice Ball?"

LIFE IN BURKE'S PEERAGE: As any reader of Burke's Peerage can tell you, the British aristocracy has shown, ever since the Civil War, a proclivity for marrying American ladies. In turn, as any reader of publishers' lists for the past twenty years can also tell you, these ladies have shown a proclivity for writing their memoirs. The most recent of this lot is called **"Reminiscences"** (Coward-McCann, $6.50), and it is by the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston who was née Grace Hinds of Decatur, Alabama. Lady Curzon's autobiographical excursion can be divided roughly into two parts. The first deals with herself and reads, in style as well as information, like a combination of the aforementioned Burke's and the Almanach de Gotha, being, on the whole, a listing of whom she dined with and where. The second, by far the most worthwhile part of "Reminiscences," deals with Lord Curzon himself, a man who, in addition to being one of the top politicians of his day, was also a scholar, author, and connoisseur. Although considered by many to be pompous and humorless, Lord Curzon, who had once been taken for a butler at a party, nevertheless had the good humor, when he was about to be ejected from his cherished post at the Foreign Office, to write to his wife: "I look more like a butler out of place than ever." The Marchioness is happiest when she sticks to anecdotes like this.

—E. P. MONROE.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review

Editor: Norman Cousins
Publisher: J. R. Cominsky
Associate Editors: Harrison Smith, Irving Kolodin

Assistant Editor Eloise Perry Hazard
Feature Editor Peter Ritner
Book Review Editor Raymond Walters, Jr.
Poetry Editor John Ciardi
Science Editor John Lear
Editorial Production Dorothy Chadbourn

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory
Harrison Brown
Joseph Wood Krutch
Walter Millis
Elmo Roper
John Steinbeck
Francis Henry Taylor

Contributing Editors
John Mason Brown
Bennett Cerf
Henry Hewes
James Thrall Soby
Horace Sutton
John T. Winterich

Chairman, Editorial Board Henry Seidel Canby
Associate Publisher W. D. Patterson

Contents Copyrighted, 1957, by Saturday Review, Inc.

The Americans and the Hungarian Story

. . . Give me your tired, your poor
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free.
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tost to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

A GOOD deal has happened to our attitude toward immigration since those compassionate lines were engraved on the pedestal of the Statue of Liberty. The meaning of this change was placed in rather horrifying focus by author John Steinbeck, who said on this page recently that our current immigration policies make the United States "one of the few countries in the world where the great, the informed, the eminent, and the effective are not welcome." Our new attitude was revealed in our uncertain response to the situation that arose last fall when thousands of Hungarians fled across the Austrian border to escape from Russian repression. The welcome we extended was diminished by vacillation, ambivalence, and unpreparedness all along the line. Here is the way a cross section of the public felt not long ago:

Of course, the main reason for taking Hungarian refugees into this country is to help them out of a tough spot. But what do you think will be the effect on our country? Do you think:

They may be something of a burden to this country	32%
They won't affect this country one way or the other	21
In the long run this country will be better off for having these Hungarians	26
Don't know	21

While there's obviously no agreement on just what impact these refugees will have on our country, a certain amount of apprehension is evident. But it is also apparent that a lot of people just plain don't know what to think on this subject. This, in turn, may very well reflect the confusion and indecisiveness that have surrounded the handling of the refugee program from the beginning. Early in November President Eisenhower ordered a crash program to get swift admission for 5,000 Hungarian refugees. Red tape was to be cut, the Refugee Relief Act to be "bent, if not broken." Toward the end of the month, as the flood of refugees continued, a possible new quota of 10,000 began to be talked about. About this time red-tape delay forced the cancellation of a number of flights carrying refugees to the U.S. After the Vice-President made a quick trip to Austria the figure was upped to 21,500, most of whom would have to enter as "parolees" rather than as regular immigrants. During this period the Hungarian refugees were called "incredibly courageous" (Vice-President Nixon) and . . . "with a tremendous spirit of achievement and service" (Louis Schneider of AFSC). A medical adviser sent to Austria called them in good physical and mental health.

Somewhere, as the first wave of sympathy passed, a reaction set in. Some began to worry about their effect on employment; others about their political background. The head of a welfare organization reported that two-fifths were criminals and adventurers, two-fifths were people simply trying to escape a generally poor life, and only one-fifth actual freedom fighters. Against this background the lack of agreement among our citizens on what to think about these refugees is not exactly surprising. Yet *The New York Times* has reported that these latest refugees are adjusting well and finding jobs relatively easily because of their youth, lack of deterioration from years spent in refugee camps, and their possession of valuable work skills.

Government policy in the last few months has clarified little. At the end of January President Eisenhower asked Congress for legislation that would approximately double our annual immigration quotas. But with Congressional reluctance to make any basic changes in the present laws, or even to settle the status of the Hungarian "parolees" now in the United States, the Administration made no attempt to force the issue and the whole situation has fallen into a kind of stalemate. (In early April it was announced that the whole refugee program was ending. But the next day the "ending" became a "slowdown," apparently a result of a difference of opinion between the Justice Department, which thought Congressional inaction a good reason for stopping the program, and the State Department, which didn't. In Vienna camp officials were on the lookout for additional suicide attempts to add to the forty-two in the three preceding months of the "slowdown.")

ALL in all, it has not been a pretty picture. Maybe most of the confusion up to now has been inevitable. After all, who could have expected that suddenly Hungary's population would rise up and defy the Russians, and when the Russians clamped down that there should be an unprecedented flood of refugees to the West? No wonder we didn't know just how many we should take, and that we still are not sure. We were following the old Anglo-Saxon tradition of "muddling through" an emergency, and at least we got some of the people here. But there can be no excuse if we are forced to "muddle through" another such emergency. If these last months have anything to teach us it is that we are living in a world where such things can happen, at any time, and we must be prepared for them. We cannot let the next refugee tide catch us openmouthed with surprise. We must plan for it, and this means we must make the needed changes in our immigration laws.

—Elmo Roper.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

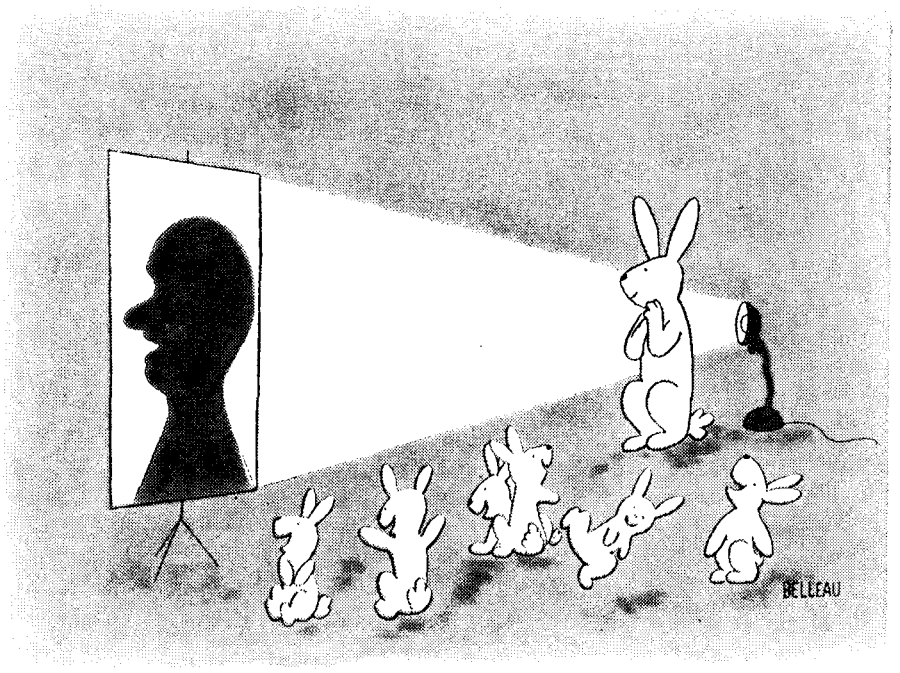
POETS' WORST ENEMY

I ALWAYS thought that a poet's worst enemy was his own bad work, but John Ciardi (*SR* Mar. 30) finds enemies of poetry under every hedge and bush. I'm not quite sure what relevance his backhanded slap against the *Times* had to his main argument, but it seems that the *Times* is helping to lower the moral climate in which poets flourish by publishing poetry of "heavy-footed mediocrity." "Real poets," says Mr. Ciardi, "refuse to submit their work to those pages." The following is a list of some of the poets whose works have appeared on the editorial page of the *Times*: Joseph Auslander, Ben Belitt, William Rose Benet, Padraic Colum, Walter de la Mare, Norma Farber, Richard Eberhart, John Gould Fletcher, Lloyd Frankenberg, Oliver St. John Gogarty, John Holmes, Robert Hillyer, Robinson Jeffers, Rudyard Kipling, E. L. Mayo, Edgar Lee Masters, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Kenneth Patchen, Robert Graves, Theodore Roethke, Marshall Schacht, James Stephens, Wallace Stevens, John Hall Wheelock, Marya Zaturenska.

I also add a list of poets, among many others, whose work has appeared regularly in the *Times*: George Abbe, Robert P. T. Coffin, Carleton Drewry, Hannah Kahn, Louise Townsend Nichol, David Morton, Gustav Davidson, Louis Ginsberg, Elias Lieberman, Leslie Nelson Jennings, Sara Henderson Hay, and Harold Vinal. These poets have also appeared regularly in *The Saturday Review*. Is it possible that when they appeared in *The Saturday Review* these poets were dazzlingly original, but that they reserved their heavy-footed mediocrity for the *Times* alone? I notice, also, that two of the poets I have listed have been published in book form by the publishing firm of which Mr. Ciardi is himself the editorial adviser. And some of the foregoing poets even turned up in "Mid-Century American Poets," edited by Mr. Ciardi.

The heart of the matter, however, is not the list of poets who have appeared in the *Times*, but a realization of the kind of medium the *Times* is. It is not a university quarterly, a "little" magazine, or an avant-garde pamphlet printed in black-and-mustard. It is not even a literary weekly. The *Times* is a newspaper. It is not geared to an exclusively literary audience. The man who reads the poem in the *Times* will read it somewhere between Katonah and Grand Central, the young lady between Coney Island and Times Square. To print a dense, difficult poem that will please those professionally interested in poetry would be folly. The *Times* therefore limits itself to short lyric poems in traditional forms and prints what it believes to be the best of the poems submitted to it.

THOMAS LASK, *Poetry Editor*,
The New York Times.
New York, N. Y.



MR. CIARDI REPLIES

MR. LASK'S LIST of poets published on *The New York Times* editorial page is an impressive one. I suggest it might have been more useful as evidence had he told us how far back he reached for his compilation. Were one to find that many good poets in the daily *Times* in any given year (and let us assume that all of the names Mr. Lask offers are honored ones) that would be as much as one good poem a week, allowing for some repetition of names. If, as I suspect on limited evidence, his is a thirty-year listing, and if some of the most impressive of his names are represented by only a single appearance, then the concentration of excellence would obviously be less impressive than the list itself.

I happily accept a correction from Mr. Lask and I will change "real poets" to "many poets." That reading is certainly closer to what I intended. In fairness, Mr. Lask will acknowledge my opening and important qualifications.

I noted in the paragraph from which he quotes that my acquaintance with newspaper poetry features was far from total and that my impressions of the *Times* daily poem were based on "some years of *sampling*" them. Within that sampling, I said, I had yet to find one that rose above heavy-footed mediocrity. I submit that there is no air of edict in setting down an impression so qualified.

Who knows better than an editor how wrong an editor can be? I have made many mistakes I have had to blush for too late, some of them, in my view, serious. I ask Mr. Lask to believe that I have never thought in terms of "friends" or "enemies," but in opinion, possibly fallible and there to be disagreed with, but principled in intention.

I agree entirely with Mr. Lask's identification of "the heart of the matter," and it is just there that our principles are most clearly opposed. My charge against the *Times's* daily poem was that it offered—under the prestige of the *Times* banner—a poetic substitute that many readers would be persuaded was the real thing. Mr. Lask replies that *Times* poetry must, in the nature of things, be geared to the commuter psyche of a young man "between Katonah and Grand Central" and of a "young lady between Coney Island and Times Square." Mr. Lask's terms are different from mine, but I submit that they support my charge by repeating it, though in a more engaging way. I cannot see that "dense, difficult" have anything to do with it, and such terms were no part of the original discussion. Poetry is either an experience, large or small, but truly shaped from the life-bound planet, or it is an exercise between zero and mediocrity. I respectfully submit to Mr. Lask that if the nature of the *Times* as a mass medium requires it to publish as poetry only such notes from world and time as the running commuter can absorb, then there is at least a ponderable basis for the argument that it would be a better service not to try to publish "poetry" at all.

I think our real difference is here, and I think the topic is a valuable one for general discussion. My thanks to Mr. Lask for raising the issue and my best wishes to him.

JOHN CIARDI.
Rome, Italy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

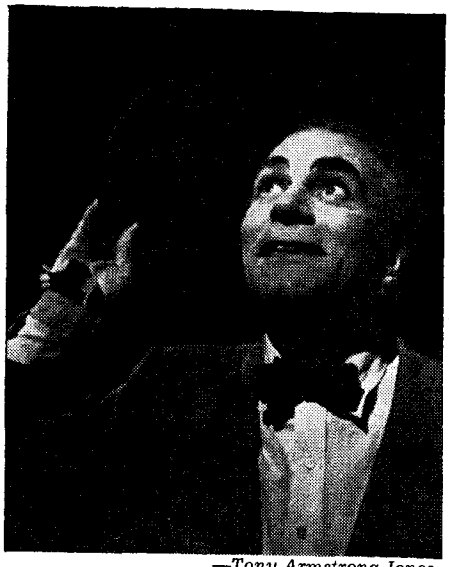
Fifteen Turns in the Theatre Real

LONDON.

"LIFE'S funny. It's like sucking a sweet with the wrapper on." So says music-hall comic Archie Rice in "The Entertainer." And this is the basic complaint of the play's twenty-seven-year-old author John Osborne, a complaint against all the forces in modern British society that have stunted true aliveness there. And as in "Look Back in Anger," Mr. Osborne has put his complaint in the mouth of the play's least sympathetic character: a degenerate and irresponsible old comedian. Osborne has drawn Archie Rice uncompromisingly, and Sir Laurence Olivier plays him with an appropriate defiance of dramatic convention.

On a stage which alternately represents the music-hall and the digs where live Archie, his retired father, his unloved wife, his weak son, and his intellectual daughter, we follow Archie through fifteen numbered scenes. First, we see him cracking bad jokes, singing jingo ballads (at one point Britain is represented by a plump nude chorus girl), and sharing personal sex references with a callous audience. This part of the proceedings would be hard on any actor. The audience wants to enjoy the stunt of the legitimate actor's carrying on as a song-and-dance man, but this is precisely what the actor must not let them do. Archie Rice must come across as disgusting, phony, and ineffectual. It is to Olivier's credit that he fights his audience on the play's behalf by sticking to a forced, joyless delivery and dancing with depressing downheartedness. Playwright Osborne has made Sir Laurence's task even more difficult by making Act I a slow one, with no effective interplay between the characters. Only in the very last speech of the act does Olivier rise into three-dimensional humanity, suddenly and magnificently, to command our compassion.

However, the second act comes alive. Archie, a bit stewed, starts poking at everyone's sore spots. Using the measured and deliberate speech characteristic of a half-drunk he unwinds sarcastic truths and culminates with a cruel diatribe against his wife: "Look at that poor pathetic old thing there. She's very drunk and just now her muzzy, underdeveloped, untrained mind is racing because her bloodstream is full of alcohol I can't afford to give her, and she's going to force



—*Tony Armstrong Jones.*

Laurence Olivier—"pokes at sore-spots."

us to listen to all sorts of dreary embarrassing things we've all heard a hundred times before."

But the great moment in Sir Laurence's performance is yet to come. Near the end of the act Archie quietly tells his daughter about the most moving thing he ever heard, a poor fat Negress in America singing a spiritual: "I never even liked that kind of music, but to see that old black whore singing her heart out to the whole world, you knew somehow in your heart that it didn't matter how much you kick people, the real people, how much you despise them, if they can stand up and make a pure, just natural noise like that there's nothing wrong with them, only with everybody else. I wish to God I were that old bag. I'd stand up and shake my bosom up and down, and lift up my head and make the most beautiful fuss in the world." A minute or two later the crocked Archie, sitting with his back against the wall, is informed that his son has been killed by the Egyptians at Suez. From deep inside him Olivier generates a long-buried impulse that fights its way along disused nervepaths. He doesn't stand but rises by pushing his head back against the wall, and then his wretchedness emerges in a faint but strangely pure keening: "Oh, Lord, I don't care where they bury my body, 'cos my soul's going to live with God!"

The rest of the play is somewhat anticlimactic. Mr. Osborne rushes through a lot of plot details and offstage events. Suffice it to say that Archie's situation finally worsens to the point where he must choose between moving to Canada and going to jail. He chooses jail, a diehard gesture of rebellion.

Against Olivier's great performance the play's other star, Dorothy Tutin, has slim pickings. While one may be refreshed with Mr. Osborne's honesty in not drawing Archie's daughter as a girl who finds an answer, there is a tiresomeness in her passive behavior. She *tells* of her exasperation and rebellion but never becomes very exasperated or rebellious. This is a pity, for Mr. Osborne has superbly stated his strong attitude about the society in which he lives. It may be an untrue one of that society, but it is a desperately true picture of England as it seems to the people in his play. He finds Britain top-heavy with archaic tradition: "Don't clap too hard, we're all in a very old building." He charges that the welfare state freezes rather than abolishes class society: "Look around you. Can you think of any good reason for staying in this cozy little corner of Europe? Don't kid yourself anyone's going to let you do anything or try anything here. Because they're not. You haven't got a chance. You're nobody, you've no money, and you're young. And when you end up it's pretty certain you'll still be nobody, you'll still have no money—the only difference is you'll be *old*! You'd better start thinking about Number One, because nobody else is going to do it for you, because nobody believes in that stuff any more. Oh, they may say they do, and may take a few bob out of your pay-packet every week and stick some stamps on your card to prove it, but don't believe it—nobody will give you a second look. They're all so busy speeding down the middle of the road together, not giving a damn where they're going as long as they're in the bloody middle!" He even questions the Crown: "Why do people like us sit here, and just lap it all up, why do boys die, or stoke boilers—is it really just for the sake of a gloved hand waving at you from a golden coach?"

THE playwright, the best young playwright of the Fifties, has not made "The Entertainer" into the masterpiece it could be. Let us hope he will revise it after it finishes its limted run at the Royal Court Theatre here. Meanwhile he can take genuine pleasure in the knowledge that he has provided the wherewithal for Sir Laurence Olivier's only great modern performance, and that for the second year in a row he has come up with the most vital piece of new playwriting of the London season. —HENRY HEWES.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

More Bull

THE one and only time I saw a live bullfight in a real ring I was told by my companion to be sure not to take the side of the bull or I would miss the whole point of the spectacle, and all that death in the afternoon would be wasted on me. Above all I would miss the catharsis, the empathetic identification with the "moment of truth," that moment when the matador's sword is poised to descend into the vital, fleshy area between the shoulder blades of the bull. (The matadors were in bad form that day; they kept missing, and had to keep plunging the sword.) For an American, trained from an early age to root for the underdog, it is difficult not to root for the bull. He looks so lively and spirited as he comes dashing into the ring. One can imagine, if one is so weak as to let oneself imagine, that the bull sees the whole thing as a game. Then the poor, stupid creature is taunted beyond all bearing, is pricked and stuck by picadors and banderilleros, and a big, red rag is waved *ad nauseum* in his face. Who wouldn't charge, and charge again?

I caution you, however, not to have this attitude when you see **"Torero!"** an excellent Mexican film that delves more intimately and authentically into the sport and spectacle of bullfighting than any yet made. It tells the story of Luis Procuna, one of Mexico's greatest and most picturesque bullfighters. One can only appreciate the story if one is on his side. This isn't difficult, however, because Procuna (who plays himself) is a most winning sort of person, and the shots in which he demonstrates his art—some of them clipped from newsreels—show his extraordinary style and bravery. The movie also makes clear why such as Procuna take up bullfighting in the first place (economic circumstances, pride, egotism, the desire for riches—not necessarily all these reasons, and not necessarily in that order) and what the perils of the profession are once a foothold has been gained in it. It is a well-photographed and absorbing movie, and not the least of its interesting features is the portion in which the late Manolete appears, taken apparently from newsreels made during his Mexican tour.

* * *

The boys at Twentieth Century-Fox traveled all the way to Greece to make **"Boy on a Dolphin,"** a movie which begins with a song that sounds a little like "Three Coins in a Fountain" and some great CinemaScope shots of several Greek islands. For just a moment I was in hopes that a story would not be brought in to spoil the photography, but sad to relate the movie does have a story. It wearies me to detail it: Sophia Loren is a sponge diver who, while diving, sees an antiquated shiphead in the shape of a boy on a dolphin. From there to the mainland, where Professor Alan Ladd is monkeying around the Parthenon; also Clifton Webb, rich man, yacht-owner, unscrupulous art collector. Who gets the boy on the dolphin? Who gets Sophia Loren? The Greek people get the statue and Alan Ladd gets the statuesque Miss Loren, one of the most interesting Italian fertility symbols Hollywood has yet acquired.

* * *

The French **"Nana,"** currently playing in New York, is by far the best one. As Martine Carol plays her she is a bawdy, vulgar trollop who spends her mornings and afternoons in various beds, and her evenings in the music hall. She makes deals for her body the way a more virtuous woman might make a deal for some real estate. At one point, while arranging business details with a banker, she asks the banker if she can go and see his money. "At this hour?" he asks. But certainly, and off they go, he to open his big safe, she to coo amorously at the sight of the money. Charles Boyer is the straight-man as a highly placed count in the reign of Napoleon III, and he illustrates, in an expert and sympathetic performance, the perils of tangling with music-hall performers. Jacques Castelot is equally good as Count Vandeuvres, and Christian Jacques has put it all together with humor, grace, and a feeling for the period. The story is a mite old-fashioned, I must warn you, but at the same time I enjoyed it thoroughly. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Showplace of the Nation
Rockefeller Center

AUDREY HEPBURN · FRED ASTAIRE
in
"FUNNY FACE"
Co-Starring
KAY THOMPSON
Technicolor® and VistaVision®
Produced by ROGER EDENS
Directed by STANLEY DONEN
A Paramount Picture

THE MUSIC HALL'S GREAT EASTER STAGE SHOW
"Glory of Easter"
Far-famed Cathedral Spectacle . . . and "SPRING SAILING!"
Brilliant new revue . . . produced by Leonidoff, with the Rockettes, Corps de Ballet, Choral Ensemble . . . Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Raymond Paige.

"Fascinating! A drama of notable power and passion!" —WATTS, Post
ORPHEUS DESCENDING
by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
STARRING
MAUREEN STAPLETON · CLIFF ROBERTSON
Directed by HAROLD CLURMAN
MARTIN BECK THEA., W. 45 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

ACADEMY AWARD WINNER
BEST FOREIGN FILM
LA STRADA
Trans-Lux 52nd at Lexington PL 3-2434

YEAR'S BEST PLAY—Drama Critics Award
Fredric MARCH · Florence ELDRIDGE
in
EUGENE O'NEILL'S
Long Day's Journey Into Night
$6.90, 5.75, 4.60, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90—Eves. Only, 7:30
HELEN HAYES THEATRE, 46th St. West of B'way

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Because your friends will like Saturday Review too . . .

. . . we'll send a sample copy to them WITHOUT CHARGE

TO: SATURDAY REVIEW
25 West 45 Street
New York 36, N. Y.

Send a free copy of the SATURDAY REVIEW to the persons listed below.

5-11

To

Address

City Zone State

5-11

To

Address

City Zone State

5-11

To

Address

City Zone State

5-11

To

Address

City Zone State

5-11

Your name

Address

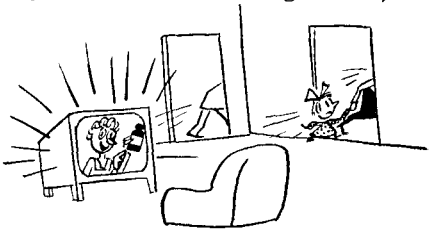
City Zone State

TV AND RADIO

"I Won't Buy, Mr. Hill!"

FOR SOME time I've allowed the large television and radio studios to use my living room as a store, in return for news and entertainment programs. But they have gone too far. They've moved in on me with scores of raucous pitchmen who just don't belong in my living room, or anywhere else. It's, as somebody has said, too great a price for free movies.

If a salesman in a store talked to me as many of these fellows do, I'd slap his face and walk out. I can't walk out of my living room, but I can put them out. Imagine a salesman in a store shouting at me like that, pointing his finger at me, hammering at me, or



fawning on me so fulsomely, or trying to hand me such a line of guff. Yes, I'd whack him and walk out.

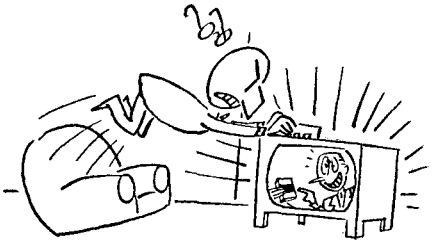
The thing that bothers me most is the stepped-up decibel volume. There must be a standing order in many studios to "turn up the sound for the commercials." (But I blame the sponsors as well as the stations.) We tune our sets to a moderate tone level for the programs themselves. Then, blast, come the commercials. As a rule I, personally, jump out of my skin and turn the noise down, not only to spare my own bruised eardrums but to retain the friendship and respect of my neighbors for half a block in every direction, and to spare the sick folks in the hospital two blocks down our street. This calls for too much violent leaping in the course of an evening.

TV Guide, a friend of television if television ever had a friend, recently reported with glee that Congressman Craig Hosmer had taken up the cudgel against loud commercials. It says regretfully, however, that he complained to the Federal Communications Commission, and got no answer, and wrote to the networks and got no answers. Then he appealed to the people to write to the Television Code Review Board, National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters, 1771 N. Street, N.W., Washington (6). Here is an address where all of us may, if we wish, send our bleats.

Jack O'Brien of the *New York Journal-American* asked his readers to tell him what they do during commercials. Some have installed electric switch-off devices. Some read. Most of them are disturbed rather than pleased into buying something. Of 400 who answered, only twelve reported they were more or less mildly tolerant.

Television could learn something from the results of two different techniques of two of Queen Victoria's prime ministers. It has been said that Gladstone got on poorly with Victoria and that Disraeli got on very well with her, because Gladstone talked to her as if she were a public meeting whereas Disraeli talked to her as if she were a woman.

ASIDE from noisy bombast, the next most sickening habit of commercial announcing in both television and radio is the practice of repulsive repetition. The late George Washington Hill, of American Tobacco and Lucky Strike, was, I believe. the father of this vulgarity. He maintained that you have to irritate people to get them to remember your message. I still, after all these years, refuse to buy Lucky Strikes as my personal answer to Mr. Hill. But scores of sponsors have subscribed to Mr. Hill's theory of pragmatic irritation, and give us the same words ten times over in one session.



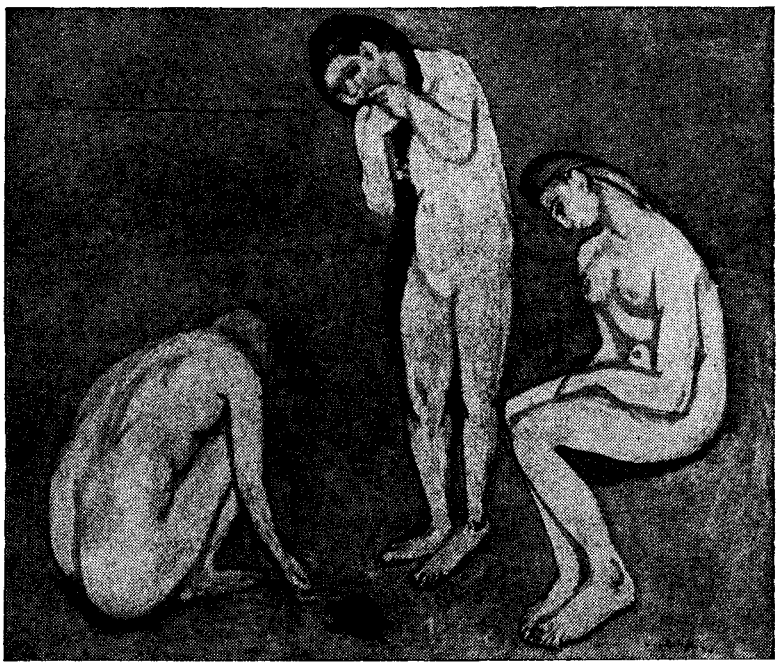
Many advertising men, themselves, believe the commercials are ruining television. *Tide*, a magazine of the industry, has a 2,200 Leadership Panel which it recently surveyed on this subject, and it then reported on the survey, calling spades spades. The cigarette companies seem to take some kind of cyanide cake in this unpopularity contest. The words most used by *Tide*'s panel members in their reports were: too brassy, phony, wild and reckless, detestable, smug. The commercials were stamped as being exaggerated and lacking believability. One panelist said they may get attention, "but so does a toothache; they don't necessarily sell or create good will."

—DON HEROLD.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE FINE ARTS

The Pulitzer Collection



"Bathers with a Turtle," by Matisse—"assures Matisse's . . . revolutionary rank."

ON DISPLAY at the Knoedler Gallery in New York until May 4 and thereafter to be seen at the Fogg Art Museum in Cambridge throughout the summer is roughly half the collection of paintings, sculptures and drawings assembled over the past twenty-one years by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer, Jr. The show is being held for the benefit of the Fogg Museum where Mr. Pulitzer, like so many of our most distinguished collectors and museum curators, first absorbed his sense of excitement about art. It was never my own privilege to study at the Fogg, but I can't imagine a more estimable reason for a benefit exhibition. It's a pleasure to report that on opening night Knoedler's galleries were as crowded as I can ever remember. And with good reason. For quite apart from the social fanfare essential to affairs of the kind, the show's level of quality is high and sometimes superb.

Let us consider first the latter category in terms of personal opinion. If I were given a chance to pillage the exhibition (and such dreams haunt me inordinately), I would put under my coat one of the three fine still lifes by Bonnard—probably either the "Still Life by Evening Light" or the "Still Life with Fruit." It seems to me more and more apparent that Bonnard at his best was one of the true masters of our time. Certainly no one has rivaled him in recent years in opalescence of tone, and I've long suspected that Bonnard's effect on later artists will one day be even more important than it was right after World War II, when some of the more talented younger French painters turned to him with profit and relief, as though they needed his unrelenting conscience toward medium. I'll never forget the story I heard in Paris years ago of Bonnard surreptitiously reworking one of his pictures in the Luxembourg Museum while a friend distracted the guards with reports of wine and abandon in the surrounding streets. The picture had been painted about twenty years before. Bonnard apparently had never ceased to think it might be better. In an age when arrogance or at least obsessed pride has stood many artists in good stead, Bonnard's exquisitely modest taste takes on unusual meaning.

NEVERTHELESS, *le bon gout*, however impressive, is not and never has been the unique aim of art. While under kleptomania's sway, I think I would pass up the Pulitzers' considerable group of Braques and even Matisse's "The Conservatory" of 1938, and make off with two tough Picassos: the "Woman in Yellow" of 1907—one of the high points in the Spanish master's brief Negro period; and the "Plaster Head and Bowl of Fruit" of 1933 in which the head, a variant on one of the plaster sculptures Picasso was modeling at the time, is handled with such extraordinary plasticity that one wonders whether painting has ever come nearer its sister medium of sculpture in three-dimensional reality. And while pondering my getaway, I think I'd sneak back for Picasso's "Seated Woman" of 1953. The notes on this picture in the catalogue of the show (and such notes have been admirably compiled from various sources throughout the catalogue by Charles Scott Chetham) declare that the pose of its figure recalls that of a woman in Delacroix's "Femmes d'Alger." This is quite true, and once more Picasso has demonstrated his uncanny ability to create an original art from established but disparate precursors—Gruenewald, for instance, or Poussin, Delacroix as well as Ingres. Picasso does not plunder the art of the past, as his more foolish detractors have claimed; he revitalizes his own art from time to time by staring in wonder at earlier images which he transposes utterly in spirit and form. It's pertinent to remember how many major artists of the Renaissance, Mannerism, and the Baroque did precisely the same thing.

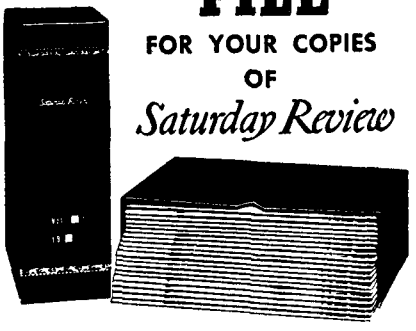
The School of Paris is also represented in the Pulitzer collection by Matisse's powerful "Bathers with a Turtle" of 1908. This is the sort of picture which assures Matisse's crucial, revolutionary rank, and it makes one understand again why Matisse contributed fully as much as his great rival Picasso to the evolution of modern art. There are also two exceptionally fine Rouaults: the "Three Clowns," executed during the 1930s but possibly begun earlier; and the "Pierrot" of 1910. I must confess that during the past ten years I have become inexplicably bored with many of Rouault's paintings, though not with his prints. But then, works of the quality of the best two Pulitzer pictures by this artist seldom appear on the market or in collections these days and Rouault has been, it must be admitted, a repetitious painter who frequently loses the intensity of his original, narrow formula. One is reconvinced of his importance only when confronted with a painting like the "Pierrot" or "The Old Clown," formerly one of the high points of Edward G. Robinson's collection. Even so, if I were Mr. or Mrs. Pulitzer, I think I'd look as often at Modi-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUREAU OF UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
Quality Leadership since 1891
THIS SUMMER: EUROPE'S BEST
A broad selection of tours under leadership trained to INTERPRET what you see.
THIS AUTUMN: LATIN AMERICA
—but it will be SPRING "down there."
write for folders to
BUREAU of UNIVERSITY TRAVEL
11-b Boyd Street, Newton 58, Mass.

AUTHORS: TALENT GOING TO WASTE?
If you are the talented author of an unpublished manuscript, let us help gain the recognition you deserve. We will publish your BOOK—we will edit, design, print, promote, advertise and sell it! Good royalties.
Write for FREE copy of How To Publish Your Book
COMET PRESS BOOKS, Dept. SR-5
200 Varick St., N. Y. 14

HANDY FILE
FOR YOUR COPIES OF
Saturday Review



• Keeps issues of SATURDAY REVIEW neat, clean, in order.

• Specially designed for SATURDAY REVIEW with washable leatherette cover and 16-carat gold leaf lettering

• Holds 26 copies

$2.50 each, postpaid
(3 for $7.00, or 6 for $13.00)

MONEY BACK IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED

ORDER DIRECT FROM:

JESSE JONES BOX CORP.
DEPT. SR • BOX 5120
PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

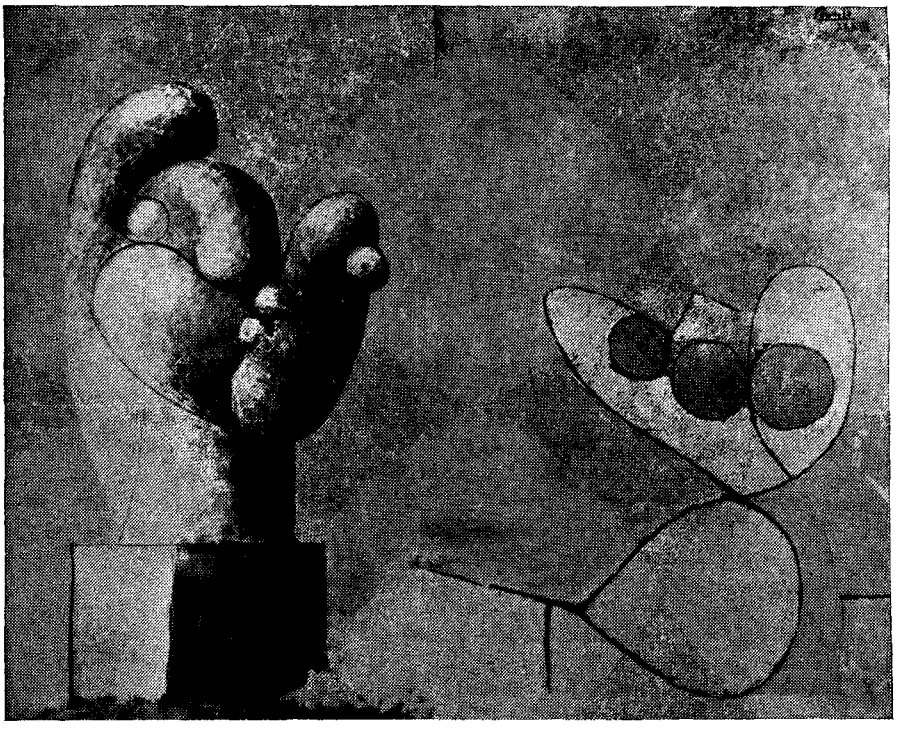
gliani's "Elvira" as at Rouault's "Three Clowns."

Since the Pulitzers live in St. Louis, they have perhaps inevitably shared the enthusiasm for twentieth-century German painting which has been consistently felt by that city's collectors and museum curators, thanks in good part to the influence of a brilliant and devoted dealer, the late Curt Valentin. Yet we must remember that Mr. Pulitzer became interested in modern German art a long time ago. In 1939 he bought Max Beckmann's memorable "Portrait of Zeretelli" which the Nazis had removed from the museum in Essen and sent off as "degenerate" to auction in Lucerne. The Pulitzers also own a good Beckmann entitled "Souvenir of Chicago," painted when the late German artist was spending his final years in this country. What a vivid, strong personality Beckmann was! Those of us who knew him here are not likely to forget the immense power of his heavy, Germanic face nor how abruptly his expression would change from stolidity to meditative tenderness. Beckmann's fame has ascended steadily since his tragic death at the height of his career, and today he emerges as one of the most consistently eloquent painters of German expressionism as a whole.

It's to the Pulitzers' credit that they've been able to appreciate the bold talents of expressionists like Beckmann, Kokoschka, Nolde, and Kirchner as well as the more graceful gifts of men like Jacques Villon, the youngish Italian Afro Basaldella, and the late Bradley Walker Tomlin, whose best years as an artist were his last ones, as the Pulitzers recognized by buying his "Abstraction No. 6" of 1952. It's this flexibility of taste which seems to me more exceptional than the formal bias of selection which some of my colleagues have remarked in discussing the present show. A wide difference in emotion and style separates the Beckmann "Zeretelli" or Kokoschka's view of Biarritz from Klee's miraculous image called "Anchored." All three are enviable works of art.

THE Pulitzers, thank heaven, have also collected sculptures and drawings. Mr. Pulitzer's interest in sculpture was probably natural for a man whose grandfather's portrait was done by Rodin, but I remember hearing or reading somewhere that modern sculpture has fascinated him more and more as the years have gone by. Since my own experience has been the same, I applaud it helplessly. It seems to me that the present generation of sculptors here and abroad has produced a startling number of first-rate artists and works. As to the drawings in the collection, ranging in date from Ingres to the younger draftsmen of today, they are fine in quality. I imagine that Paul J. Sachs, whose passion for drawings is highly contagious and who was Mr. Pulitzer's mentor during the latter's student days at Harvard, takes rightful pride in his disciple's sensitivity of choice.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.



Picasso's "Plaster Head and Bowl of Fruit"—"extraordinary plasticity."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Show at the Palace

MONTE CARLO.

ON THE first anniversary of the former Miss Grace Kelly's arrival in the Principality of Monaco for the purpose of marrying His Serene Highness, Prince Rainier, I was by invitation standing in front of the Palace clutching in hand an engraved summons. It said:

> D'après les ordres de Leurs Altesses Serenissimes le Chambellan a l'honneur d'informer Monsieur Horace Sutton qu'il est invité à assister à une réception qui sera offerte au Palais. . . .

I had already, at the urging of the local Riviera representative of Pan American Airways, who had by machinations far beyond my comprehension arranged this cocktail hour for a group of pressmen of which I was a member, filled out in careful form on a white card, a return note of acceptance. Now we trooped into the entrance, past the helmeted guards who stood alongside their red and white striped, Little-King sentry boxes, past the cannon that pointed out to the square and back across the bay to France. At the portal we were met and stopped by a huge attendant done up in a green, peaked hat of the type worn by doormen on Park Avenue, a starched shirt, a green tailcoat, a gold sword, and spats. Huddled into a compact group, we were subjected to a roll call, each man or woman upon the sounding of his name marching a few steps forward and joining the knot of acceptees. In this way it was surely determined that there would be no gate crashers.

The only member of our party who was missing was Miss Dorothy Roe, Woman's Editor for the Associated Press. Her absence from the designated group at the appointed place at the prescribed hour didn't faze the shepherds from Pan American, but it did cause some anxious moments for Miss Olga Curtis, who is Woman's Editor for International News Service. "It's nothing, Olga," her solicitous confreres told her. "Dorothy is probably upstairs already getting an exclusive interview with Princess Caroline."

Once we had all been cleared we were ourselves ushered upstairs, passing at each turning a pair of soldiers in black boots, blue overseas caps, and long white gloves—they could have been State Troopers—who clicked to attention at our approach. We came at last to the room at which we would assist at a reception, but instead of meeting *Leur Altesses Serenissimes* we met *Le Chambellan*, an ample gentleman with an ample moustache and a supercharged air carefully held in check by the guy wires of controlled serenity. He said in whispered tones that he was glad to see us and we said likewise, and we were shortly joined by a diminutive priest in a black cape, a purple sash, carrying a biretta in his hand. "I'm Father Tucker," he said sticking out his hand, "from Wilmington, Delaware." Father Tucker was well known to most members of the press as the man who had engineered the marriage, but he was especially well remembered by Miss Curtis who, posing as a bridesmaid on the day of the wedding rehearsal, had swept down the aisle on his arm.

A NUMBER of other guests had also gathered in the salon but they made no effort to greet us nor we them, and we stood around looking at the framed photographs that reposed on the furniture. They included likenesses of a number of sovereigns, some presently in reign and some unemployed. Among them were President Eisenhower, the Duke of Edinburgh, and King Farouk, but memory fails me as to the rest since not only were we not to take notes, but it was specified that no pencils were to be in evidence, nor anything but pleasantries to be exchanged with Their Serene Highnesses.

At the approach of H-hour and M-minute we were lined up in a file. A door in the corner swept open and Princess Grace and Prince Rainier came in, running down the line of us, shaking hands and smiling with each. The Princess wore a blue cocktail dress with a flaring skirt and a deep-cut bodice. She was decorated with one diamond pin and a large and pleasant smile. The Prince wore a pin-stripe suit, a white shirt with a slot collar, a blue knit tie, and black shoes with buckles. His smile was several karats smaller.

The Prince took up a station in front of the fireplace, the Princess in front of a window on the far side of the room, and they were quickly surrounded by clusters of guests. The Princess said that her husband said that everybody from Philadelphia just comes to the palace and knocks on the door. She wouldn't be around for the

Ask Us About
B·O·A·C
Prize Package Tours
to Europe

FLY B.O.A.C. "MAYFLOWER" to magic weeks abroad, with air fare, hotels, appropriate meals, sight-seeing and local travel all included in low tour rate.

EMBASSY TOURS, INC.
147 W. 42d St. New York-OX5-2121
WRITE FOR BOOKLET 'SR'
Authorized travel agents of
British Overseas Airways Corporation

EUROPEAN MUSIC FESTIVALS 1957

Prades . . . Salzburg . . .
Bayreuth . . . Edinburgh . . .
and many others

An intimate group conducted by Armando Aliberti, lecturer and conductor will attend 11 festivals, meet the artists and have a summer of complete musical enjoyment.

Departures June 14 and July 9
from 52 days $1,658.00
For information and reservations please contact
Mayfair Travel Service, Inc.
119 W. 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.
Plaza 1-5985

Summer courses at the famous
CENTRE D'ART de STE-ADELE
July 8-August 17

A unique vacation, 50 miles north of Montreal, in the beautiful Laurentians, the Center offers instruction in painting, ceramics, weaving, sculpture, jewelry making, ballet, conversational French. All courses bilingual. Average cost, five to ten dollars a week. Classes for children. Kindergarten.

The town of Ste-Adele offers every form of sport and recreation and a wide choice of accommodation.

For a perfect holiday, write
Pauline Rochon, Director
Le Centre d'Art de Ste-Adele
box 145 Ste-Adele, P.Q., Canada.
tel. Ca 9-3240

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visitors from Philadelphia this summer as she and her husband were going to Switzerland. In the German part, she added, leaving off the location.

From his position in front of the fireplace the Prince, an amiable gent who speaks unaccented English, agreed that everybody from Philadelphia comes up and knocks on the door. He heard the wife say they were going up to the Swiss mountains. "Too hot here in summer," he said, "especially for the baby." He excused himself for a moment, slipped out a back door, and returned with a photograph of Grace and Princess Caroline.

In front of the window Grace was dabbing at her nose with a handkerchief which she had wrapped around her fingers. It was warm, and moreover a cigar-smoking member of our fraternity who knows his way around the nation's press-boxes was puffing mightily while jabbing her slightly in the ribs with the end of his elbow. "Say, Grace," said the gentleman to Her Serene Highness, "If Pop asks you, will you come home for the opening of the track?"

Grace said no, as she was going to be busy in these Swiss mountains, not that she didn't miss some things about the States. For instance, she said, American magazines were arriving two weeks late. A fellow from Pan American said he wouldn't hear of that. He said that Pan American was flying overnight every night into Nice (advt.), and he would see that Her Serene Highness would henceforth get a parcel of magazines no more than a day late if that would make her any more serene. She said that was wonderful and would it cost her a fortune and everyone guffawed.

The Prince, over by the fireplace, said he hadn't really noticed that activity had perked up in the tourist business since Grace arrived. And although tourism was big business in the principality light industry was first as a source of income. As for gambling, well that only amounts to 3 per cent of the revenue of the place. He never goes in the casino anyway and there is a family rule against playing. He didn't say that business was bad, but he did say that he had sold his yacht, the one in which he and the Princess had sailed away on their honeymoon along the Mediterranean coast. One never knows where one's expenses come from when one is in the prince business. To maintain the serenity of a Negro servant who at that moment, dressed in resplendent grandeur, was doling out champagne to the guests, Rainier had to buy him a wife. The lady was imported from French Guinea and it was a tricky situation as the first wife selected got married to someone else before emigrating north and the agents had to start all over again.

In another corner, the mustachioed chamberlin, who only works at the palace in winter (in summer he is Chargé d'Affaires to three capitals), looked at his watch. Soon the Princess walked over to the Prince and asked how could he have been standing in front of the fireplace all that time and wasn't it too hot? They faced the assemblage and whispered a sort of goodbye, then slipped out a rear door.

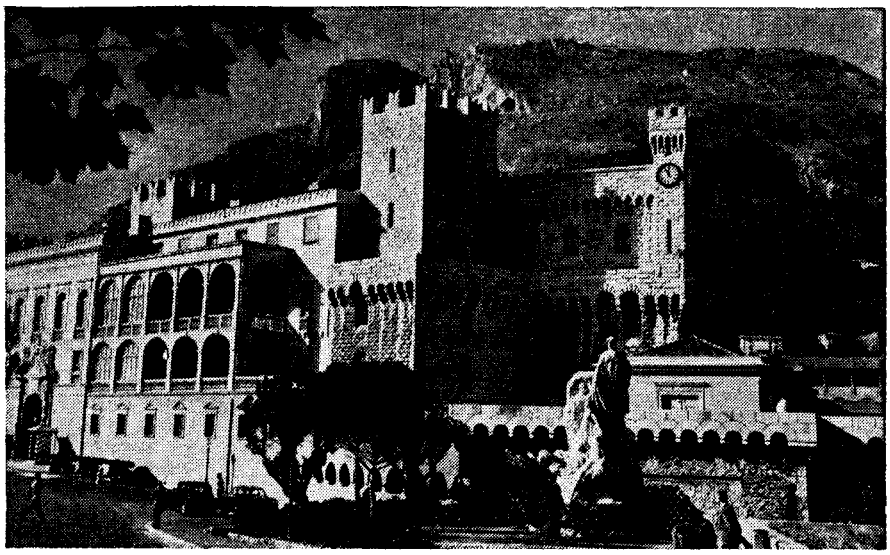
On our way out we were given a book of Monagasque stamps which included fourteen likenesses of Prince Rainier, none of which we felt did him justice; eight likenesses of Grace and Rainier together, celebrating their wedding date: April 19, 1956; one stamp commemorating the birth of Princess Caroline of Monaco, which will be officially issued May 11; one head each of Presidents Eisenhower, Roosevelt, Lincoln, and Washington; and eleven stamps honoring Jules Verne and his various works, among them *"Cinq Semaines en Ballon," "De la Terre à la Lune," "Vingt Mille Lieues Sous Les Mers,"* and of course, *"La Tour du Monde en 80 Jours,"* recently made into a cinema by M. Michel Todd. We suspect M. Michel Todd has some friends at the Palace.

At the gate we were met again by the chap in the green tailcoat and the gold sword who by this time had adopted a much more friendly mien, and bade us sign the guest books on the way out. There was a red book for the Prince and a blue book for the Princess and we found that the first man to sign the blue book was Conrad Hilton, who was President Eisenhower's designate as one of the U.S. representatives to the wedding.

Before leaving Monaco we decided to inspect some of the Prince's properties, and so stopped by at the Monte Carlo Casino to see what improvements have been installed since last we visited here nearly ten years before. Well, sir, we found that the attractions now include roulette, *trente et quarante,* craps in English, *chemin-de-fer* (known among the cognoscenti as "shimmy"), *banque,* and baccarat. In the public rooms the minimum bet is 200 francs, in the private room 500-1000 francs, and at the baccarat tables, 5,000 francs. (The French franc: 350 equals $1). The game of banque is so popular that people call the manager (telephone number 01932) to reserve their places at the banque table. Each table has room for six players, and by five in the afternoon all places are full.

The casino has installed two American innovations. One is the *machine à sous,* or slot machine ("why do you Americans call them one-armed bandits?" a Frenchman asked me). The other is craps. Playing dice, known on the Continent as *Passe Anglaise, Barbout,* and Seven-Eleven, was forbidden in Europe for two centuries, according to the master croupier. Imported anew from the gaming centers of the American West a few years ago, tempered into a game for the Continental gentleman, it is now popular with all nationalities. French, Italians and Americans were all huddled around the table and the croupier was saying, "Concentrez-vous m'sieu, seven, ee-leven . . ." "Now it ees seex the har-r-r-d way." "Five ees point . . . four et un pimple . . ." "Four ees point. Leetle Joe from Monaco." I didn't stay to find out under what new title eighter-from-Decatur is living now in Monaco, too.

—Horace Sutton.



—*Monaco Information Center.*

The Palace—"Everybody from Philadelphia knocks on the door."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC TO MY EARS

Royal (Ballet) "Cinderella"—Kentner's Brahms

MARGOT FONTEYN, womankind's answer to the law of gravity, and her talented associates of the Royal (née Sadler's Wells) Ballet, put us all magnificently in their debt by coming from England to present Frederick Ashton's version of Serge Prokofiev's "Cinderella" in the Producer's Showcase Series (S. Hurok producing) on NBC-TV late in April. If it did not say the last word, ever, on the subject of Cinderella and her magical transformations, it said much more and with fewer "improvements" than the predecessor version ventured on CBS some weeks ago.

Of course, there was a Prokofiev score (one of his best) with which to begin, but around and above everything else was the superb schooling, the integrated dancing style, extending from Dame Margot—in radiant mood and superb physical vein—through the princely Michael Somes down to the innumerable small parts performed with ultimate distinction by such friends of old as Julia Farron, Ray Powell, Leslie Edwards, Alexander Grant, and such new ones for the future as Elaine Fifield, Svetlana Beriosova, and David Blair. As "sterling" is the hallmark for one celebrated Empire export, so "Royal Ballet" now stands for as much in its way. Merely to experience the superb (but sensitive) clowning of Ashton and Kenneth MacMillan as the Ugly Sisters was to touch a strain of comic genius which is unique to John Bull's native isle.

As television entertainment, more particularly as color television entertainment, "Cinderella" was almost foolhardy in its defiance of limitations and conventions. Long shots that embraced the total corps were used with almost reckless abundance in the ballroom scene, and one closeup brought millions closer to Fonteyn's classic "points" than any save her partners have ever been before. Throughout, Clark Jones used his visual resources with a real awareness of high spots and balletic subtleties in a way that set a new standard for televised ballet in this country. Robert Irving's direction of the score also had a properly major part.

Whether the abandon and variety of the camera views had something to do with the in-and-out fluctuation of the color on this viewer's home screen is something only a technician could answer. The settings of Otis Riggs and the costumes of Jean-Denis Malcies were wonderfully atmospheric when the image was clear, the focus true. Synchronization seemed to come and go with the shifts from one camera to another, or from closeups to long shots, which is a temporary condition susceptible, no doubt, to mechanical improvement. On the whole, however, it was a dazzling experience which made one doubly reluctant that we must wait until September, when the company returns for an American tour, to see them again.

Thanks are in order to the sponsors (RCA, John Hancock, etc.) for limiting their spots to one sequence during the total action of the ballet, thus allowing unbroken continuity from about 8:40 to 9:20. Oddly enough, this forbearance will make their names linger longer in the memory than more insistent "messages" along the way might have.

PERSONS of long memory who recall Bill Robinson in his best "Bojangles" days in "The Hot Mikado" are likely to regard the current venture of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in the Metropolitan Opera House as rather more a cool "Mikado." It has an attractive decor by Bernard Lamotte, an apt arrangement of excerpts from Sullivan's score by Vittorio Rieti, and a particularly appealing Yum Yum in Irina Borowska, the Argentine-born dancer whose talents have been one of the brighter aspects of the company's engagements.

What it lacks, however, is what a ballet can hardly do without: a reason for being danced rather than acted or sung, which is to say a choreographic design or structure. Antonia Cobos's conception is not without a point of view, if blending *sukiyaki* with *borscht* could be cited as a culinary equivalent. That is to say, Russian ballet techniques have been imposed on classic Japanese dance poses, with something less than total success. Even this is not carried through to a consistent outcome, perhaps because the tripping measures of Sullivan do not, really, lend themselves to a rigorous dance pattern. Along the way the whole purpose of Gilbert's satire is forgotten.

In addition to the likable Borowska the performances included a zany Ko Ko by Deni Lamont, a less polished Nanki-Poo by Alan Howard, and a picturesque Emperor of Japan by Eugene Slavin. Perhaps if the company for which Sergei Denham is responsible started all over again with the scenic production and utilized it for a danced version of "Madama Butterfly," everybody would be better off, including G&S.

The first four measures of Louis Kentner's playing of the solo part of Brahms's B flat piano concerto recalled to any who had heard his solo recital last fall, or the numerous recordings which have circulated for more than a decade, his cultivated musicianship, artistic taste, and emotional dependability. This is much to say of four measures, but Kentner's phrasing of them merited it. What followed in the full four movements, however, was something else, for in them Kentner was not functioning directly, or exclusively, in terms of Brahms, but relative to the frame provided by Dimitri Mitropoulos as conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Whichever had the suitable sense of how the work should sound, it was clear in the movements of big sound output (primarily Nos. 1 and 4, secondarily No. 2) that it was not a sense they shared consistently.

All we know of Kentner argues that he is a pianist of rational, cultivated instincts who achieves his ends by finesse rather than power. His tonal gamut is not extreme, but finely defined within its own range. For him to contend with the kind of swollen orchestral sonorities induced by Mitropoulos was to make a real blend of elements rather hopeless. Perhaps the justice here favors Mitropoulos, in the sense that his scale of sonorities was, objectively, what the work requires. I do not grant that, recalling the occasion on which the conductor in question told me he regarded his function, as host, to provide the guest soloist with "full hospitality"; in other words, with an orchestral background that made for a harmonious totality. This came about, in the Kentner case, in the slow movement (which is, altogether on a reduced dynamic scale), but not elsewhere. Considering how the conductor "riled up" the orchestra in a preceding playing of Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, in which propulsion took the place of pulsation, and nervous agitation of rhythmic animation, it is hardly surprising that the kind of stability required for this particular work of Brahms was absent.

LIKE an over-generous shopper adding names to a Christmas list for last minute purchases, the Philharmonic has been balancing the seasonal books with a series of premieres and first performances before it is "too late." On the program in which Kentner was the soloist Elliot Carter was represented by his "Holiday" overture, a work of lively character which needs more than a single hearing for its character to be appreciated, and later in the same week Camila Wicks was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

soloist in the first American performance of Klaus Egge's violin concerto. Franco Autori, associate conductor, was director of this program, heard only on Saturday night.

Egge is a musician of Norwegian birth (not to be confused with the German Werner Egk), who has not been represented previously on an orchestral program in New York. His concerto is a work with a definite musical orientation and viewpoint, neither related to the common conception of a virtuoso piece. Some of its details suggest the example of Sibelius, but these are minimal to the total. Hard thought and closely worked detail are more evident than soft emotionalism or easy search for effective climaxes, in a pattern which invites attention to future works of the composer. Miss Wicks did her work well, and Autori provided a searching treatment of the orchestral writing—no easy task, as it is unconventionally organized.

Joseph Hawthorne, director of the Toledo Symphony Orchestra, showed the kind of musical leadership that Ohio city is experiencing when he appeared in Carnegie Hall as the final guest conductor of the National Orchestral Association during this year of sabbatical leave for Leon Barzin. A graduate himself of the training orchestra, Hawthorne demonstrated straightforward musicianship, a sense of musical essentials and attributes of leadership in his program of Mozart (Symphony No. 34, in C), Copland ("Statements"), Charles Jones ("Little Symphony"), Hindemith ("Noblissima Visione" or "St. Francis," according to one's preference), and an excerpt from Glazounow's "Seasons" ("Autumn"). To do much better with the Philadelphia Orchestra, say, would be less to Hawthorne's credit than to make these uncertain players provide listenable results.

Hawthorne's Mozart was crisp and well-considered, his Copland suitable to the composer's purpose in assigning such titles as "Dogmatic," "Jingo," "Prophetic" to its several sections. He was also respecting a worthy model provided by Barzin in providing the players with some new experiences in orchestral expression as well as utilizing them for his own purposes. The Jones "Symphony"—shorter, in totality, than the exposition section of some celebrated predecessors—has its witty purpose, which was well-realized in Hawthorne's performance. The purpose, indeed, was so well realized that a commentator presiding over a radio broadcast of the performance decided that this was a "preview" or "introduction" for the work which had already been played.

—Irving Kolodin.

MID-MONTH RECORDINGS

Big Bill Broonzy—"closed his eyes and sang."

THE PERENNIAL BLUES

By YANNICK BRUYNOGHE and STANLEY DANCE

THE Gadarene pursuit of the new and immature, of novelty rather than quality, as revealed in much American jazz criticism, has long been the cause of widespread amusement in Europe. A complementary neglect of the blues and blues artists tends, on the other hand, to be a source of continual astonishment.

The blues neither began nor ended with Ma Rainey, Bessie Smith, and Billie Holiday. In fact, the first two, with their stage appearances, vaudeville material, and jazz accompaniments, were, to a degree, peripheral to the real blues world. Though they sang the blues magnificently, they were more a part of show-business than of folklore. In Billie's singing a battle is always fought between jazz, popular song, and the blues, the last surviving but seldom triumphing. Yet Billie is often presented as the archetype of blues singer. It was therefore no surprise to read recently, in a heavy study of her work, that "the blues tradition is now almost defunct."

This statement shows not only an appalling ignorance of the subject, but also a reprehensible apathy when facts to the contrary are near at hand and easily ascertainable.

Despite the popularity of commercial deviations like rock 'n' roll, the blues tradition is very much alive, and seldom before has it been so plenteously recorded. The singers and instrumentalists no longer need rely upon a handful of major recording companies for presentation, because small, independent concerns in many towns and cities are constantly alert to discover local talent. Labels like Chess, Checker, Federal, Vee-Jay, and Excello are distributed mainly to Negro communities, particularly in Chicago and the South, and though the blues come still on singles, without the flummery of hi-fi and LP packaging, they can be obtained without any very great effort.

The blues on such records can today, as for many years, be divided into three categories: country, city, and jazz. These categories are primarily useful for ease of reference. Where jazz is concerned, for instance, even the primitive country blues are usually richer in content than the outré fabrications now foisted on a gullible public under the guise of "modern jazz." The stylistic differences have developed in the course of blues evolution.

The origins have been discussed often enough, so it should be sufficient to mention slavery and chain gangs, work songs, and community singing. "Spirituals" may well be disassociated, although some gospel

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

singing is close to blues singing, notably in the case of Blind Willie Johnson ("The Blind Pilgrim"), a wonderful "primitive" singer who is believed still to lead a group on the streets of Chicago.

Examples of "primitive" blues singing on records are provided by Blind Lemon Jefferson and Blind Blake. The style of the first is very "African" and unpolished, and little respect is shown for th twelve-bar blues form. The second also played especially good guitar, on which instrument he approaches the conception of the early jazz musician. Both belonged to a period when the blues singer was a kind of troubadour. They played on the streets for money, their blindness attracting sympathy as it has throughout the ages. This custom still persists in the South and the well-known Tommy McClennan, who has a wooden leg, plays in Chicago streets and bars.

When the early blues singers arrived in Chicago from states like Mississippi and Arkansas, they brought with them their rural tradition. None of them expected to live entirely from his music and the idea of houserent parties spread quite naturally amongst them. Typical of this group are Barbecue Bob, Sleepy John Estes, Joe Williams (not the present Basie vocalist), Kokomo Arnold, and Big Bill Broonzy.

The consequences of the meeting between the relatively innocent boy from the country and the big-city toughs are not hard to imagine. The killers, pimps, and sweet-back daddies who slept all day and had never seen the cotton grow were not entirely impressive to those used to rising with the sun and toiling all day beneath it. Thus, Big Bill's drastic judgment on the late Jelly Roll Morton comes with all the bleak contempt of the country for the city: "He ain't nothing of a musician; he's always been a pimp." Nevertheless, there were moments of awe. Appearing at Carnegie Hall (1938) for the first time, Bill had to be talked onto the stage by Helen Humes: "Don't worry about the way you're dressed or what people will think of you. Just go on there and imagine you're in the country singing to the cattle." Finally Bill went, closed his eyes, and sang. . . .

The country soon learned city ways. These singers were all guitarists and mostly accustomed to playing for intimate, understanding audiences. They enjoyed meeting and playing together, but it wasn't long before they were playing in clubs and making records. The career of Josh White, who had acted as Blind Lemon Jefferson's guide when a boy, is a rare example of the full course of social evolution, although en route to winning Eartha Kitt's friendship and becoming a favorite of Mrs. Roosevelt more than a little sophistication and self-conscious artistry was applied to the basic product.

During the Thirties piano-playing blues singers came to the fore in Chicago, among them being the great Leroy Carr, composer of "How Long" and "In the Evening." Carr's style was soft and very sad as compared with the robust strength of his predecessors. One of the last records he made before his death in 1935 was "Six Cold Feet in the Ground." Whether there was premonition or mere coincidence in the choice of title, we do not know, but it has been rumored that he was poisoned. Scrapper Blackwell, who accompanied him on many occasions, was a wonderful guitar player. He is still alive, but in a mental institution, where he plays his guitar and violin. In passing, it is interesting to note that several other blues artists play violin, among them Big Bill and Carl Martin.

For club work and records, singers like Big Bill and Tampa Red became accustomed to piano accompanists. One of the greatest of these was Joshua Altheimer, who played an intent, concentrated style that was ideal for the blues. Another was Big Maceo (Merryweather), who also made a name for himself as a singer. These two, like Leroy Carr, were the kind of blues men who played no other kind of music, who turned everything into blues. Talking of another pianist, Broonzy summed him up scornfully like this: "He plays the blues like a goat. He can play any type of music, any melody. He ain't no blues musician. Maybe Joshua or Maceo could also play that melody, but it would become a blues."

Another favorite accompanying instrument is the harmonica, on which the outstanding artist was Sonny Boy Williamson, a great blues singer, who was killed in 1948 at the age of thirty-six. Other specialists on this instrument are Jazz Gillum, Noah Lewis, and Little Walter. Notable, too, for their work on records are bass players like Bill Settles (on Broonzy's earliest discs), Ransom Knowling, and Big Crawford, drummers like Fred Williams, Judge Riley, Tyrell "Little T" Dixon, and Edgar Elmons, and a clarinettist named Arnett Nelson. Big Bill's half-brother, Washboard Sam, accompanies himself on washboard and he made a big name for himself as a singer. He has an unusual vocal quality that is not intrinsically blue, a flair for melody, and an undeniable gift for swinging his songs.

The tough, hard-drinking blues world of the Thirties was not, of course, without its women. The most deserving of mention are Merline Johnson (The Yas Yas Girl) and Memphis Minnie. The former is a singer often to be heard on records with Joshua Altheimer, while the latter, who is still active, accompanies herself on guitar and is a formidable artist in every sense of the adjective. She can be compared with the foremost male performers of this rich period. Indeed, this neglected artist proclaims the blues world's scale of values with the same fierce pride that they do. Once, when singing in a concert hall, she walked on stage and found a jazz group there. Turning to the mike, she asked: "What's all these suckers doing here?"

"THESE suckers" were much given to playing the blues themselves, but for all the kinship between jazz and blues, jazz-oriented singers of blues soon developed distinguishing characteristics in accordance with the increasingly sophisticated instrumental environment in which they found themselves.

Coming up to date, the blues tradition is still in capable hands. In the country category are Big Bill Broonzy, Howlin' Wolf, Smokey Hogg, Lightnin' Hopkins, John Lee Hooker, and Muddy Waters. Representative of the city are Little Walter, Eddie Boyd, Memphis Slim, Brownie McGhee and T-Bone Walker. For jazz blues, there are Joe Turner, Jimmy Rushing, Eddie Vinson, Wynonie Harris, Helen Humes, and Dinah Washington.

An immense and fascinating field of musical expression lies awaiting thorough investigation. Perhaps one day blues artists will be heard regularly on such programs as the Voice of America. Meanwhile, singers like Big Bill Broonzy and Brother John Sellers fill the largest concert halls in Europe.

—Elektrafoto.

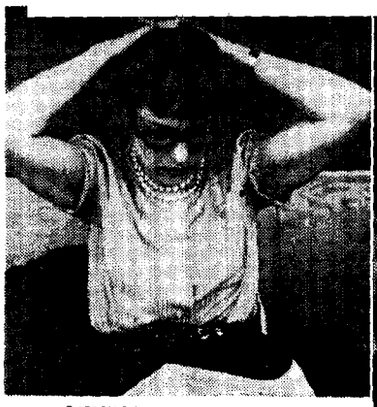
Josh White—"full course of social evolution."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Recordings Reports: Jazz LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
Improvisations by the Don Shirley Duo. Cadence CLP, 1015, $3.98.	Pianist Shirley employs his great technical equipment in what is essentially the old cocktail-vaudeville trick of "pop" tunes in the manner of Schubert, Debussy, or whoever. Similarly, he uses jazz; here a "Sometimes I'm Happy" is based on Garner's style, and there is a blues which is admirably laid out and built, to be sure. His beat is rather mechanical, and a stunt is a stunt.
Sweets: Harry Edison with Ben Webster. Clef MG C-717, $4.98.	The mature authority of this set is rare. Webster has seldom sounded so creative on records—perhaps never before. Edison, despite some of his stock licks and some rather pointless "yelling" on "K. M. Blues," plays singing horn. Other assets: Barney Kessel's subtly timed "comping" (his solos are mostly vague strings of other people's clichés, however) and the easy rhythm.
Beauty and the Beat: Bob Scobey's Band with Clancy Hayes. RCA Victor LPM 1344, $3.98.	The Scobey band, augmented by several ex-Bob Crosbyites and their professional colleagues from the California studios. Hokum, relieved by tastelessness, and by some nice piano by Ralph Sutton and clarinet by Fred Higuera. No one seems to have intended it seriously, which is fine since some play much the same hokum and do.
The Fabulous Fats Navarro, vol. 1. Blue Note BLP 1531, $4.98.	Some fine moments from the middle Forties provided by the round tone and clean, flowing execution of Theodore Navarro. He hadn't developed beyond using a style mostly borrowed from someone else, but he somehow played that style as if he owned it. Included are six alternate takes, that of "The Chase" especially interesting. Four numbers are by Tad Dameron whose work may well be a link between "bop" and "cool."
Streamline: The Rolf Kuhn Quartet featuring Ronnell Bright. Vanguard VRS 8510, $4.98.	A firm-toned clarinet based on Goodman and De Franco's modernized Goodman. There seems an occasional emotional (though not technical) involvement in what comes next and a bit of mere doodling. Six modish originals and four "standards," one a languid piano solo. There is something rather slick about all this.
Phineas' Rainbow: Phineas Newborn solo, trio, quartet. RCA Victor LPM 1421, $3.98.	The coy title aside, Newborn is a pianist with really unusual facility, a rare touch, and a fine sense of dynamics, qualities he sometimes indulges rather than uses. His lines and harmonies are as yet more or less conventional at base. These *performances* are just that, however, and seem to have involved his emotions and feelings only fleetingly.
Lester Young, vol. 1. Aladdin LP 801, $3.98.	Fourteen from Young's transitional California days that range all the way from the celebrated "These Foolish Things" through a marvelously inventive "Jumpin' at Mesner's" to some tastelessness in "Jammin' with Lester" and hints of a creeping boredom. There is some of Vic Dickinson's splendid trombone and interesting piano from Dodo Marmarosa on four. At his best, Young is a marvel of exciting creativeness with a *true* relaxation that shows up so many who now sound like him, and he is several times at his best here. The various sessions represented have been tracked chronologically, but some pitch-wavers have crept in on two titles. No personnel listings.
Kansas City Memories: Nat Pierce and his Orchestra. Coral CRL 57091, $3.98.	Rhythm provided by Jo Jones, Freddy Green, and Oscar Pettiford holds a lot of promise. But this is rather an uneventful date, as are most hung on such silly gimmicks. Joe Newman is most often lively, and certainly Bill Harris and Hal McKusick aren't helped by the brief, pedestrian arrangements, scored after the manner of a much larger group. The notes read like an agent's "press release."
Mainstream: Gerry Mulligan Sextet. Emarcy MG 36101, $3.98.	The talented and fanciful Mr. Mulligan again and a group which plays *together* with a praiseworthy kind of sympathy and cooperation. Bill Crow's bass seems tense and everyone (except Jon Eardley, present on two titles) appears nervously edgy, until a relaxed "Blue at the Roots" wherein creativity flows, especially from Mulligan—on piano, no less.
Teddy Buckner and his Dixieland Band. Dixieland Jubilee DJ 504, $3.98.	Buckner can be a powerful trumpeter but his style (based mostly on middle and present-day Armstrong) is not one which can lead a polyphonic ensemble well. The rhythm is relentlessly heavy. Joe Darensburg's clarinet is strikingly integrated and if he gets the soprano saxophone under his fingers, he may be an original voice on that instrument. Only he, and occasionally John Ewing on trombone, seems to know what good polyphonic playing should be like. This "dixieland" approach (which has so little to do in essence with what the early work of Oliver and Morton and the best of Ory and Bunk Johnson achieved) amounts to a kind of pose, and sounds like it.
To the Ivy League from Nat Adderley. Emarcy MG 36100, $3.98.	The Adderley brothers, Nat and Julian "Cannonball," intend to maintain the traditions of mid-Forties modern. They operate quite capably, but as with others with much the same intentions, stylistically it comes out current, Café Bohemia "funky" blowing, à la Messengers, "hard-boppers," etc. And Horace Silver's work seems a major influence here. Any artist begins as an imitator of his predecessors, but suppose his purpose is to remain one? And can he in what is primarily a performer's medium?
Johnny Hodges and the Ellington All-Stars. American Recording Society G-421, $3.98.	Outstanding is Hodges's chorus on "All of Me," a statement of what is basic to playing jazz. He is forcefully swinging but at ease; he moves forward and knows what surprising things come next; he transforms melody from the inside, not by merely embellishing it; he lets his line and attack make the rhythm and not the other way around; he is informed by the blues; and he builds—here to a humorous climax. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SEVEN DEADLY SINS

The enthusiastic reception given Lotte Lenya's first Columbia album, "Berlin Theater Songs of Kurt Weill," has prompted us to embark on a recording project which will encompass all Weill's major vocal works, sung by his greatest interpreter, Lotte Lenya, who is Weill's widow, is that rare combination her late husband's works demanded. She is a superb actress who can also sing. Weill once said, "My melodies always come to my inner ear in Lenya's voice." Every note, every phrase of "The Seven Deadly Sins" bears out his statement. A ballet-with-song, it was written expressly for her, in Paris in 1933. Bertolt Brecht (who also collaborated on "The Threepenny Opera") supplied its bitterly satiric text. Weill matched it with similarly bitter, yet intoxicatingly beautiful music. In the inevitable critical storm which greeted any Weill-Brecht product, Lotte Lenya won universal acclaim for her portrayal of Anna, heroine of the piece. She repeats her triumph in this first recording of Weill's haunting masterpiece.

WEILL: "The Seven Deadly Sins"—Lotte Lenya, with Orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Brückner-Rüggeberg.
KL 5157 $5.98

CALYPSO FOR 10

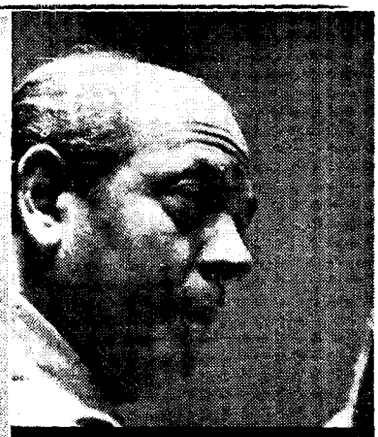
"Calypso Holiday" is the third lesson in a musical geography course currently being conducted by The Norman Luboff Choir. Having taken us west and south with their previous collections, Mr. Luboff's talented singers now turn their attention to the Calypso music of the West Indies. And once again it is a pleasure to discover what a marvelously flexible, expressive and warm-sounding instrument this choir can be. For these rhythmic, topical songs Mr. Luboff uses a relatively small force, never more than ten voices. He has searched the entire crescent-shaped string of islands for authentic arrangements of twelve of the best examples of Calypso music. The Choir, as always, is brilliantly adaptable to the music it sings, and fully deserving of its reputation as one of the foremost choral groups in America today.

CALYPSO HOLIDAY:
The Norman Luboff Choir.
CL 1000 $2.98 (May only)

JAZZ ODYSSEY

In addition to being one of the greatest blues singers still singing, Jimmy Rushing is unique in that he was a part of jazz in the four cities having most to do with its development: New Orleans, Kansas City, Chicago and New York. The Jazz Odyssey of James Rushing Esq. takes him to these jazz centers to sing the songs he associates with them. To make Jimmy feel perfectly at home, Buck Clayton presents the songs in arrangements and with musicians particularly associated with the style of jazz which prevailed when Rushing first worked in each place. Jimmy's history, you'll discover, is the history of jazz itself. He was around at the beginning and is still around—sounding better than ever, we might add.

THE JAZZ ODYSSEY OF JAMES RUSHING ESQ.
(with Buck Clayton and His Orchestra)
CL 963 $3.98



PERFECT RELATIONSHIP

Richard Strauss, who managed during his career to out-orchestrate practically every other composer you can name, might well have had Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra in mind when he wrote his rich-textured, soaring compositions. Their virtuoso performances of his demanding music verge on the incredible in their perfection. But if Strauss is well served by Ormandy and his men, it must be admitted the reverse is true. There are few composers whose works show off the modern orchestra to greater advantage. As a rather spectacular illustration of this, we've arranged an all-Strauss program by the Philadelphians. When you hear it (particularly if you're a hi-fi fan), we think you'll agree that the relationship is just about perfect.

RICHARD STRAUSS: Don Juan; Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks; Waltzes from "Der Rosenkavalier" and Love Scene from "Feuersnot."
ML 5177 $2.98 (May only)

COLUMBIA RECORDS SOUND BEST ON A COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH

THE SOUND OF GENIUS IS ON COLUMBIA RECORDS

A Division of CBS ® "Columbia" ℗ Marcas Reg
Prices are suggested list
Available in Canada at slightly higher prices

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Jocotepec Penguins—"novelty of seeing a gringo . . . is wearing off."

THE PENGUINS GATHER

By LYSANDER KEMP

THIS evening at eight o'clock The Penguins will gather in my living-room to practise. The Penguins are the part-time musicians of the small dance-band in which I play first saxophone here in Jocotepec in western Mexico, and most of our rehearsals are simply to please the gringo. The attitude is that since we are the only dance-band in the village, it makes no difference how badly we play: they have to hire us anyhow. So why practise? But I refuse to play in public without having rehearsed a few times, and as I own the only alto saxophone in good working condition, they humor me.

Although Jocotepec is in the highlands of the state of Jalisco, where the *mariachis* originated, our repertoire is almost wholly tropical music: boleros and danzones for the most part, with occasionally a mambo, a suby, a cha-cha-chá. I think my favorite is the suby "Chivirico" ("Little Goat"), because it gives me a chance to raise my voice in song. At a certain point we all stop playing except the drummer, and sing the lyric in what is intended to be unison. The text is rather inspired, and I will here give the first of the two stanzas in its entirety:

Chivirivirí chivirico,
chivirivirí chivirico,
chivirivirí chivirico,
chivirivirí chivirico.

The second stanza is exactly the same as the first.

We also play a few gringo numbers —"September Song," "Blue Skies," "My Blue Heaven," and several others. In Mexico, for some obscure reason, American dance-tunes are usually classified according to tempo rather than type. The three main categories are: swing (pronounced "eh-SWEEN") for a fast tune, medio (medium) swing for a medium-fast tune, and blues (pronounced "BLOO-ess") for a slow tune. I have a listing of orchestrations for sale by a firm in Mexico City, and I find that "The Bells of St. Mary," "The Third Man Theme," and "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing" are all blues. From the same catalogue you can buy "St. Louis Blues" arranged as a swing, as a march, or as a mambo—but not as a blues. "Stardust" is listed simply as a "slow"; so is "Stormy Weather."

I also like that catalogue for its translations into Spanish of English titles. Sometimes the translations are adequate—"Dancing in the Dark," for example, becomes "Bailando en la Obscuridad," which means "Dancing in the Dark"—but sometimes they are not. Here are the choicest, with the Spanish translated back into English: "Begin the Beguine" ("Begin Again to Begin"); "Dungaree Doll" ("The Girl in Pants"); "Lost Weekend" ("The Day That Was Lost"); "Penthouse Serenade" ("Love on the Top Floor"); "Lean Baby" ("Skinny Girl"); "You Did Be (*sic*) So Nice To Come Home To" ("It is Nice To Return Home").

By now, the novelty of seeing a gringo among The Penguins is wearing off, but I remember the first dance at which I played. The earlier part of it was without incident, but later in the evening both Beto and The Prophet stationed themselves alongside me. Beto is my barber, The Prophet drives a local taxi. They had consumed a good bit of tequila, and they were determined to inspire and encourage me in my debut.

Beto inspired me by explaining over and over, usually during numbers and at the top of his voice, that he was himself a dedicated musician. Between numbers he fished out a trumpet mouthpiece for my admiration. He said he brought it along because he liked to sit in with The Penguins and play second trumpet. The only trouble was that he sold his trumpet two years ago when his wife was so sick. The Prophet, meanwhile, encouraged me during the parts in which I played the lead, by bumping my arm and shouting, "*Bueno!*"

For almost two hours they never flagged. I lost the place quite a few times, because Beto kept pawing through the music on my music-stand to see what we ought to play next. The encouragements of The Prophet damn near broke a front tooth. I felt much like Childe Roland, winding my horn Olifant in the passages of Spain: "The first, the second blast, the failing third." I was luckier than Roland, though. Charlemagne showed up too late, but at one o'clock the Jocotepec police arrived to disperse the dance, and I was saved.

I wish you could hear The Penguins. The recording companies are putting almost anything on discs these days—massed brass bands, railroad-yard noises, even cacophony—and perhaps we will be invited to record. We produce a sound rather lacking in quality, but we make up for it with sheer quantity: our forte is our *fortissimo*. When we blast off into "Blue Skies" the skies are not blue for long. Thunderheads tower, lightning flickers, thunder blares, and it is really pretty awesome. I expect it would set hi-fi back about ten years. Our *accelerando* is also awesome. We begin "September Song," which is a slow, at a more or less autumnal tempo, but by the time we reach the last chorus we are well into the middle of next summer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ANTON WEBERN COMPLETE

By PETER YATES

ANTON WEBERN: *"The Complete Music Under the Direction of Robert Craft": (Vocal) Grace-Lynne Martin, Marni Nixon, Richard Robinson, Charles Scharbach; (Violin) Ward Fenley, Ralph Schaeffer, Robert Sushel, Dorothy Wade; (Viola) Cecil Figelski, Milton Thomas; (Cello) Emmet Sargeant; (Bass) Magdalena Rivera; (Guitar) Jack Marshall; (Mandolin) Max Gralnick, Sol Babitz; (Harp) Dorothy Remsen, Barbara Shik; (Celesta) Leonard Stein, Ingolf Dahl; (Harmonium) Wesley Kuhnle; (Piano) Leonard Stein; (Piccolo and Flute) Arthur Gleghorn; (Oboe) Arnold Koblentz, Gordon Pope; (Clarinet) Mitchell Lurie, Hugo Raimondi; (Bass Clarinet and Tenor Saxophone) William Ulyate; (Horn) James Decker; (Trumpet) Morris Boltuch, Lester Remsen; (Trombone) Lloyd Ulyate; (Percussion) Ann Dragonette; (Conductor) Robert Craft.* Columbia K4L32, $23.98.

BY RECORDING the complete works of Webern on four records, Robert Craft has solved the problem posed by Igor Stravinsky during the 1953 "Evenings on the Roof" (Los Angeles) series from which this project stems. During the rehearsal before the program, Stravinsky, raising his head for a moment from the scores, in which he had been continuously engrossed, came over to ask me whether at the concert each work might be performed twice.

In my opinion Webern's music, unlike much of Schoenberg, is ideally adapted to the intimacy of recording, to being heard item by item or in the continuous succession of the long-playing album. The relatively static separate pieces are received like figures on a group of tapestries. This music does not insist, it does not affirm, though the texts of the later cantatas powerfully express a mystical affirmation. It persists, from first to last, in a unanimity of musical thought, growing in maturity, in concentration, even towards the end a little in size, so that, wherever you enter it, you resume an aural continuity. Webern composes entirely in parts for solo instruments and for voice, not deploying the qualities of the instruments nor making points with them but drawing lines of consequence between moments and brief patterns of instrumental resonance. Every note is placed to be heard. Webern's manner of composing changes, but the change is inward. In his last works, the contrapuntal structure, being all-pervasive, disappears. Throughout Webern's polyphony, however simple or however complex, the most persistent quality is silence—shaped and enrobed with a richness rivalled only by Beethoven in rare moments. As the non-representative painter disposes surface, so Webern disposes silence.

I shall not intrude on Robert Craft's superb notes for these records. Here and in the notes he has written for two recent Columbia releases of Stravinsky and Schoenberg, as well as his exposition in the magazine *Score* of Stravinsky's "Canticum Sacrum," he discusses the relationships of these composers in more perceptive detail than I have found anywhere else.

Webern's growth as a composer may be summarized in four periods. (Another may prefer three or a dozen.) The beginning period, already marked by the use of variation forms and the withdrawing rather than addition of notes, reveals his concern for quietness, transparency, and the individual timbre of each sound. All of the recorded works were written after his association with Schoenberg. While Schoenberg was still composing in larger forms, Webern had already retired (1909) into the intimacy of his tiny epigrammatic or expressionistic-coloristic toned designs. Webern's natural freedom from tonality must have contributed to Schoenberg's more theoretical "emancipation of the dissonance." Unlike Schoenberg, who remains melodic even in his smallest compositions, Webern preferred a monosyllabic poetry of two or three contrasting outlines. At this time both composers were associated with the Blue Rider group of painters and writers, who tried to paint sound, to compose color.

The period of tiny pieces closed with Webern's wholehearted acceptance of Schoenberg's twelve-tone method (1924). After a struggle towards larger form, ending in the completion of the String Trio, opus 20 (1927), Webern entered a final period, concentrated and compressed within the almost ritualistic limitations of canonic design. The Symphony, String Quartet, variations for piano and for orchestra, and three cantatas are the masterworks of this period. In the Cantatas he revives polyphonic methods unusual since the fifteenth century, celebrating his mystical experience before nature and God's works. His final completed composition is a chorale, ending the Second Cantata, to the Child of God. His works are the record of a saint's life in music.

The larger mature compositions by Schoenberg present great audible difficulty. I may say with assurance that the music of Webern is audibly less difficult, if the listener will receive it in the same faith he gives to works of renaissance polyphony. One need not, one should not listen with the intent of discovering how the thing is done. Such awareness, too often these days imposed on the listener as a duty, is foreign to the purpose of music. The law which governs the composer and directs the player should not constrain the listener.

Seventeen of Webern's thirty-one opus numbers involve solo voice. Except the bass solo of Cantata 2, the solo parts are all for high soprano. Robert Craft was fortunate to have ready two matched sopranos of exceptional quality and distinctive voice. The instrumental impersonality, the unique timbre of Marni Nixon's voice, with perfect pitch and musicianship to read such complex music accurately at sight, render the solo songs as directly as finely colored drawings. She is also the soloist in the cantatas. The broader line and vibrant singing of Grace-Lynne Martin individualize the humanity of the voice among the instruments in the chamber music songs. Of these several have been performed only in Los Angeles.

All the piano accompaniments and the piano parts of the instrumental compositions are played by Leonard Stein. Gracefully overcoming the innumerable difficulties, he keeps the piano part always within its place in the design. Only in the Piano Variations does he fall short of Ansermet's description of Webern: "At the piano he would cause the mathematical marvels to disappear and instead one would be aware only of the purest relationships of sound."

Robert Craft's greatest gift is the ability to inspire musicians with a relaxed understanding of what is to be done, so that exacting difficulties become without fuss felicities of performance. To the four vocal soloists, twelve string players, four keyboard performers, six wind, and four brass players, the members of the chorus, and to Sol Babitz, who proved Schoenberg's contention that any good violinist can play the mandolin, I extend my congratulations. The unfailing high level of these readings testifies to the good estate of chamber music in Los Angeles. The recordings are technically excellent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A TEEN-AGER LOOKS AT JAZZ

By D. S. LEVINE

JAZZ is a world unexplored and probably undiscovered by most teen-agers. Very few young explorers have ventured into this unknown and forbidden sphere of music. A shield of ignorance wards off the teen-ager from this world. Why, may I ask, is the teen-ager so ignorant of jazz? There are many reasons. I shall attempt to point out some of these reasons.

What does Hollywood do, when they want to depict a nightclub of low morals? They just crowd a group of disreputable men and women into their nightclub and make jazz the chief attraction to these people. Thus, the teen-ager thinks jazz is a cheap, low-down grade of music.

The disc jockies, who cater to the teen-ager, are also at fault. Very few members of this "platter spinning" society play and endorse jazz selections to their young listeners. But the D.J.s who are trying to acquaint the teen-ager with jazz are doing a great job and its about time someone gave them some credit.

Of course, the jazzmen must also do something about this situation. Most jazzmen work entirely at night-spots, where minors are not allowed. If the jazzman would consent to give up some of his time to give concerts for the teen-ager, I think the teen-ager would begin to take a greater interest in jazz. Also, if the bands would simplify their arrangements, so they would become more danceable, many more teen-agers would take more interest in their music.

In order to know what the teen-ager tends to like in jazz, I have conducted a series of tests involving the teen-ager and jazz. The ratings used were as follows: *—poor, **—fair, ***—good, ****—very good, and *****—excellent. The jazz ran from Bessie Smith to Dave Brubeck.

Out of the teen-agers tested, I have picked out two teen-agers, a boy Mike and a girl Ellen. They more-or-less represent the average teen-ager of fourteen to fifteen. Mike's opinions and ratings are more discriminating than Ellen's, probably because he is better versed in jazz.

HERE you may compare ratings and remarks.

1. Bessie Smith, "Gimmie a Pigfoot."

Ellen (**)—Too slow; the voice was pretty good, but couldn't understand it. Mike (**)—Couldn't distinguish lyrics; didn't like band too much, but liked trumpet (Frankie Newton).

2. Pinetop Smith, "Pinetop's Boogie Woogie."

Ellen (****)—Rhythm and beat were very good; talking (Pinetop) was cute. Mike (****)—Liked the talking: likes this music better than New Orleans jazz.

3. Bunk Johnson, "Snag It."

Ellen (***)—Clarinet (George Lewis) and trumpet (Bunk Johnson) were good; rhythm was also good, but the music was too slow. Mike (****)—Liked trumpet and clarinet; had steady beat; good altogether.

4. Louis Armstrong, Earl Hines, "Weatherbird."

Ellen (**)—Trumpet was very good, piano was good; didn't like finished product. Mike (**)—Have heard better: trumpet didn't have very much body, like piano.

5. Bix Beiderbecke, "Goose Pimples."

Ellen (**)—Liked trumpet (Bix), but music was too slow. Mike (***½)—liked very much, liked trumpet.

6. Duke Ellington, "Merry-Go-Round."

Ellen (***)—Trumpet (Cootie Williams) was pretty good, clarinet (Barney Bigard) was good, alto-sax (Johnny Hodges) was very good, baritone-sax (Harry Carney) was good; liked ensemble work. (There was also Lawrence Brown's trombone on this track, but she didn't notice it.) Mike (****)—Liked trumpet, liked clarinet a lot, liked trombone, liked alto-sax a lot, baritone-sax was also good; liked ensemble work; a steady thing.

7. Billie Holiday, Teddy Wilson, "Easy Living."

Ellen (***)—Clarinet (Benny Goodman) was very good, piano (Teddy Wilson) was very good, vocal (Lady Day) was fair. (There was also Lester Young's tenox-sax on this track, but she didn't notice it.) Mike (**)—Clarinet was good, tenor was pretty good, piano was good; didn't like vocal.

8. Benny Goodman, "Dinah."

Ellen (*****)—Clarinet (B.G. of course) was very good, stood out; piano (Teddy Wilson) was very good, vibes (Lionel Hampton) very good, drums (Gene Krupa) were very good. Mike (*****)—Clarinet stood out and was the best; everything was good.

9. Art Tatum, "Boogie."

Ellen (****)—Piano (Art Tatum) was very good, Singing Bass (Slam Stewart) was good, guitar (Tiny Grimes) good also. Mike (****½)—Piano was good, guitar was good, didn't like Singing Bass.

10. Red Norvo, "Slam Slam Blues."

Ellen (**)—Liked singing bass (Slam Stewart), alto-sax (Charlie Parker), tenor-sax (Flip Phillips), and vibes (Red Norvo); especially liked trumpet (Dizzy Gillespie) and piano (Teddy Wilson); but didn't like the finished product too much. Mike (*)—Didn't care for any of the solos; didn't care for any part, in fact.

11. Charlie "Bird" Parker, "Little Willie Leaps."

Ellen (****)—Alto-sax (Bird) was good, trumpet (Miles Davis) and piano (John Lewis) stood out. Mike (**)—Didn't like either trumpet or sax, "Not my kind of music."

12. Dizzy Gillespie, "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot."

Ellen (****)—Trumpet (Dizzy) was excellent; strings made it better, but didn't like vocal (Dizzy and chorus). Mike (**½)—Trumpet earned *****; didn't like vocal or strings.

13. Dave Brubeck, "Take The 'A' Train."

Ellen (***)—Alto-sax (Paul Desmond) was very good, piano (Dave Brubeck) was good. Mike (***½)—Liked piano and alto-sax very much.

After Comments

Ellen—"This has cleared up lots of questions about jazz." Mike—"No comment."

Would you buy any of these records for your personal collection?

Ellen—"No." Mike—"Yes, the Goodman records and both Tatum and Pinetop Boogie records."

AS YOU total them up, you will see that the numbers that stress rhythm or the numbers that are danceable win over the made-for-listening type of jazz. This is how the average teenager of fourteen to fifteen years old feels towards jazz. There is bound to be a great difference of opinion between each age group of the teen-ager. For during every one of these ages the teen-ager will gain many new characteristics and drop old ones. If we are able to rid the teen-ager of his "taboo" of jazz, it will be a great step in American culture.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OFF-BEAT, AND ON

FOR those who do not insist on a rigid line of separation between jazz and popular, or watch their own reactions closely lest they respond with enthusiasm to something for which there is no approved category, the record lists are full of border-line experiences. Some are decidedly off beat, in the colloquial sense; others decidedly on, in the musical sense. The common denominator is enjoyment, a coin of value in any musical realm.

With or without precedent, Eddie Cano and sextet add something exotic to the familiar in a collection entitled "Cole Porter and Me" (RCA Victor LPM 1340, $3.98). A graduate of such finishing schools as Miguelito Valdes, Les Baxter, and Cal Tjader, Cano has developed an artful way of integrating jazz and Latin figures in such tunes as "Get Out of Town," "I Love You," "It's All Right with Me," and "I Get A Kick Out of You." There are some moments when the Cano piano says to me "I Keep Hearing George Shearing," but more individual moments predominate. On the "Me" side, Cano presents some Latin originals of his own: "Algo Sabroso," "Ecstasy," "Cotton Candy," etc. Frankly, they lack the musical spine provided by Porter's melodies.

Something of comparable accent, though less polished in execution, comes in a package labeled "South American Brothers" (Fantasy 3237, $3.98), reproducing "Un Concierto de Jazz en Caracas, Venezuela," dated August 12, 1956. John La Porta, an American reed man, was guest soloist, but the largest interests are provided by the Orquesta Casablanca—native musicians playing in the American big-band manner—the Charlie Nagy Quintet, whose personnel is mostly Hungarian, and the Walter Albrecht Sextet, originally from Bavaria. The notes attribute to a version of "Indiana" by the Nagy Quintet a "definite Benny Goodman feel," which means that Nagy remembers some things about Goodman's erstwhile way of playing this tune (and "Rose Room") which the American jazzman has probably forgotten himself. Such pieces as "Schlacks" (from the Bavarians, naturally), "Zamba que yo quiero ver," by the Orquesta Casablanca and "Triste Verdad"—not to mention the all but palpable "olés" (or their Venezuelan equivalent) in the background—prove that jazz buffs are jazz buffs, no matter what the locale.

A particularly choice sheaf of reissues (none previously available on LP) has been put together by RCA Victor (LPM 1373, $3.98) at the instigation of *Down Beat*, whose Nat Hentoff provides the commentary. By and large, it is "white" jazz, prevailingly Chicago-based, through such musicians as Bud Freeman ("The Eel," "China Boy," and "Easy to Get"), Eddie Condon ("That's a Serious Thing"), Wingy Manone ("Annie Laurie" and "Limehouse Blues"), and Jess Stacy ("It's Only a Paper Moon," with Lee Wiley vocalizing). However, there is equal interest in a group of all-star performances, ranging from "Honeysuckle Rose," with Bunny Berigan, Tommy Dorsey, and the late "Fats" Waller in prime form, to a celebrated all-star (Metronome) band of 1939, in which Dorsey plays trombone background to Jack Teagarden's jazz and there are contributions of varying quality by Harry James, Bob Zurke, Eddie Miller, etc. Gene Gifford's "Nothin' But the Blues" and "New Orleans Twist" are redolent of 1935, but not of much else. In all, an absorbing collection, even qualifying (sometimes) for its title "A String of Swingin' Pearls."

More consistent in character, though rarely reaching the high spots of the foregoing, is RCA Victor (LPM 1302, $3.98) devoted to material associated with the Andy Kirk "Clouds of Joy" band which flourished through the Thirties, largely through the impulse provided by pianist Mary Lou Williams in her compositions. Several of them—"Little Joe From Chicago," "Walkin' and Swingin'," "Mellow Bit of Rhythm," "Toadie Toddle," and "Scratchin' in the Gravel"—are reproduced here in new versions by a seventeen-man band assembled for the occasion. Ken Kersey provides an authentic driving kind of beat for the boogie-based style of the band, but the solos by such contemporaries as Al Cohen, Joe Newman, Osie Johnson, and Hal McCusick, though good of themselves, are hardly in the Kansas City mood of the originals. Nevertheless, in such a piece as "Froggy Bottom" the pulse begins to jump a bit.

A different pigmentation of our national color can be found in Kurt Weill's "Seven Deadly Sins" which makes a disc debut with (naturally) Lotte Lenya, the composer's widow, as principal performer. A creation of 1933, "Seven Deadly Sins" is favored by a text by the same Bertolt Brecht of "Dreigroschenoper" and "Mahogany" fame, and originated as a "ballet with song" in which Lenya and Tillie Losch had the principal parts in George Balanchine's choreography. As heard here, without the visual element, the music bears up strongly in the satiric account of "sisters" from "Lous-iana," whose experiences in various American cities are reported in "letters" (with commentaries by members of their family) bearing the titles "Sloth," "Pride," "Anger," "Gluttony," "Lust," "Covetousness," and "Envy."

The music is tinged with the kind of "blue" flavor Weill found in such American songs as "Love for Sale" (I mention this, because a characteristic progression comes and goes here), mated with his own strong compositional personality. Some of the commentaries by the family are slightly tedious, but the whole of it is a valuable addition to the Weill literature. As for Lenya's performance, it is hard to imagine Weill's mocking inflections sounding nearly so authentic in anybody else's voice.

—I. K.

"The wit and vigor and humanity of Casals animate every page."
—CHARLES POORE, N. Y. Times

Conversations with CASALS

By J. MA. CORREDOR
Introduction by Pablo Casals and Foreword by Thomas Mann

CASALS has always refused to write his autobiography, so Dr. Corredor, lifetime friend, has done the next best thing. He has taken down, verbatim, Casals' provocative answers to questions about his boyhood, ideas on composers, politics, the Prades festivals. A literary and musical gem.

Illustrated. $5.00

At your bookstore

E. P. DUTTON & CO. • NEW YORK 10

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What Killed Collier's?

Continued from page 11

no single factor. Rising costs, changing tastes, intangible rumors, unsuccessful financial decisions, editorial vacillation—each of these was a separate knife stuck into the struggling magazines. It is only one theory that emphasizes the role of Patrick J. Lannon, head of a Chicago group of investors. Keep in mind that *Collier's* and *Companion* were on an almost continual skid from 1948 on, and that severe cash shortages developed in 1953.

To be brief, when a corporation consists of two separate parts—one very profitable (*i.e.*, Crowell-Collier's book department) and the other in trouble (*i.e.*, the magazines)—the stock of that corporation will market at a sort of median value. The tremendous temptation exists, then, to buy up the stock of such a corporation until you have working control, and then to dump the losing half, which quickly results in a major rise in the price of the stock of the now-disencumbered company and a considerable profit for the speculator.

Lannon had apparently developed some skill in buying into rocky corporations and shoring them up or closing them down. The investors in these enterprises usually come out ahead, either way. He is also known as a public-spirited citizen who helped save *Poetry*, at a time when its still, small flame appeared to be badly flickering. Crowell-Collier stockholders gained, rather than lost, in the collapse of the magazine empire.

HERE is how Lannon came into the picture: Paul C. Smith approached Lannon on the advice of an investment house, Elliott and Company. Bringing in Lannon was part of a last-ditch effort to save the magazines. Smith needed cash. He had already borrowed all he could from banks and individuals. He had a plan for diversifying the operations of Crowell-Collier by buying a chain of radio and TV stations. Their profits, according to his theory, would help sustain the magazines until they were safely on their feet. The money from the Lannon group (approximately $4,000,000) was obtained through the sale of a debenture issue. The bonds were eventually convertible into common stock, and the recent SEC investigation had mainly to do with the attractive terms on which the conversion could be managed. When Smith failed to obtain the money needed to buy the radio and TV chain, it was time to hold a director's meeting. Lannon's group, now in control, came on the board, but it was with the concurrence of the other directors that the suspensions were announced. Time and money had run out for the magazines.

"THE trouble was simple," said Irving Manheimer, the president of the McFadden Publishing Corporation. "The company was run by bankers, not by men who understood the publishing business. Unfortunately, these bankers didn't surround themselves with publishers."

There is some truth in this theory. Crowell-Collier, in 1932, began the practice of declaring large dividends, and handed out approximately $2,000,000 a year to stockholders until 1953, when the firm went whoppingly into the red. This is the way to keep happy stockholders, but it precludes the kind of investment and accumulation of reserves which are necessary to keep up the long-run vigor and initiative of a company. According to *Tide*, "all departments of the Crowell-Collier's operation reflected management's extreme long-term reluctance to invest money in their publication properties." From the businessman's point-of-view publishing is "a slow-buck" business. Cash reserves are necessary to guard against the lean year.

It should be remembered, too, that the overall profit from magazine publishing in 1956 was in the neighborhood of 2 per cent. These figures assume their proper importance only when you consider the zooming costs of paper and printing since the end of World War II. When a magazine is printing in the neighborhood of 4,000,000 copies a week that weigh nearly a pound apiece, and on which the survival-margin may be only 1/16 of a cent per copy, an increase in the cost of paper of four or five cents a pound, which is the approximate increase since 1945, represents an obviously formidable drain on the budget.

In addition to lumbering in financial straits. *Collier's* in its last days read like a magazine in search of a policy. Smith's dictum of "scope, not scoop" had been translated into such stories as "Adlai Stevenson, As Seen By His Sons," the ditching of an airliner in the Pacific, and a lengthy, months-later report on the sinking of the *Andrea Doria*. The latter article shot up newsstand circulation. The staff, at any rate, was much encouraged, and began to look around for similar stories. John Gunther was inside Russia. Another writer was deep in the Sahara, not realizing for several days after the foldings that he could relax in his researches. "We were backgrounding in depth," said slogan-lover Smith. But while the magazine now and then achieved a lively tone, "it wasn't giving you anything," a former editor said, "you couldn't get from another source." One of the editors said: "*McCall's* has togetherness, and *Look* has people, but what did we have?" It still had its short-short story, it had added features on family living and leisure, it tried for awhile to get along with John O'Hara, columnist, but a formula had not jelled. Covers were a particular nuisance. Nothing that was tried ever seemed quite right, whether it was illustration or color photographs.

BOTH *Collier's* and *Companion*, say some theorists, were bucking today's trend towards specialization—the taking of a dead aim at a particularized audience with clearly defined interests. If an audience exists, then so must advertisers anxious to reach it. Many editors look with envy on the shelter magazine field, led by *Better Homes and Gardens* with its nearly 5,000,000 circulation. These magazines are aimed directly at the home-owner, who is assumed also to be a home-dreamer, one who would like to mortgage a bigger, more modern home than the one he already mortgages. This reader is serviced with the ingredients of his needs and dreams. The concept of escape, once thought essential for attracting the mass audience, has given way to the concept of service. The editors of *Companion* were mulling over the idea of specializing along the lines of a magazine for the working woman. "It was an audience of 20,000,000," said the last managing editor, "but I couldn't sell the idea to the Board."

Collier's had little to offer in the way of service, and according to *Printer's Ink*, "was almost in direct competition with TV in the fiction-entertainment area." But it was also in direct competition with *Life*, the *Post*, and *Look*, all of which had more aggressive editorial policies.

"The magazine had lost caste on Madison Avenue," an agency vice-president said. "We are rumor-prone people. The rumors were most disquieting about Crowell-Collier's: changes in editorial personnel, financial difficulties, management squabbles. There was a clearcut feeling that the magazines had lost touch, weren't contemporary. Unhappily, feelings and rumors enter nowadays into what ads are placed where. The circulation figures were impressive, but these alone weren't enough to swing advertising over in today's highly competitive market."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In this realm the intangibles are considered important. But can rumors kill magazines? Consider the following fact: while both *Collier's* and *Companion* were making gains on newsstands in the latter half of 1956, the advance advertising billing for the first half of 1957 fell off 50 per cent below the figure for the previous year. "We started the uphill climb too late," a *Collier's* editor said. "We were still being evaluated on figures for 1955 and early 1956." *Collier's* newsstand sales had dropped, in 1955, to a low of 550,000. To maintain its position, it would have had to compare favorably with *Look*, in the neighborhood of 900,000. Other magazines were down, too, on newsstands, but the *Collier's* curve was a good deal steeper.

WHY does so small a percentage of a total circulation loom so large? "Simple," said an agency man. "We know subscription selling is often full of hokum." The newsstand sale is regarded as a voluntary act on the part of a purchaser. He has selected a particular magazine from among competing magazines, showing a clearcut desire to open it and read or view its contents.

Mistrust of subscriber circulation is due to some of the methods used to get it. One kind of field-selling operation is viewed with particular suspicion, the door-to-door selling by men working in crews, covering predetermined territories. A postal regulation insists that the magazine receive at least 30 per cent of the value of a subscription. Often, however, the magazine is simply given away. The field-seller supplies a list of names to the publisher, and pockets whatever he gets for the subscriptions. Advertisers are not impressed when a magazine shows up on an annual report with circulation gains made through this means. The method seldom results in more than a relatively small renewal percentage. *Collier's*, it must be said, had gone in heavily for this type of field-selling. It had also, for many years, through its own circulation agency, sold magazines on instalment plan, the way Crowell-Collier's sold its books.

There are some who believe mass circulation to be a myth, that the circulation figures released and guaranteed by a magazine are not truly indicative of the desire on the part of the public to own and read the magazine. Without direct mail campaigns (which sometimes cost the magazine as much as five or six dollars per reader), field selling, and heavy advertising of the magazine itself, the natural circulation level might sink fantastically.

It was, presumably, not possible for *Collier's* to go gracefully down hill. There was the printing plant that had to be kept up to at least 60 per cent of its operating capacity, and the economics of mass circulation are such that an entire change of character would have resulted had the magazine ceased to compete with others in its classification. Nevertheless, when *Cosmopolitan* faced its most critical moment, that magazine gave up the battle to maintain a minimum guaranteed circulation (and thus its advertising rates) and went out, instead, for an audience. While its present-day circulation of some 900,000 compares unfavorably with its former status, the cash returns from circulation alone (no giveaways, no forced-feeding type of subscription circulation) make its publication feasible. The magazine sells well on the newsstands, and now advertising is filtering back. The editorial sprucing-up has been noticeable. A dash of sophistication was added, some taboos dropped into the discard, and special colorful issues built around "themes" were brought out from time to time. Here was a case of a magazine (and Hearst, its parent corporation) facing reality, and doing something about it.

Newsstand sale is not the only criterion used by agencies to assess advertising pull of a publication, for if it depended on this alone it would make *Confidential* the most wanted magazine in the United States of America. Madison Avenue currently gauges the relative prestige of a magazine by examining its audience. *The New Yorker* is considered by advertisers to be a good market, despite the fact that its 400,000-plus circulation is only about one-fifteenth that of *Life*, because the majority of its readers are known to be in the high-income, highly-educated bracket. This economic and educational "image" is augmented by high editorial standards. *Life* and *Time*, in their categories, have a similar prestige. So does *Ladies Home Journal* in its category. The manufacturer of a product can be offered, in addition to an audience, a reflected prestige, sometimes with an actual cash value. "Advertised in *Life*," he may truthfully state for his product, a message that Time, Incorporated will help him get before the public.

THE Politz Study, a research effort sponsored by *Look*, studied the audiences of nine magazines, and found *Collier's* and *Companion* far down on the list in such significant areas as car ownership, average yearly income, and the use of selected home appliances. This study damaged *Collier's*, according to an agency man. The theory: why advertise in magazines read by people who earn so little and spend so little? The expose-magazines' prestige as mass-circulation magazines has been badly hurt on Madison Avenue, not only because of the offensive nature of the material they print, but because it's assumed their readers are not likely to buy much except trusses and backache remedies.

A media space buyer (a specialized technician who evaluates advertising outlets) was asked: "What is your favorite magazine?" Her answer was one of the quality monthlies. "Do you recommend it to your accounts?" "Certainly not," she answered. "We reach that particular audience composition more effectively through other magazines." This note is appended for those who may wonder why good magazines do not always get the most advertising, and why certain of our most honored magazines require subsidies to stay alive. The same media buyer said: "My own tendency was more often than not to pass over *Collier's* and *Companion*. We used to take an entire list, but the principle today is selectivity. Neither of them looked as attractive as others in the same groups."

ONE of the most recent developments is the attempt to take magazine publishing out of the "slow buck" category. Some publishers have been trying to make a killing by eliminating all the complicated lures for subscribers, and shooting straight for large newsstand sales. The emphasis is on sex, scandal, and sensation. It has been found that the newsstand buyer, when exercising free choice, chooses *Confidential* over *Life* by four to one, and that he will pay fifty cents for *Playboy* as often as he pays fifteen cents for *Look*. "These magazines," said the *Wall Street Journal*, "are bringing great cheer to the magazine distribution industry, since they're partly offsetting the fall-off in recent years of newsstand sales of comic books and consumer magazines." The economic principle behind these magazines is beautifully simple: when a certain number of copies of an issue has been sold the break-even point has been reached. After that the profits can be calculated on an exact sum per copy sold.

A magazine called *Playboy* has grown rich using the principle. It grossed $3,500,000 last year, and showed a net profit of $250,000. "Starting bawdily and naively," David Cort said in *The Nation*, "it has grown progressively subtler." The naked-girl-next-door of the centerfold becomes more modestly draped with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each issue, and sometimes the reading material has literary distinction. It remains to be seen whether, as the nudity disappears, the readers will too.

Meanwhile, other "*Playboy*-type" magazines have sprung up with an even more light-hearted and generous approach to nudity and ribaldry. Will *Nugget, Gent, Dude,* and *Escapade* catch *Playboy?* This is a question agitating the magazine world at cocktail time.

The phenomenal sale of these publications on the newsstands has caused a bit of soul-searching in staider publishing circles. The *Post,* bulwark of conservative American democracy though it may be, not long ago ran a lip-smacking two-part story on Marilyn Monroe. In another issue there was a double-spread illustration of a full-blown girl in the briefest of swimming apparel, under it the caption: "She was the color of honey, straight and firm, but yielding to roundness that seemed cleaved from soft-blown silk." *McCall's,* on a recent cover, headlined the following intriguing articles: "The Woman Who Protects the Pope"; "Montgomery Clift, Strange Young Man"; "Babies by Appointment"; "Radioactivity Is Poisoning Your Children." Presumably some of the big slicks are not going to take the newsstand challenge lying down. However, "There are certain large corporations," an advertising manager said, "who would never allow their products to be illustrated next to a picture of a semi-nude girl, or even to appear in the same issue with journalistic material of questionable taste."

NOW, what has this inquest arrived at? It tries to make the point that a large combination of factors—rising costs, inability to command the confidence of enough advertisers, lack of any clear line of development in the editorial personality of the magazine, TV competition, a corporate structure that combined a magazine and book-publishing venture (with the corresponding danger that a losing situation on the former and a profit situation on the latter would create a strong stockholder's incentive to eliminate the loss)—all these factors are involved with varying degrees of importance. In addition to all this there is perhaps something else. A magazine is like a person.

The sad but true fact is that some people are healthier and more successful than other people. It has also been suggested that magazines have a life cycle, like people: a youth, a middle age, and an old age. Old age came relatively early to *Collier's,* and it died.

Vatican Library

Continued from page 12

are completing the work, with M. E. Brand of the Graphic Microfilm Co. and E. T. Freel formerly of the Remington Rand Co. as consultants.

A positive copy of each 100-foot roll of film is the one being filed in the St. Louis University Film Library. Several viewing machines have already been set up and are being used daily by students preparing theses, by research scholars interested in making comparisons between the manuscript copies and the printed texts of great classical works, or by an occasional visiting specialist. Each negative has been placed in a protected vault. A positive copy also remains in the Vatican.

One of the important reasons advanced for the establishment of this film library in the United States was that it would make a great residue of knowledge much more accessible to American scholars and students. Informed scholars, to be sure, could obtain photostats or film copies of manuscripts or printed texts by correspondence at a nominal cost. To do this, however, they would need the printed and bound indices to find the exact reference to what they wanted. The printed indices, as it happens, cover only about one-fifteenth of the manuscripts. Keys to the remainder are found only in the handwritten inventories.

In many cases, the inventories describe the contents of each codex—a codex being a bound volume containing a widely varying number of pages—in quite general terms. For instance, the inventory of a codex containing 500 or more letters may list only the few that the scribe regarded as important. The others are indicated by a broad "et cetera" or a notation saying "and many other less notable letters."

The inventory, then, is frequently useful only to the extent of indicating a general area in which research may be undertaken. With both the index and the codex in the same place—as at the Vatican Library and now in St. Louis—the inquiring scholar can pursue his search according to the degree of his interest and patience immediately after finding his clue. The possession of these indices alone would give the St. Louis collection an inestimable value.

The fact that the inventories are frequently undetailed opens up the possibility that many items in the codices may have been hurriedly examined or never examined at all. That being so, many fascinating commentaries on social, artistic, political, or intellectual life of the Renaissance or earlier may await some fortunate student of tomorrow.

Chauncey E. Finch, Professor of Classical Languages at St. Louis University, doubts very strongly that important finds may have been overlooked. "I do not believe that any gold nuggets will be uncovered," he says. "But there is plenty of gold dust still there in the classical field." All of the great minds of antiquity are represented along with the greater and lesser figures of more recent periods, through the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and up to the beginnings of our own era.

Guides to the history of medicine appear in the Greek manuscripts of works by Hippocrates and Galen, together with Latin translations of the same; followed by the works of Constantine the African and, from a later period, the writings of Thaddeus of Florence, Dino del Garbo, and Gentile da Foligno. The origins and development of the physical sciences may be followed from Aristotle to Roger Bacon and beyond. Galileo and Kepler are recorded in their own words and the controversy aroused by Galileo's treatise on sun-spots is reviewed at length in contemporary documents. Musical students may find the complete works of Palestrina. Historians will be rewarded by a great block of material covering the period extending from the Thirty Years War to the French Revolution.

The largest number of the filmed Vatican manuscripts are written in Latin, but many Greek texts are included as are documents in Italian, French, Spanish, and—less frequently—German and English. The dates of the manuscripts extend from the fourth to the nineteenth century and, while the majority were written between the years 1450 and 1600, an impressive number, including the fourth-century copy of Virgil's "Aeneid," are traced to earlier dates. The older the copy the more valuable and the more authentic it is likely to be, and authenticity is one of the fascinating quests of the scholar because he wants to know exactly what the great masters have written.

The room in the main university building that now serves as the Film Library is only a temporary location. The ultimate repository will be the Pius XII Memorial Library which will be built nearby in the university grounds probably by 1958 or 1959. This building will house all of the university's library facilities with ample space provided for arrangement and study of the film collection. Here any student or researcher of any creed or country will be welcomed.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

U.S.A.

Continued from page 16

whose net effect was to influence the jury toward erroneous findings on the evidence.

• Finally, he offers in his last chapter a detailed account of the new evidence with which his attorneys had hoped to secure a third trial.

The supposed history of the Hiss's old Woodstock typewriter is one of the most interesting parts of the new evidence that Hiss offers in this book. The typewriter entered the case when Chambers produced the famous "Pumpkin Papers," which included typed copies of fifty-eight State Department documents that he claimed Hiss had given to him. During both trials the defense tried to show that some of these documents could have come to Chambers from Henry Julien Wadleigh, a State Department employee who had admitted passing documents to Chambers at the time in question, or from others of Chambers's admitted contacts in the department. The defense also tried to show that Chambers's original testimony before the House Committee had fixed unequivocally the date of his break from the Communist Party, and therefore the end of his courier activities, as some months *before* the latest dates on the documents. By the time of the trial, Chambers had altered the date of his break from the party, so that he was now testifying that he had broken away *after* the last date on the documents he claimed to have received. But because of the doubtful nature of these dates, Chambers's claim that Hiss had passed the documents needed much stronger proof than his own.

Here was where the typewriter came in. During the trials the prosecution produced expert testimony to show that similarities between the type faces on these documents and on letters that Mrs. Hiss had unquestionably typed on the Hisses' old Woodstock in the late Thirties indicated that the same typewriter had been used in both cases. The defense maintained that the Hisses had disposed of this machine before the date appearing on the documents, but was unable to show this conclusively. Therefore the only explanation that Hiss could offer was the unlikely one that someone, somehow, at some time had gained access to that machine and typed the documents on it in order to incriminate Hiss. Strongly implied in this defense argument was the idea that Chambers had forged the documents in a last-ditch effort to stave off defeat in the original libel suit, which centered only on his accusation that Hiss had been a Communist. Both sides accepted fully the expert testimony that seemed to show that the documents had been typed on the Hisses' Woodstock.

The defense's motion for a new trial said that new evidence could be presented to show that "forgery by typewriter" *was* possible, and that therefore the expert testimony on the similarities of the documents and the Hiss letters did not really establish that they had been typed on the same machine. The same motion also claimed that if given the power of subpoena by the court hearing, the defense could produce evidence that the machine which everyone had earlier admitted to be the old Hiss Woodstock, was *not* in fact the same typewriter, but a deliberately constructed substitute, capable of producing type impressions apparently identical with those of the retyped stolen documents.

Since the court denied this motion for a new trial, and refused to hold the hearing that would have given the defense the subpoena power necessary to develop this supposed evidence, most of it has appeared only in affidavit form. Therefore, says Hiss, because the public has thus not been made fully aware of its import, one of the main purposes of his book is to present an outline of this "new" evidence.

What was that new evidence? First, Hiss's attorney had engaged a typewriter engineer to produce a machine that would type samples so similar to the Hiss letters and the documents that an expert using the same criteria as those used by the prosecution expert could not tell the difference. One of the experts to whom the attorney submitted these samples certified to their close similarity, and at the same time made a startling suggestion. She said that it was quite possible that the supposed original Hiss Woodstock, now in the attorney's possession, was *not* the machine that had typed the original Hiss letters. This set off an investigation that soon took on cloak-and-dagger qualities. For Chester T. Lane, the New York attorney who prepared the motion for a new trial, found that his efforts to inquire into the authenticity of the supposed Hiss Woodstock came under the surveillance of the FBI and the Department of Justice. The Woodstock typewriter that the defense had previously accepted as the actual Hiss Woodstock bears the serial number 230,099. Mr. Lane gathered from talks with the busi-

A theory of criticism that applies to the whole of literature—

Anatomy of Criticism

By NORTHROP FRYE

Author of *Fearful Symmetry, A Study of William Blake*

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS
Princeton, N. J.

STRIKING out at the idea that criticism is restricted to mere opinion or to ritual gesture, Mr. Frye proceeds on the assumption that criticism is a structure of thought and knowledge existing in its own right. In four brilliant sections on historical, ethical, archetypal, and rhetorical criticism, he attempts to construct a theory of criticism whose principles will apply to all literature. $6.00

Order from your bookstore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ness successors to the Woodstock Company that a machine bearing that number would have been manufactured in late July or early August of 1929. The original Hiss machine had been given to Mrs. Hiss by her father, Thomas Fansler, who had used it in his Philadelphia insurance office. Checking on a report that Mr. Fansler had actually bought the machine in *early 1928,* Mr. Lane's representative said that an office associate of Mr. Fansler refused to talk to anyone about the matter without the formal consent of the agent in charge of the FBI's Philadelphia office. It was also claimed by Mr. Lane that the manager of the Woodstock Sales Agency from which Fansler had purchased the machine said that to the best of his recollection the machine had been bought in late 1927 or early 1928, but that the FBI had got this same information from him in 1948, and had taken and kept all the records on which it was based. It was later discovered that an FBI agent had visited this office associate after Mr. Lane's man had, in order to find out what Hiss's attorneys wanted to know.

From these and other alleged indications of FBI interest in the existence of a possible Hiss Woodstock typewriter other than No. 230,099, Hiss's attorneys inferred that there was a strong possibility that No. 230,-099, supposed during the trial to have been the original Hiss machine, was a fake. The text of the motion, reproduced in the last chapter of this book, contains numerous claims that parties approached to give access to typing samples and to Woodstock production records were reluctant to cooperate, for fear of involvement in the Hiss case, refused to give affidavits, and refused to allow examination of their records without subpoena. Mr. Lane therefore asked the court to hold an open hearing, at which the defense would be given the power to subpoena witnesses and records, and thus, it claimed, substantiate the existence of the supposed new evidence. The story in Hiss's book ends with the denial by the court of a motion for such a hearing.

Thus for a period of almost nine years the Alger Hiss case, with all its overtones of government "softness" on Communism, with its implication that behind the most respectable exterior there can lurk a traitor, is still a matter of public dispute. At this point, with all regular legal measures apparently exhausted, the Hiss case rests in that same "Court of Public Opinion" that was invoked in 1948 by the House Committee on Un-American Activities.

Taste, Mediocrity, and Everyman

"Mass Culture: The Popular Arts in America," edited by Bernard Rosenberg and D. M. White *(Falcon's Wing Press. 561 pp. $6.50), is a collection of seventy-five essays concerned with a problem of particular importance in a democratic country.*

By Gilbert Seldes

A SHORT time ago I hoped (in print) that a book dealing with the new phenomena of mass culture would be chosen by a book club and get wide circulation. I've had my wish in the form of a book called "Mass Culture: The Popular Arts in America," edited by Bernard Rosenberg and D. M. White. The presence of my own name in the list of contributors to this book does not deter me in the slightest from saying that it is, in all probability, the best book on the subject now available; it is certainly the best book for the unspecialized reader. It is comprehensive, well-organized, its materials are well-chosen, little of it is available in other works, and it ought to be read by everyone who still can read and wonders whether the next generation will remember what reading means.

The range and the editorial principle behind the seventy-five selections are indicated by the double introduction in which the editors present their divergences. Thus Rosenberg: "There can be no doubt that the mass media present a major threat to man's autonomy." And White ". . . in closing their eyes to the significant contributions of the mass media, the detractors encourage the very banality they purport to despise." Again, Rosenberg: "The purveyors of mass culture allege that it can be achieved by passive absorption" and White: "If the 'average' man is not quite ready to accept the best that art and literature have to offer him . . . the critics turn their anger on the media."

The selections chosen represent the attitudes of both editors, but this doesn't mean that the book sprawls without direction. It has a major point: the tremendous importance of the mass media, the revolutionary changes through which we are passing because of them. With a series of selections from De Tocqueville, Whitman, and Ortega, the book establishes itself and instantly plunges into analysis and controversy, involving sociologists and lay-critics.

Under "Mass Literature" the new developments in paper books are assayed and we have also a series of essays on detective stories (including Edmund Wilson's devastating "Who Cares Who Killed Roger Ackroyd?") and studies of magazines and comic books. The Motion Picture section has the famous Good-Bad Girl from the study by Wolfenstein and Leites as well as an acute analysis of "Executive Suite" by David Riesman and Eric Larrabee. Television, popular music, advertising (with Marshall MacLuhan's vinegary comment from Canada) complete the sections. But merely listing the headings and mentioning a few of the highlights can give no measure of the book.

The significance, as I see it, is in the diffusion of the feeling that we—not some undefined "they"—have the opportunity to control the direction the mass media will take. We, the small fragment of professional thinkers about the media, cannot control the media themselves and probably would make a bad job of it if we had the chance. But by constantly increasing the number of individuals who see what is happening, we multiply the forces of control. When enough people say—and say effectively—"this is what we want," this is what we shall have. The number need not be high, but they must have what Paul Lazarsfeld, brilliantly represented in this collection, has called "social reverberation." They must have the magic power to stir others.

The book as a whole, then, indicates where power and responsibility really lie—in the hands of a number of people who now use the mass media more as enemies than as allies. The management of the media enterprises is like the management of any business—but some of the media are more sensitive than others to the power and influence of the opinion-makers. So far the opinion-makers who are scared of the media haven't bothered much to understand why other people need them so much, nor troubled to discover the areas in which useful alteration can take place.

This is the essential job ahead of the intelligent man of our time. He had better get on with it because if he doesn't, he will forfeit his right to a self-respecting individual life.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mushrooms

(*Continued from page 22*)

seemed to belong rather to the imaginary architecture described by the visionaries of the Bible. In the esthetics of this discovered world attic simplicity had no place: everything was resplendently rich. . . .

At one point in the faint moonlight the bouquet on the table assumed the dimensions and shape of an imperial conveyance, a triumphal car, drawn by living creatures known only to mythology. With our eyes wide open, the visions came in endless succession, each growing out of the preceding one. We had the sensation that the walls of our humble house had vanished, that our untrammeled souls were floating in the universe, stroked by divine breezes, possessed of a divine mobility that would transport us anywhere on the wings of a thought.

I visited New York this February, when the Wassons celebrated with a memorable party the arrival of the first copy of "Mushrooms, Russia and History," which weighs thirteen pounds. Gordon Wasson, supported by his three fellow-initiates, officiated as mystagogue for those who had contributed in some way or other, to the book, and were therefore privileged to write their names on the fly-leaf. On a table stood a Mexican statue—a god seated under a mushroom—and before it a bowl containing the hallucinatory mushrooms themselves. Unfortunately these were now three months past their prime, and incapable of giving full vision, so I did not taste them as I might otherwise have done.

We saw thrown on a screen the colored transparencies of the mushroom oracle at work, and the faces of the devotees in an ecstatic trance—among them Gordon Wasson's own, with wonder-dazzled eyes—while a tape recorder played us the ritual hymn, punctuated by clapping, of the priestess to her ancestral god. Some of these photographs are reproduced in the book, along with an extraordinary picture gallery of mushroom lore; this includes an early painting of a Chinese sage adoring the sacred mushroom, and another of a Mexican eating a pair of them—while the god stands behind him.

I suspect that in another few years a third volume will be added. The Wassons' enquiry has attracted worldwide interest, and astonishing information comes pouring in daily. They are already on the track of another mushroom cult on the Upper Wahgi River in New Guinea.

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; traveling companions; ideas for sale; opinions (limited to 50 lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the character of The Saturday Review. Rates per insertion: 40¢ per word; 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for several insertions—52 times 32¢ per word; 26 times 34¢ per word; 13 times 36¢ per word: 6 times 38¢ per word. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address: Personals Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 Street, New York 36, N. Y.

LITERARY SERVICES

REJECTIONS! I diagnose, cure. Top-ranking editor says: ". . . very high opinion of your comments . . . All literary services. I've SOLD unknowns. SARA CLYNE, 250 W. 57th Street, NYC 19. JUdson 2-1957.

BOOK MANUSCRIPTS WANTED to satisfy urgent EDITORIAL DEMANDS. 10% commission on sale; prompt reports; NO READING CHARGE. Free Brochure P on request. MANHATTAN LITERARY AGENCY, 520 Fifth Ave., NYC 36.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Ave. (at 79th St.) NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

TWENTY-THREE IMPORTANT SERVICES for all writers. Free information about membership. NATIONAL WRITERS' CLUB, 1817 Gilpin, Denver 18, Colorado.

AMBASSADOR TYPING SERVICE—scrivener's good right hand. 17 East 48 St., NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

STORIES, NOVELS, ARTICLES, BOOKS Marketed. Highly recommended for publication of fiction and nonfiction. Editorially recognized advice, recommendations, editing for revision, sales publication. Unestablished writers assisted. Information available before sending manuscript. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 33 West 42 St., NYC 36.

EDITING, TYPING, ALL FORMS of manuscripts—Theses, Books, Plays. GHOSTWRITING speeches, thesis guidance, et al. All subjects. WRITERS' SERVICE, 10 East 43 St., NYC. MUrray Hill 7-5159.

OUR book and booklet production-distribution program features author-ownership. 70% royalties. FREE FOLDER. William-Frederick Press, 313 West 35 St., NYC 1.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING SPECIALISTS. Excellence guaranteed. GLADYS-IRENE LEAHEY, Seven Park Ave., NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

ELEANOR KING, literary agent, novels, articles, stories. 19 West 44 St., NYC 36.

LITERARY TYPING: Books, Plays, Scripts, Theses. Doris Sabbagh, 365 West End Ave., NYC. TRafalgar 4-4858, evenings only.

WRITERS! There is a strong demand in the New York market for all types of material. We offer honest appraisal and placement. Write for terms today! Daniel S. Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Ave., NYC.

MANUSCRIPTS ACCURATELY TYPED. Best services. 45¢ per 1,000 words. SHIRLEY WISEMAN, 250 West 78 St., NYC. ENdicott 2-4168.

FILMS

IF YOU WANT TO START A FILM CLUB . . . send $1 for the "Film Society Primer," 96 pp., edited by Cecile Starr, published by the American Federation of Film Societies, 110-42 69th Ave., Forest Hills 75, N. Y.

SR's Index to 16mm reviews and articles. Send 10¢ to FILMS, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC 36.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINES—Millions of back issues, thousand titles. Try us. "Back Number" Wilkins, Danvers, Massachusetts.

SCHOOLS

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO—Among the 150 exciting courses now available to you through Chicago's unique home-study program is "Freud and Psychoanalysis." Enjoy a conversation-by-mail with noted scholar, Bruno Bettelheim . . . . under his guidance, study key selections from Freud's writings . . . gain understanding of yourself and your world . . . and enjoy the intellectual stimulation of systematic, mind-opening, continuing education. Other courses open to you in Creative Writing, Psychology, Philosophy, World Affairs, Literature, Pharmacology, Mathematics, and many more. Convenient . . . inexpensive . . . rewarding. You can receive a free copy of the complete Home-Study ANNOUNCEMENTS simply by writing Box SR-108, The Home-Study Department, THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, Chicago 37, Illinois. Select your courses and start an exciting adventure in ideas . . . in your own home . . . at your own pace . . . with the resources of The University of Chicago at your service. Send a postcard today!

PSYCHODRAMA. New groups forming. Paul Kalina, Carnegie Hall Studio. WAdsworth 6-9270 (NYC) 5-9 p.m. weekdays.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS, Italian Publishers, Times Tower, New York 36.

BOOKS

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogue free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Box 22-S, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

ATHEIST BOOKS. 32-page catalogue free. TRUTH-SEEKER CO., 38 Park Row, NYC 8.

BOOKS ON THE EAST: China, Japan, Siam, Burma, India, Central Asia, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, etc. Send for catalogues. Established 1920. ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12 St., NYC 3.

EXTENSIVE STOCK OF SCHOLARLY BOOKS—literature, etc. Catalogue issued. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Ave., Pelham, N. Y.

48 PAGE CATALOGUE—Archaeology, Egyptology, Occult, Philosophy, Theology, Drama, etc. SAMUEL WEISER, 117s Fourth Ave., NYC.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop where French books are sold exclusively. Mail-order catalogue 40¢.

OUT-OF-PRINT

FREE SERVICE, thousands of books, complete assortment fine sets. CRIST BOOK SHOP, 381 Wabasha, St. Paul, Minnesota.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it! CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Ill.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MIDWEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Mich.

HARD-TO-FIND BOOKS located by specialists. No search charge. MADISON BOOKS, Box 386A, Madison Square Station, New York 10.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! Fast service. Try us—no obligation. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

ART

ORIGINAL SIGNED WATERCOLORS, 15 x 20, $4.50. Western, other subjects. Illustrated catalogue. von Bartheld, Box 2034, Denver 1, Colorado.

CONTEMPORARY ORIGINAL PRINTS in limited editions by leading American, European artists offered by non-profit membership organization. Write for application form and free bulletin to INTERNATIONAL GRAPHIC ARTS SOCIETY, 65 West 56 St., NYC.

Friendly little Art School in quaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bi-lingual teachers. TAXCO School of Art, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico.

ART MASTERPIECES from World Museums in gorgeous 2 x 2 color slides. Send $1 for 3 samples and catalogues. Artco, Box 455, Van Nuys, California.

MOONING FOR MATISSE? For Connoisseurs: "Original Prints and Drawings of Modern Masters." Catalogue, 110 illustrations—$1. DEITSCH, 51 East 73 St., NYC 21.

(Continued on page 48)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 47)

TAPE AND TAPE RECORDERS

FREE, 70 page catalogue of all recorded tapes plus informative tape articles. Stereophonic Sound League, Inc., 113 West 57 St., NYC 19.

RECORD MART

RECORDERS (ENGLISH FLUTES) KUENG Swiss import, also Dolmetsch, Purcell and Barenreiter. Baroque (English fingering) $3.95, $5, $6.50 up. Recorder music and methods. Free catalogue R57. HARGAIL, 130 West 56 St., NYC.

RARE RECORDS sold, lowly priced. Free lists. Collections bought. E. HIRSCHMANN, 100 Duncan Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

NEW INDEX SYSTEM FOR RECORDINGS! Catalogue your discs, tapes on handsomely printed 5 x 7 cards, so you can instantly find the recording you want. 100 cards only $4 postpaid. Check, money order to The Well-Tempered Collector, Box 5J, Erwinna, Bucks County, Penna.

RARE OPERATICS, red seal, European imports; free lists; Westhoff, 931 Geary, San Francisco.

PERSONALS

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS' CONFERENCE, July 8-13, offers workshops in fiction (Jessamyn West, Don Congdon), nonfiction (Henry La Cossitt), poetry (Walker Gibson), television writing (Michelle Cousin), and juvenile literature (Jean Poindexter Colby). Moderate rates include individual criticisms of students' manuscripts. Air-conditioned. Pleasant surroundings. Friendly atmosphere. Cash prizes. For details address Robert W. Mitchner, Director, Indiana University Writers' Conference, Bloomington, Indiana.

AUTOGRAPH LETTERS bought and sold. Especially interested Presidents and historical items. Lists issued. King Hostick, 55 East Washington, Chicago 2, Illinois.

FRENCH WITHOUT A TEAR! Beginners? Advanced? Tutoring. Enjoy learning French with a true Parisienne. PLaza 9-6561 (NYC).

FORMER TEACHER, male, M.Mus., 38, composer, arranger, seeks interesting (and lucrative) employment preferably in music; other fields considered. Box B-465.

NO BOOKSELLER IN YOUR AREA? Junior Reviewers will get any children's book for you (our business since 1942) and will ship it postage free in the U.S. All you pay is the book price. Junior Reviewers, 11 Eaton Court, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

INTERESTING AND ATTRACTIVE WOMAN desires challenging position, prefers overseas assignment. References. Box B-486.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, French Riviera, etc. Lists for stamp. Central Show Printing Co., Box S-617, Mason City, Iowa.

MEDICAL STUDENT, male, 22, single, substantial experience child guidance, tutor, companion; available for summer. Box B-462.

CARE, INSTRUCTION and FUN for BOYS, 5-12. Sports, trips, crafts, remedial reading. Near Washington, D.C. Long or short periods. Brochure. Mrs. Heath MacCallum, (B.A., M.A.), Catoctin Creek, Waterford, Virginia.

EASTERN COLLEGE GIRL seeks summer employment at seashore. Experienced children's companion. Box B-463.

FAMILY ARMS—English, Scotch, Irish, European. Write M'WETHY, St. Johnsville, N. Y.

COLLEGE MALE, 21, desires interesting, remunerative summer work. Can travel, do anything. Box B-470.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Ask for free brochure, "How to Sell Your Autographs." Charles R. Hamilton Autographs, Inc., 515 Madison Ave., NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464.

LOS ANGELES YOUNG LADY desires position governess, secretary, party traveling overseas. Box B-473.

COLLEGE SENIOR, Male, 22, psychology major, excellent chauffeur, good all sports, desires summer employment Chicago area or traveling, tutor or companion. Box B-454.

PERSONALS

SALES REPRESENTATIVE for major book publisher, selling out of Chicago to bookstores in midwestern area. Excellent territory and opportunity for advancement. Book experience necessary. Send complete resume and salary required. Box SR-1712, 125 West 41 St., NYC 36.

The gift supreme! GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Edited by Eric Blom. New Fifth Edition—nine volumes, 8,398 pages, thousands of illustrations, $127.50. Extended payment plan. Postcard brings details. St Martin's Press, Dept. SR-4, 103 Park Ave., NYC 17.

GAL FRIDAY WANTED—Unusual opportunity older woman, part-full time. East Side Manhattan (NYC). Fast typist, steno or ediphone. Assist financial editor. Box B-453.

SHAKESPEARE in Elizabethan Staging, RENAISSANCE INSTITUTE, July-August. Yearbook, "Ashland Studies in Shakespeare"—Inquire: SHAKESPEARE, Ashland, Oregon.

WANTED: Mature, responsible woman for permanent position office manager-secretary in busy small architectural office in college town. Good typing speed necessary, no shorthand. Reply E. H. and M. K. Hunter, Musgrove Building, Hanover, N.H.

24th WRITERS' CONFERENCE in the Rocky Mountains, July 22 to August 9, 1957. Outstanding staff including William E. Barrett, Warren Beck, Virginia Sorensen, Rolfe Humphries. Write Don Saunders, Director, 229-B Macky, University of Colorado, Boulder.

OCCASIONAL PART-TIME SECRETARY NEEDED Manhattan (NYC). Highly educated. Possibly light research. Desirable interests: arts, unacademic philosophy. 30-40, perhaps British or San Franciscan. Write fully of background. Box B-481.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information confidentially developed. Any matter, person, problem. Worldwide. Officially licensed. Established 1922. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

SCRIPTS WANTED FOR TV, Broadway, Hollywood. Write for details. Script Clinic, Dept. S, Suite 22, 2 Columbus Circle, NYC.

REWARDS UNLIMITED for mature young couple desiring to create home for ten troubled teen-agers. Challenging work; congenial associates; beautiful country setting, midstate New York. Unique coed community combining academic, vocational and civic education with professional help on adjustment problems. Box B-433.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 2 Columbus Ave., NYC 23.

WILL EXCHANGE one month, Key Largo cottage for same in New England area. Box B-496.

CHARMING, EXCLUSIVE MADISON SQUARE PARK —Attractive 1 room studio suites with full hotel service. MADISON SQUARE HOTEL, 35 Madison Ave., NYC. Transients from $3.50. Attractive weekly-monthly rates. LExington 2-6880.

FOR SALE: Untouched 1957 edition Encyclopaedia Britannica with bookcase. Box B-489.

RESPONSIBLE HARVARD STUDENT, excellent background, experienced traveler, bi-lingual French-English, seeks position foreign travel secretary-companion or able tutor English, French, History, Art. Box B-491.

HAVE YOU A SON OR DAUGHTER with creative talent who would flourish in small friendly New England College? Programs in liberal and creative arts. A.A. degree. Sports. Also, Summer Art School, June 24 to August 16. WINDHAM COLLEGE, Putney, Vermont.

FEMALE GRAD STUDENT; fluent German; seeks summer position. Travel anywhere. Box B-492.

QUIET AMERICAN, 23, male, college graduate, speaks French, desires position as traveling companion, secretary, or tutor in Europe or Africa, for summer or permanently. Box B-456.

MANAGER-HOSTESS AVAILABLE summer position first-class club. Excellent references. Box B-474.

YOUNG EX-COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, world-traveled, writer, linguist, open offers summer onwards. Box B-475.

21 YEAR OLD COLLEGE GRADUATE, male, single, liberal, begins graduate psychology assistantship this fall, wants exciting, unusual job for summer. Box B-476.

PERSONALS

YOUNG LADY, Fine Arts student in Junior year at Syracuse University, desires summer position with art background in New York. Box B-494.

THE CATALOGUE OF BEST BOOKS FOR CHILDREN lists and describes 2,236 books considered best by a nationwide committee of librarians, booksellers, and educators. Its 96 pages are divided into age levels and interest areas from nursery to high school. It has three separate indexes—title, author, illustrator. $1 postpaid. Two copies $1.50 postpaid. Junior Reviewers, 11 Eaton Court, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

MAN, 28, A.B., Army PIO; four years editor, manager weekly newspaper, June journalism M.A.; seeks college, foundation, association, institute or other editorial, public relations work. Available July 1. Box B-428.

ARAN sweaters, thick woolly-white turtle-neck, $25.50 pp. Instructions for knitting them, and moisture-shedding yarn, 11 skeins for size 40, $14.19 pp. Carol Brown, Putney 12, Vermont.

TRAVELED GIRLS CAMP DIRECTOR, female, seeks interesting position beginning October. Box B-448.

BANISH NOISE with NODS Ear Stopples and sleep undisturbed! Goodyear Airfoam, wax-tipped, guaranteed. Three pairs (four-months supply) $1 postpaid. NODS, 186 Fifth Ave., NYC.

YOUNG MAN, 20, seeks traveling campanion position. June through September. Box B-345.

$150 MONTH: TROPICAL PARADISE! Private room, bath. Daily maid service. Three wonderful meals daily. Private beach, swimming pool. Hunting. Fishing, Exploring. 75 room AAA recommended first-class hotel in heart of historic Mexico. Writer's Workshop classes at no extra cost. Special rates for extended stays or two in room. Write for Free information to Hotel Balneario Tecolutla, Veracruz, Mexico.

ALERT YOUNG WOMAN TEACHER desires summer position, traveling companion, governess. Varied capabilities. Other offers considered. Box B-498.

BRITISH SHOES for GENTLEMEN for a fraction of their American retail price! $9.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

YOUNG MAN, 28, veteran, M.S., currently college teaching, desires travel position, companion, etc. Box B-359.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondences or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77 St., NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

LADY, UNENCUMBERED, SECRETARY, French, English, Spanish—registered nurse, landscape architect, seeks responsible position. Drives car. Will travel. Box B-468.

GIFTS for Executives. Free Catalogue. ANCHOR'S, 131-4 West 42 St., NYC 36.

FORMER NAVAL and Merchant Marine officer (Chief Mate), now attending Yale, desires remunerative summer employment. Box B-484.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Art Objects, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc. Lamps mounted. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33 St., NYC 16. MUrray Hill 5-4280.

YOUNG NEGRO, male, AB degree plus, seeks interesting/unusual summer employment. Travel preferred. Box B-455.

COPYWRITER WANTS RETURN TO CIVILIZATION. Edit, ghost, research. Resolute, smiles occasionally. Temperament. Enthusiasm. Background. Empressement. Not a "commodity," but steadfast. Resourceful. Nothing under $150 weekly please. Box-601.

ARTISTIC, MUSICAL YOUNG WOMAN, background fine arts, literature, seeks employer who will train her for interesting work. Prefers resident position. Box B-602.

DENTAL STUDENT, 21, desires interesting, lucrative summer employment anywhere. Box B-603.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

YOUR DUDE RANCH EXPERIENCES. Writer is to do a story set in a dude ranch locale. He wishes to supplement his own experiences by drawing on the experiences of others. He will pay ten dollars for the description of a colorful character, guest or locale, or the outline of an incident which is dramatic, mystifying, original, funny, gay or full of human interest, provided he finds it suitable for use in the story. Please write double space on 8½ x 11, one side only, and if possible keep under 500 words. Time is of the essence. Enclose stamped return envelope. Box B-479.

TRAVEL

EUROPE IN COMFORT AND ECONOMY. Tours leaving June, July, August. Limited vacancies. 12-17 countries, 54-79 days; $975-$1,195. Steamship or air travel included. Luxury motorcoaches. Britain, Scandinavia, Italy, Central Europe on all itineraries. MIDWEST Tours, Reidar Dittmann, Northfield, Minnesota.

CARIBBEAN TRAVEL SERVICE. Hotel and air itineraries to fit any budget. Specialists on local information. Wonderful climate for summer vacation only six hours from N.Y. Write air mail. V. E. B. Nicholson & Sons, Box 103, Antigua, BW.I

14-DAY MEXICO CITY-ACAPULCO all-expense Tour, $146. Spencers, 709 Parker, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

MEXICO ARTS AND CRAFTS tours. DONG KINGMAN painting workshop. ARCHITECTS-DECORATORS seminar tours. Turismo Artes Populares, 2413 Driscoll, Houston, Texas.

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT. Refreshing summer trade wind climate, cool and calm. Windward and Leeward Islands. Well appointed vessels. Write air mail for details. Commander Vernon Nicholson, Box 103, Antigua, B.W.I.

P.S.—EUROPE '57? Can you afford $12 per day for your vacation? That's all you pay on our escorted Budget Tour of 9 major countries including hotels, meals, sightseeing and deluxe motorcoach. Total land rate for 46 days . . . $520. Specially reserved overseas flights via Pan American, $545. Write or call ARDEL BUDGET TOURS, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC. ELdorado 5-7696.

CAMPS

CAMP RADISSON, resort for boys 7-12. Laurentian Mountain lake, French Canada. All sports, crafts and basic French. Professional English leadership. 8 weeks, $400. 303 Lumsden Bldg., Toronto, Canada.

MUSIC AT CAMP SOLITUDE, Lake Placid, N.Y. Coed, 10-19 years. Voice, piano, all instruments. Supervised practice. All water and land sports, water skiing, ice skating, excellent food. Catalogue. Joseph Kelsall, Varsity Ave., Penns Neck, Princeton, N.J. 1-2344 W.

VACATIONS

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, N.Y. Altitude 2,100 feet. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. Ideal for creative work, loafing, recreation. Cottages. Meals varied and best.

THE ISLAND VIEW HOUSE—Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, Maine. Friendly, relaxing, informal. For the artist or anyone seeking beauty, peace and quiet. Golf course—American Plan—Brochure.

ARE YOU LOOKING for rest and relaxation with opportunity to perform or listen to music against the background of the lovely Tyringham Hills in the Berkshires? Search no longer! Here is your answer. Send for brochure. Braebrooke, Tyringham, Mass.—phone Lee 1060.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland 2,000 feet high midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, Sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

200 ACRES of Maine woods, lakefront. Pemaquid Seminar. Box B-437.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; Luscious foods. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

VACATIONS

ROCKY MOUNTAIN VACATION. Hospitable, intimate family resort since 1889. American Plan, horses, scenic, finest clientele. Columbine Lodge, Estes Park, Colorado.

OGUNQUIT. Famous Summer vacation center. Smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' Colony. Summer Theatre. Shopping Center. Deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Publicity Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $50-$60. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach. Beautiful harbor view, shore drives. Summer theaters accessible. Rates from $10 A.P. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

Need a Rest? WELCOME TO THE PARKERS. Excellent Food and Lodging in Scenic Rochester, Vermont.

MILTON HILL HOUSE, MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS. Enjoy country quiet one half hour from Boston. Comfortable rooms, delicious food, excellent service. Permanent or transient accommodations.

SPRING AND SUMMER ON farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 (NYC).

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL. Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont. The Mastertons.

LOW SPRING SEASON RATES May 29 to June 21. Laurel, birds, wildflowers! Binocular and color film time in the Berkshires. Mountain retreat on glorious lake in enchanting woods. Usual sports, Hi-fi, fine food, Loafing Patio, rustic Lodge, cottages, cabins. Congenial, informal, moderate. Near Tanglewood, Pillow, Playhouse. Ideal base for combining summer vacation with concert-going. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Mass. Folder S.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species) loving peace and quiet, cliffs and sea, forest and moor. Ten miles at sea, the stars for streetlights, the wide horizon beyond all desire. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine. Open June 15. Advance reservations necessary. Booklet D?

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N. Y. Informal Adult Resort. Concert Trio. Folk-Square Dances. Crafts. Tennis. Golf. Motor Boating. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC).

"DAVID'S FOLLY"—A saltwater farm on Penobscot Bay offers you country living among congenial people and beautiful surroundings. Minerva Cutler, Westbrooksville, Maine.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

BEAUTIFUL 115 Acre setting in New Hampshire Hills; completely modernized, year-round Cape Cod, 8 rooms, excellent condition. Interesting possibilities in managed forest lands. Asking $24,000. Fosdick, R.F.D. 1, Claremont, N. H.

OCEAN FRONT PEMAQUID BEACH (near Boothbay). 4 years old, modern, 5 large rooms, picture windows facing ocean. Completely furnished, TV, fireplace, artesian well, private road. $13,500. Box B-426.

COOL BERKSHIRE RETREAT: Converted barn. Acreage, streams. Sharon, Conn. $13,500. Box B-434.

EASTERN SHORE, FAIRMOUNT, MARYLAND. 18 acres, charming old house, excellent condition. 7 rooms, barn workshop, electricity. $7,000. Box B-469.

BRISTOL, NEW HAMPSHIRE near Newfound Lake. SALE OR RENT, modern cottages. MAin 5-3409 (NY).

3 BEDROOM, 100 YEAR OLD HOUSE completely modernized; 3 acres, superb view, exceptional value. MUDGETT, THETFORD, VERMONT.

MAINE FARMHOUSE, 3 acres, coastal area near college town. New water system, drilled well, modern oil furnace. Year-round, summer, or retirement home. Long on charm, low in price! Write owner, Box B-500.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

MILLERTON, N.Y., entrance to Berkshires. Will build furnished TECHBUILT Vacation Cottage on private estate; 2 or 3 bedrooms, kitchen, dining-living rooms, fireplace, porch; occupancy by June 15. Rental to September 10, $900. For brochure write Silver Mountain Village, Millerton, N. Y., or phone Millerton 147-23.

Box 778, ORLEANS, CAPE COD. Secluded rustic cottage, 3 bedrooms, all conveniences. Bay view. Season $800, 4 weeks $325. Also small cottage.

3 BEDROOM HUNTING LODGE of rare charm on 22 acres. Every convenience. Near Tanglewood, theatres, swimming. August. WElls 5-8053 (NY).

FRANCONIA, N.H. Charming, not luxurious, modern house, small BUT luxurious cement swimming pool. Seclusion, view, sleeps 6. June $100, July $200, August $250, seasonal less. Eve Shakespeare, Williston, Vermont.

LACONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Farmhouse, completely modernized. 2 bedrooms downstairs, dormitories upstairs. Guest cabin. 50 acres. Tennis, croquet, ping-pong, boats, pier. Most everything you could want. $500 per month. Also same property, modern lake cottage, $300 per month. Box B-459.

MAINE COAST COTTAGE. Wooded point. Quiet. Fireplace. 85 miles from Boston. Eleanor Blair, Cottage St., Wellesley, Mass.

ATTRACTIVE SUMMER COTTAGE on Lake Champlain, 10 miles from Burlington. Fireplace, all facilities. 5 bedrooms, good fishing, safe swimming, boat included. Available June 15-August 15 or part. $75 weekly including utilities. Robert Billings, Wallingford, Connecticut.

NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT. Swiss chalet, secluded, beautiful view, lake rights, 4 rooms, sleeps 6, fireplace, modern conveniences. June 1 through October, $1,200. Write Box B-478 or CHelsea 2-2159 (NYC).

SOUTHERN VERMONT hill farmhouse, comfortably modernized, completely equipped, 4 bedrooms, living room, dining room, kitchen, bath, attic, dormitory playroom. Swimming near. Accessible seclusion. Monthly $200, season $500. Box 21, East Jamaica, Vermont.

SOUTHEASTERN VERMONT—Early American six room house—near covered bridge, swimming, fishing. $395 long season—or monthly. Box B-348.

CONTEMPORARY HOUSE IN THE WOODS. Pond in the View. Fully furnished. Near Cambridge summer schools, theaters, music festivals and Massachusetts beaches. July-August. Box 47, Lincoln, Massachusetts.

MAINE: Secluded 7-room house on salt-water cove. Long season $600. Box B-464.

SMALL, SECLUDED, FURNISHED COTTAGE. Living room with fireplace, electric kitchen, 2 bedrooms, bath, oil heat. May-October, $90 month. Hewat, Salisbury, Conn.

CATSKILLS, 80 miles NY. Improvements. 60 acres private woodland. Streams. Swimming-hole. For 2 or 3. July and August. $250-$300. Box B-499.

APARTMENTS FOR SUBLET

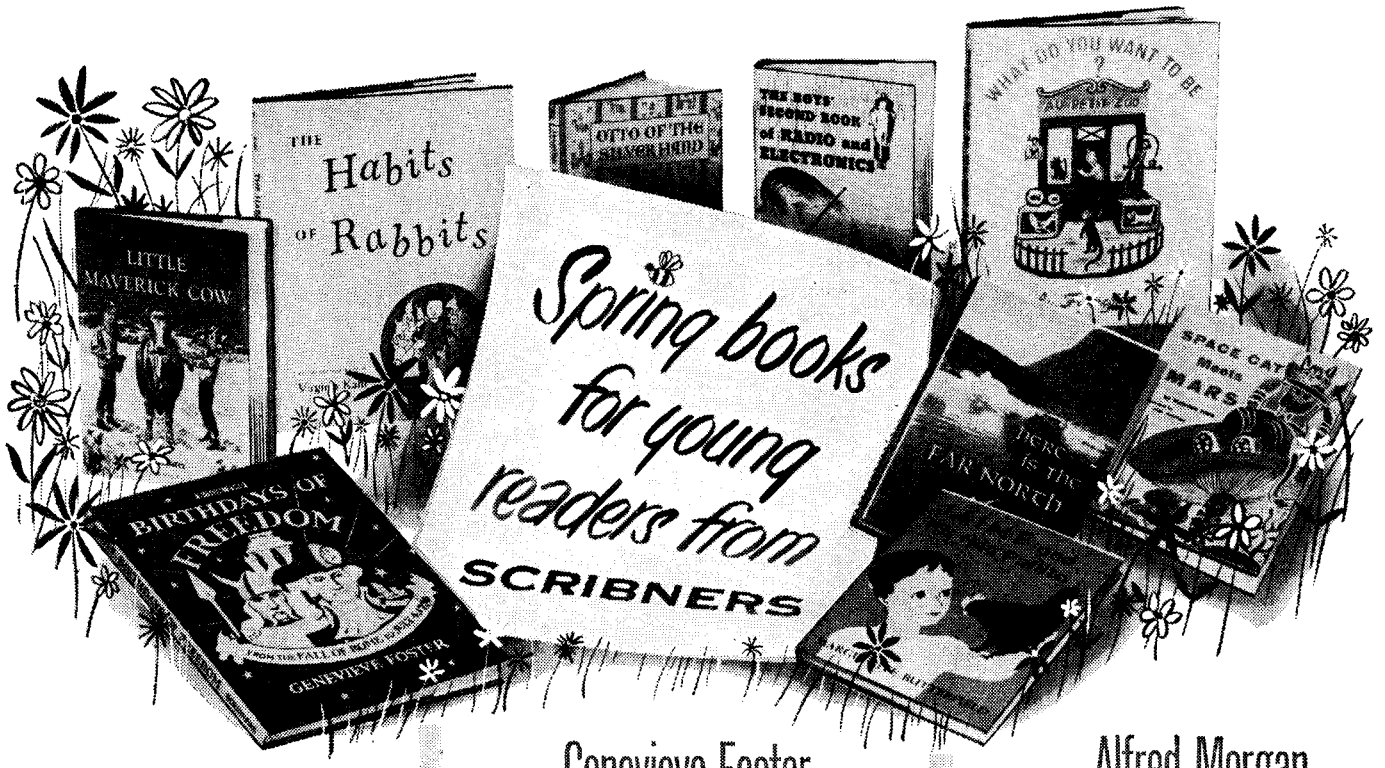
LARGE living-bedroom, kitchen, bath, air-conditioned furnished apartment on 10th floor in new building, East 60's (NYC), available June 1-September 1. Will sleep three. $200 per month. Contact C. J. Nuttall, 683 Lexington Ave., NYC 22. TEmpleton 8-6909.

GARDEN APARTMENT, East 50's (NYC), attractively furnished, completely equipped, air-conditioned. Living room, bedroom, kitchen, bath, foyer. Awninged terrace for outdoor dining. Maid service available. June 1-September 15. $300 per month. Contact C. J. Nuttall, 683 Lexington Ave., NYC 22. TEmpleton 8-6909.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

FOR SALE: Attractive country properties in Litchfield County, Connecticut and Berkshire County, Massachusetts. Reasonably priced. ASHLEY FALLS REALTY CO., ASHLEY FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Spring books for young readers from SCRIBNERS
LITTLE MAVERICK COW
THE Habits OF Rabbits
OTTO OF THE SILVER HAND
THE BOYS' SECOND BOOK of RADIO and ELECTRONICS
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE?
BIRTHDAYS OF FREEDOM
GENEVIEVE FOSTER
HERE IS THE FAR NORTH
SPACE CAT Meets MARS

Virginia Kahl

THE HABITS OF RABBITS

Illustrated in 2 and 4 colors by the Author. Gunhilde asks the King for "a rabbit or two" and soon the castle is overrun with them. A book full of laughter — and rabbits!
Ages 5-9 $2.50

Genevieve Foster

BIRTHDAYS OF FREEDOM, BOOK II

Illustrated in 2 colors by the author. From the fall of Rome to 1776 — the story of man's struggle for freedom is continued in brief text and illuminating pictures. Book I covers early Egypt to the Fall of Rome; together these two books bring history alive for older boys and girls. $3.00

Alfred Morgan

THE BOYS' SECOND BOOK OF RADIO AND ELECTRONICS

With working drawings and diagrams by the author. Crystal clear information, directions and working drawings for easily made radio receivers, transistor amplifiers, a transistor code oscillator, "electric eyes," electronic phonographs, Geiger counters, capacity operated relays, phono-oscillator, etc. $3.00

Marguerite Butterfield

JAIME AND HIS HEN POLLITA

Illustrations by Susanne Suba. The lovely island of Majorca just off Spain is the setting for these happy adventures of a boy and his unpredictable pet hen. When Pollita isn't perched on his shoulder she's up to mischief! Ages 6-10 $2.50

Ruthven Todd

SPACE CAT MEETS MARS

In pictures by the famous illustrator Paul Galdone — and in a marvellous tale — children follow their favorite, Space Cat, to the red planet. A jaunty explorer, Space Cat loses none of his aplomb as he faces Martian mice and a fire-engine red cat. Ages 6-10 $2.25

Françoise

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE?

In gay 2 and 4 color pictures and light-hearted text, the author shows small children what they'd look like if they were a sailor, an explorer, a milliner, a baker of cookies — or a dozen other things. A game children will love. Ages 4-7 $2.75

Evelyn Stefansson

HERE IS THE FAR NORTH

Illustrated with handsome photographs. The author of WITHIN THE CIRCLE, who, with her explorer husband, knows the Far North, takes older boys and girls with her as she explores Greenland, Iceland, and flies the Polar Route from Los Angeles across the vast Soviet sector. $3.50

Belle Coates

LITTLE MAVERICK COW

Illustrations by George Fulton. A boy and a girl on a Montana wheat farm discover a little maverick who wants to belong to them and be their pet milch cow. Ages 5-8 $2.25

Howard Pyle

OTTO OF THE SILVER HAND

Illustrated by the author. The many printings of this timeless classic have made new plates necessary. Now in the same handsome format as THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS and SOME MERRY ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD. Jacket and cover design by Fritz Kredel. Ages 8-12 $2.75

At all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPRING BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

51 PICTURE BOOKS
54 BOOKS FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN
56 IMAGINATIVE AND FOLK TALES
57 FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS
58 ABOUT PEOPLE
59 ABOUT MANY THINGS
62 FOR YOUNG ADULTS

THE Spring children's books are out and we begin to see some patterns among them. Continuing a trend of recent years, we find a number of foreign books to add a flavor of other countries and to enrich the quality of books available to our children. These have been imported from England and, through translation, from other European countries. We note, also, the emphasis on subject books for younger children—sciences, the social sciences, biographies, attractively presented, are plentiful for different levels of reading abilities. They are excellent to use with school classes and to satisfy the normal curiosities of childhood. And for those children who like the believably unbelievable there are some good new fantasies. We miss poetry, but hope that later in the year this lack will be supplied, for it is here that children find the fullest expression of imagination and feeling. And again we note the great number of books for children and young adults—more than enough, we are sure, for too often quantity is mistaken for quality. We can never have too many good books for children; it is easy to have too many.

Reviewers for this issue: Augusta Baker, storytelling specialist, The New York Public Library; Julia Brody, Bronx Borough children's specialist, The New York Public Library; Maria Cimino, associate librarian, The Central Children's Room, The New York Public Library; Ruth Hewitt Hamilton, The Library School, Pratt Institute; Sarah Jones, chief library consultant, Georgia State Department of Education; Helen Adams Masten, librarian, Central Children's Room, The New York Public Library; Della McGregor, chief of youth services, The Saint Paul, Minnesota, Public Library; Lillian Morrison, young adult specialist, The New York Public Library; Aileen O'Brien Murphy, children's literature specialist, The New York Public Library; Esther Walls Pappy, vocational schools specialist, The New York Public Library; Mildred R. Phipps, supervisor, Work with Children, Pasadena, California, Public Library; Norma Rathbun, chief, Work with Children, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Public Library; Eulalie Steinmetz Ross, director, Work with Children, Public Library of Cincinnati and Hamilton County, Ohio, Grace Slocum, coordinator, Young Adult Services, Brooklyn, New York, Public Library; Leone Garvey, supervisor, Boys and Girls Department, Public Library, Berkeley, California, and lecturer, School of Librarianship, University of California; Mary P. Douglas, supervisor of school libraries, Raleigh, N. C.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN,
Coordinator, Children's Services,
The New York Public Library.

PICTURE BOOKS

THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF. *By P. C. Asbjørnsen and J. E. Moe. Pictures by Marcia Brown. Harcourt, Brace.* $3. An old Norwegian nursery tale has been given a new dress in this brilliant and vigorous picture book. (Marcia Brown has used George Dasent's classic translation of the tale.) Here are the three billy goats tripping over the troll's bridge and using all their cunning to do him in. Double-spread pages of vivid drawings in color catch every bit of the humor and excitement in the story, from the quiet beginning to the boisterous end, when the stupid and ugly old troll gets his just deserts and the three billy goats are free to roam the hillside and get as fat as they like. There is little need of reading skill to enjoy this picture book. The story unfolds from the lively end-papers onward, and every picture tells its share of the story as effectively as the delightful words. —MARIA CIMINO.

MADELINE AND THE BAD HAT. *Written and illustrated by Ludwig Bemelmans. Viking.* $3.50.

> Look, my darling, what bliss, what joy!
> His Excellency has a boy.

So rhapsodized Miss Clavel when the Spanish Ambassador moved into the house next door to her now-famous school. It did not, however, take the smallest of her twelve little-girl pupils, the ubiquitous Madeline, long to discover that the boy was a real Bad Hat—bad egg, to you—and it took all of her ingenuity and feminine wiles and longsuffering to reform him.

This third sparkling guidebook to Paris for junior travelers contains some of Ludwig Bemelmans's most beautiful drawings of that city. Shadows in the pictures and echoes in the verse of the text of "Madeline" and "Madeline's Rescue" should lead to a happy rereading of those two modern picture-book classics.

—EULALIE STEINMETZ ROSS.

WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE? *By Françoise. Scribner's.* $2.75. The childlike pictures and simple text of this latest book by Françoise present the many things that little children constantly say they want to be: a sailor, a doctor, a zookeeper, a doorman, an animal trainer, an explorer. The gay colors, the amusing figures, and the details that accent its very French

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feeling make it a picture book that the youngest will look at again and again. —F. L. S.

THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHINGS. *A story by the Brothers Grimm with drawings by Hans Fischer. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. Another picture book by Hans Fischer becomes available to us in this American edition of his "Das Lumpengesindel," first published in Switzerland in 1945. Hans Fischer's drawings for "The Good-for-Nothings" are in his own inimitable style. They give full account of the vitality and humor of the folk tale in every line and application of color. The fun sweeps along without a single halt. The lively drawings of the rooster, the hen, the duck, the needle, and the pin, as well as the foolish innkeeper who gave them lodging, dance on beautifully designed pages. Fischer's flowing, sensitive line hits just the right note, and the high spirits of the tale are conveyed without exaggeration. —M. C.

GIVE A GUESS. *Poems by Mary Britton Miller. Illustrations by Juliet Kepes. Pantheon.* $2.50. This unusual little book of poetry invites children to "take a look" and "give a guess." There are charm and originality in each poem, which presents a riddle about an animal, a bird, or an insect. The author, whose novels appear under the pen name Isabel Bolton, is not unknown to those who are familiar with children's books. It was in 1928 that "Menagerie" delighted us with the author's enjoyment of nature. Parents will have fun sharing the riddles with young children. The poems show a keen insight into the ways and personalities of animals, a special feeling for nature and a refreshing economy of words. Beautiful brush drawings by the distinguished artist Juliet Kepes decorate the pages and catch the originality, flashes of humor, and special quality of the poems. —Helen Adams Masten.

NOT ONE MORE DAY. *Story and pictures by Donna Hill. Viking.* $2.50. A rollicking, repetitive story of the unforeseen calamities that overtake a family of Spanish peasants on their way to Segovia. They hope to find and purchase just the right kind of donkey to help papa plant the garden, haul the water, and carry their vegetables to market. Written with grace, charm, and a nice sense of humor, the tale will delight little children. The illustrations on every page are the shape and color of corn meal batter cakes. Both pictures and story are in harmony with the simple wisdom of the country folk and their market customs. —Della McGregor.

—From "The Cat in the Hat."

INVENTING a zany new alphabet (beginning with "Yuzz") in his seventh juvenile, "On Beyond Zebra," was playing with rattles for Theodor Geisel compared with creating a first-grade reader that could compete in interest with TV. "Get some dramatic suspense into it," William E. Spaulding, text editor of Houghton Mifflin, charged the witty "Dr. Seuss." HM wanted for their school book none of that old "Johnny-bounces-the-ball" corn, which, John Hersey had lamented in a May 1954 *Life*, was so boring to today's adventure-crammed tots. But, worried Geisel, you couldn't scale Mt. Everest at forty degrees below zero with a vocabulary limited to 240 first-grade words. There were hardly any verbs, practically no possessives or past tenses, no Z words, no Q words . . . "And to teach," he noted, "you have to repeat and repeat and repeat. I went into verse," said Mr. Geisel, "because in verse you can repeat. It becomes part of the pattern." Humor, too, was important, it having been his observation that "kids haven't been walked on by civilization enough: they still want to laugh at something that's ridiculous." The dramatic suspense he'd work in as best he could. "It took a year of my getting mad as blazes," he said, "and throwing the thing across the room. You get to a place where for want of a word you can't tell a story." In the end he managed it with but 223 that can be sounded out by engrossed little readers. "I approached the thing from left field," said Mr. Geisel.

"The Cat in the Hat," whose trade edition Random House is distributing at $2, omits the moralizing characteristic of primers—unless one minds the prudish goldfish, who implores the young narrator and his small sister, Sally: "Make that cat go away!/Tell the Cat in the Hat/You do NOT want to play./He should not be here./He should not be about./He should not be here/When your mother is out!" But the big, exuberant cat—a typically goofy Geisel drawing in primary colors—cries out: "Look at me!/Look at me!/Look at me NOW!/It is fun to have fun/But you have to know how/I can hold up the cup/And the milk and the cake!/I can hold up these books!/And the fish on a rake!/I can hold the toy ship/And a little toy man!/And look!/I can hold up a red fan!/I can fan with the fan/As I hop on the ball!/But that is not all./Oh, no./That is not all . . ."

The son of a Springfield, Mass. zoo-keeper, Ted Geisel originally hoped to be a teacher, but got detoured by a co-ed at Oxford, whom he subsequently married, into doing his doodles for a living. Since 1927 he's been in advertising, seventeen years of that time as a specialist on Standard Oil byproducts. Now artist for the Holly Sugar billboards in California, he drew the original cartoon for the slogan "Quick, Henry, the Flit!" and the first animated Ford TV commercials. He wrote the script for the cartoon movie "Gerald McBoing-Boing" and collaborated on the Oscar-winning films "Hitler Lives" and (with Mrs. Geisel) "Design for Death," both of them derived from his wartime work with the Information-Education Division of the Army.

His next juvenile, due from Random next October, will be "How the Grinch Stole Christmas." (He stole it from the Whos.) But there will be more primers —for first, second, and third grades. "That," said Mr. Geisel, "is where I am realizing my latent desire to be a professor." —Rochelle Girson.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY. *By Ruth Krauss. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper.* $1.50. **CHEERFUL.** *By Palmer Brown. Harper.* $1.50. **KEVIN.** *Story and pictures by Mary Chalmers. Harper.* $1.50. **THE TALE OF TINY TUTAK.** *By Hanna Wiig. Illustrated by Sven Skauge. Lippincott.* $1.25. Tiny books made for small hands have a special appeal for little children—and their adult friends, too. This Spring we are delighted to have these four books to use with the youngest.

Little David had been everywhere except to a birthday party. One day he came home to find the house (as he thought) empty, but in the dining room was his family with a surprise birthday party for him. Children will share with this very real little boy the excitement and pleasure of his party.

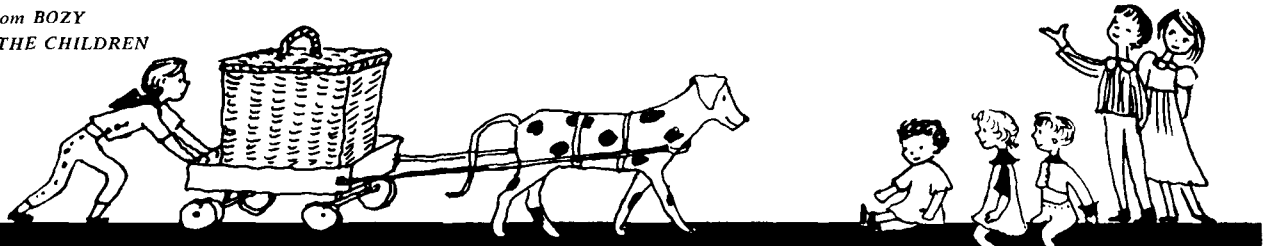
Cheerful, a little city mouse, longed to see the country his mother, a wood mouse, had told him about. He set out one day and, after several adventures, found himself in a meadow beautiful with spring. Mr. Brown draws his animals and flowers with elaborate details that give children many things to discover in his illustrations.

Kevin, a rabbit who loved flowers, went to the city and there met Llewellyn, a cat, and Mr. Jones, a park gardener. A three-way friendship developed, with much visiting back and forth, exchanging of plants, and admiration for each other's gardens. Kevin and Llewellyn are so real that children will accept them as personalities and enjoy with them their quiet adventures.

Tiny Tutak, who lived near the North Pole, went out one day with his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drawings from BOZY AND ALL THE CHILDREN



VIKING JUNIOR BOOKS SPRING 1957

BOZY AND ALL THE CHILDREN
Story and Pictures by DOROTHY IVENS

A remarkable dog comes to a wonderful town just bulging with children, who make him king. *Ages 4-7* $2.00

NOT ONE MORE DAY
Story and Pictures by DONNA HILL

Not one more day must pass without another burro to help with the work, so Manolo surprises the family. *Ages 3-6* $2.50

ANNIE'S SPENDING SPREE
Story by NANCY DINGMAN WATSON
Pictures by Aldren A. Watson

A birthday dollar taught Annie about pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters—and what they can buy. *Ages 3-6* $2.50

BIANCO AND THE NEW WORLD
Story and Pictures by TONY PALAZZO

A little Sicilian burro and his poor master find happiness with an American circus. *Ages 4-7* $2.75

DANCING CLOUD
By MARY MARSH BUFF
Illustrated by Conrad Buff

Vivid, authentic picture of the daily life of a Navajo family. Reissue, with new pictures. *Ages 7-10* $3.00

MADELINE AND THE BAD HAT
Story and Pictures by LUDWIG BEMELMANS

Madeline is back again in Paris! This time Miss Clavel's little girls reform a naughty boy. *Ages 5-8* $3.50

THE GARDEN UNDER THE SEA
By GEORGE SELDEN
Illustrated by Garry MacKenzie

A delightful colony of undersea creatures make a garden at the bottom of Long Island Sound. *Ages 8-12* $2.75

THE UNINVITED DONKEY
By ANNE H. WHITE
Illustrated by Don Freeman

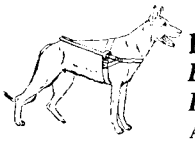
A rollicking tale of the disruption of a family's summer by a spoiled movie-actor donkey. *Ages 8-12* $2.75

THAT JUD!
By ELSPETH BRAGDON
Illustrated by Georges Schreiber

Lonely Jud finally wins the affection of a Maine town by an act of courage in a fire. *Ages 9-12* $2.50

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE
By CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY
Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley Morse

Students in a modern New Hampshire village bring a whole community into their activities. *Ages 10-13* $2.50



FOLLOW MY LEADER
By JAMES B. GARFIELD
Illustrated by Robert Greiner

A blind young boy, with the help of his guide dog and family, resumes a normal, happy life. *Ages 9-12* $2.75

THE CROW AND THE CASTLE
By KEITH ROBERTSON
Illustrated by Robert Greiner

The boys from *Three Stuffed Owls* solve another mystery when a rook is stolen from a chess set. *Ages 10-13* $2.50

THE HUNDRED AND ONE DALMATIANS *By DODIE SMITH*
Illustrated by Janet and Anne Grahame-Johnstone

Two Dalmatians turn detective when their fifteen pups are kidnaped. Humorous and exciting. *Ages 10-15* $2.75

JEXIUM ISLAND
By MADELEINE GRATTAN
Illustrated by William Pène du Bois

Of abducted children on a mysterious island and their thrilling rescue by two older boys. *Ages 10-13* $2.75

ELEPHANT BRIDGE
By JEFFREY POTTER
Illustrated by Roberta Moynihan

A Burmese boy, too young to go to war with his brothers, runs away, and an elephant herd adopts him. *Ages 10-15* $2.50

TOTO'S TRIUMPH
By CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP
Illustrated by Claude Ponsot

A concierge's parrot is the unwitting ally of a ten-year-old in his struggle to keep his family's home. *Ages 12-15* $2.50

MEN OF MEDICINE
By KATHERINE B. SHIPPEN
Illustrated by Anthony Ravielli

The lives and works of distinguished doctors, covering a period of five thousand years. *H.S. Age-Up* $3.50

THE SINGING BOONES
By DALE WHITE
Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley Morse

A pioneer family going west in the 1850's discover no gold but find their fortune in singing. *Ages 12-15* $2.75

THE NEXT FIFTY BILLION YEARS
By KENNETH HEUER
Illustrated by Chesley Bonestell

An astronomer's glimpse into the future. Completely reset, new, and revised edition. *H.S. Age-Up* $3.00

Send for free illustrated catalogue of all Viking Junior Books • THE VIKING PRESS 625 Madison Avenue, N. Y. 22, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tiny bow and his tiny spear to hunt. He spared the life of a baby seal and of a big seal and of a polar bear, but with their help killed a huge walrus. After he got it home, his mother cooked a fine feast for him, which made him feel very good. We have enjoyed this enchanting little book in Norwegian, and are delighted to have it now in an English version.

—F. L. S.

WAKE UP, CITY! *By Alvin Tresselt. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2.50. In this companion book to "Wake Up Farm" we have another example of the perfect harmony of story and illustrations so typical of this talented author-artist team. Alvin Tresselt's brief text conveys the mood and tempo of a big city at the beginning of a new day, while Roger Duvoisin's large, free-flowing drawings at first in dark shades and quiet scenes change to bright yellows and reds as daily activities begin. Pre-school children will enjoy the contrast of country and city life if the two books are used together. "Wake Up, City!" will appeal especially to mechanically-minded little boys. —MILDRED R. PHIPPS.

THE CAT IN THE HAT. *By Dr. Seuss. Random House.* $2. "The Cat in the Hat" —what an intriguing title for a beginning reader! Here is the same delicious nonsense, hilarious fun, cumulative build-up, and surprise ending that distinguish one of America's most original picture books, "And to Think That I Saw It on Mulberry Street." In this reader Theodor Geisel has accomplished a *tour de force.* With only 223 different words he has created a story in rhyme which presents an impelling incentive to read. Parents and teachers will bless Mr. Geisel for this amusing reader with its ridiculous and lively drawings, for their children are going to have the exciting experience of learning that they *can* read after all. The school edition is published by Houghton, Mifflin at $1.60. —H. A. M.

VERY FAR AWAY. *By Maurice Sendak. Harper.* $2. In this captivating story-picture book, Maurice Sendak blends the sublime and the ridiculous into a child-like presentation. Martin, irked that his mother has no time to answer his many questions, dons his cowboy suit and his false mustache, and sets forth to a place "very far away." He is joined by others—a horse who wanted to dream and a cat who wanted to sing. The ideal place did not remain so for long as nothing was really changed. So Martin went home again to wait till his mother had time to answer his questions. Text and illustrations are just right.

—MARY PEACOCK DOUGLAS.

ANNIE'S SPENDING SPREE. *By Nancy Dingman Watson. Pictures by Aldren A. Watson. Viking.* $2.50. When Annie's grandmother gave her a dollar bill to spend for her birthday she had no idea of its value. As Grandmother explained, it was easy enough to comprehend two half dollars, four quarters, ten dimes, and twenty nickels, but the idea of one hundred pennies was overwhelming. Then what a shopping spree she had! What a time deciding! With the help of the kindly storekeeper Annie made, at very long last and after numerous rejections, the perfect purchase. The illustrations on every page in soft green, brown, and pink are quite appealing. An attractive little book for pleasure and learning for children three to six.

—LEONE GARVEY.

THE LATE SPRING. *By Jean Fritz. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Coward-McCann.* $2.50. The First Robin was perfectly content to sit in his orange tree in the South. He forgot about Spring until some familiar sights made his wings tingle. There was a boy throwing an orange in the air. It looked like a ball. Then a swallow flew by with a piece of string in its beak. Finally, the Robin spread his wings and flew straight North faster than he had ever flown before. Over wintry forests and cities and farms, over frozen lakes he flew until he arrived in a garden where a small boy was waiting and watching. Perched high on a bare branch of a cherry tree, the First Robin began his songs. Spring had arrived!

Erik Blegvad's full page drawings in black and white with touches of red enhance this rather quiet story of the coming of Spring. —L. G.

CORAL ISLAND. *Written and illustrated by Nicolas Mordvinoff. Doubleday.* $2.75. Terii, an island boy, spends his carefree days playing with his little sister and his pets, a sea gull and a horse. But he longs to grow up in a hurry so that he can dive for sponges like Uncle Teopu. Uncle Teopu is an important man on the island. He is the fattest man, the best sponge diver, and the possessor of a fine straw hat. In a marvelous and hilarious incident, a near tragedy is averted by the quick thinking of Terii who uses the famous hat to confound the man-eating shark about to attack Uncle Teopu. Any boy that brave is obviously big enough to go sponge diving. The double-spread illustrations are superb. In black and white, and many in lush color, they reveal an intimate acquaintance with coral islands. —L. G.

—*From "The Uninvited Donkey."*

"talented little donkey."

BOOKS FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN

THE MONKEY OF CROFTON. *Written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Morrow.* $2.25. In this story—remarkable, as all of Miss Lattimore's are, for the simplicity of its writing and the warmth of its understanding—a small boy learns that monkeys do not always make the best pets. A sturdy sense of humor further recommends the book's easy-to-read pages to those third- or fourth-graders just making the transition from reader to proper story book. The substitution of puppy for monkey should please them, too; and the black-and-white drawings will add to their pleasure in the amusing, childlike story.

—E. S. R.

UNINVITED DONKEY. *By Anne H. White. Illustrated by Don Freeman. Viking.* $2.75. The happy, relaxed summer of the Linian family is considerably enlivened by the arrival of Fra Diavolo, a talented little donkey from Italy. The animal's talents lie chiefly in getting himself and all six members of the family into highly original and unpredictable scrapes. Through these adventures one gets a picture of a likable, pleasant family and a charming New England setting. Boys and girls in fifth and sixth grades should be attracted to it.

—RUTH HEWITT HAMILTON.

BLUE MYSTERY. *By Margot Benary-Isbert. Translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston. Illustrated by Enrico Arno. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.95. A protected and happy childhood in Germany between the two world wars is the setting for this story about Annegret, the little girl first introduced in the author's "Shooting Star." The eight years of Annegret's life exactly equal the time taken to achieve the first flowering of a beautiful hybrid gloxinia developed by her father in the family nurseries. One of these Blue Mysteries is stolen and a favorite apprentice accused of the theft, but Annegret and her magnificent great Dane, Cara, discover the real thief. The book mirrors Mrs.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Benary-Isbert's feeling for time and place and her love of people, animals, and the out-of-doors.

—AILEEN O'BRIEN MURPHY.

WILD GEESE FLYING. *By Cornelia Meigs. Illustrated by Charles Geer. Macmillan.* $2.75. The Milton family were baffled by the unfriendly attitude of the Vermont villagers when they arrived to live in the house they recently inherited. Learning that money left with their late grandfather by a young war veteran had disappeared, the Miltons were determined to solve the mystery or relinquish the house. In the meantime, because of their kindliness, industry, and initiative—qualities so admired in this New England village—the Miltons were accepted and invited to take part in community activities.

Again Cornelia Meigs has written a story with depth and perception, with warm family relationships, a well-knit plot, and good description of life in a New England village today. It will appeal to boys and girls aged ten to twelve. —M. R. P.

CONFETTI FOR CORTORELLI. *By David Fletcher. Illustrated by George W. Thompson. Pantheon.* $2.75. Every adult who discovers this choice and charming story will rush to find a child to whom he can read it. This is a story of Sicily and a small orphan boy whose life is one of hard work and loneliness. In spite of his poverty, Angelo is determined to get a costume for the Carnival. All of the children of Syracuse can think of nothing else as the Carnival is their gayest festival. How Angelo collects his costume, piece by piece, through chores and the kindness of grown-up friends, is the story. The author knows and loves Sicily and its people. The characters, all adroitly drawn, are memorable—even the animals. Here is a story, abundant with life and affection, and with the sort of ending that brings a sigh of deep satisfaction. Angelo's quest ends in a burst of confetti and glory when he wins the prize for the finest costume and, better still, wins for himself a home and a mother, the milliner Cortorelli. The author writes delightfully and with his gay and intimate manner takes us right into the story. A book for the entire family.

—L. G.

A SHILLING FOR SAMUEL. *Story and pictures by Virginia Grilley. Little, Brown.* $2.75. This short story will neither exhaust the patience nor tax the ability of the child for whom reading is a recently acquired art. It describes a day in the life of Old Salem in 1769 from the point of view of twelve-year-old Samuel McIntire

Shoes, Cats, Witches, Indians

romp through these new

LITTLE, BROWN BOOKS

for Boys and Girls

A SHILLING FOR SAMUEL

By VIRGINIA GRILLEY. Ring the bell for Samuel McIntire, architect of Old Salem, whose bicentennial this is. As a boy, he had the courage to stay ashore, though all his friends went to sea. *Drawings by the author.* 7-11. $2.75

TARO'S FESTIVAL DAY

By SANAE KAWAGUCHI. Japanese boys play together in ways in which any American boy would like to join. "A good picture book."—*Parents League of N. Y. Pictures by the author.* 4-8. $2.50

*MISS GRIMSBEE IS A WITCH

By GERALD WEALES. A very modern witch is Miss Grimsbee, and she proves it. "A story to put on the bookshelf beside *Mary Poppins, Half Magic,* and *The Enormous Egg.*"—MARGARET JOHNSON, *Cleveland Press. Illustrated by Lita Scheel.* 8-12. $2.75

MIKE FINK

By JAMES CLOYD BOWMAN. "Vigorous river lore, with the excitement of encounters with outlaws, earthquakes, and dangers of navigating. Mr. Fisher's strong, humorous drawings are part of an unusually attractive volume."—*The Horn Book.* 12 up. $3.00

*TV GIRL FRIDAY

By RUTH MILNE. "Susan Doyle discovers a new world of opportunities in the behind-the-scenes phases of television."—Reader's Choice of Current Books, *Wilson Library Bulletin.* 12 up. $3.00

*REPORTERS AROUND THE WORLD

By FRANK K. KELLY. "Young people will enjoy Frank Kelly's breezy reports of dramatic moments in the lives of famous journalists."—MARGARET SHERWOOD LIBBY, *N. Y. Herald Tribune. Illustrated by E. Harper Johnson.* 12 up. $3.00

JOE SUNPOOL

By DON WILCOX. A story of Indian boys and girls in high school "told with verve and understanding."—*Cleveland Press. Illustrated by Allan Houser.* 12 up. $2.75

GIL'S DISCOVERY IN THE MINE

By RECTOR LAWRENCE LEE. About one of the most exciting careers open to boys today — engineering. *Drawings by Sidney A. Quinn.* 12 up. $3.00

ALL MY SHOES COME IN TWOS

By MARY ANN and NORMAN HOBERMAN. Just about every kind of shoe there is steps, stamps, romps or tiptoes through this book, accompanied by very funny drawings by *Norman Hoberman.* 4-8. $2.50

JIM, THE CAT

By JEAN POINDEXTER COLBY. Jim is drawing cat-lovers like a magnet. "Even reluctant readers will not put this book down."—MARGARET SHERWOOD LIBBY. *Pictures by Marie C. Nichols.* 7-9. $2.50

DONNY

By ADÈLE DE LEEUW. "A best seller from the start," says *The Horn Book.* "It was because Donny did not have any children to play with that he put up a sign which read: HOME FOR STRAY ANIMALS Leave Them with Me." *Illustrated by Meg Wohlberg.* 7-9. $3.00

LOLLY TOUCHBERRY

By LAURA COOPER RENDINA. This new story tells with great understanding and sympathy about the trials and dreams of a ninth grader in a Florida junior high. Mrs. Rendina's teenagers have long been fully accepted by other teens. 12 up. $3.00

At all bookstores

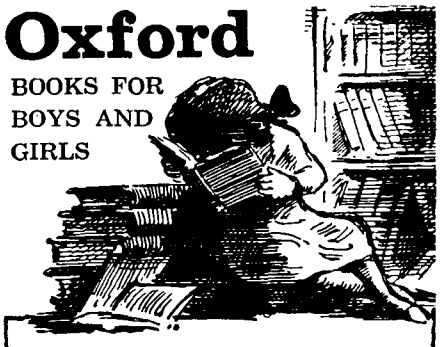
*Atlantic Monthly Press Books

Little, Brown & Company • BOSTON 6

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oxford

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS



Edward Ardizzone

TIM ALL ALONE. Intrepid Little Tim searches for his parents on land and sea. Illustrated by the author. Ages 6-10. $2.75

Cathrine Barr

ON WITH THE CHASE. Easy, humorous verses and two-color illustrations by the author tell this cat-and-mouse story.
Ages 3-6. $2.00

Charles Downing

RUSSIAN TALES AND LEGENDS. Traditional folktales, fairy stories, and heroic epics. Illustrated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe. *(Oxford Myths and Legends Series)*
Ages 8-12. $3.50

Donald Worcester

LONE HUNTER AND THE CHEYENNES. An exciting new adventure by the author of *Lone Hunter's Gray Pony*. Illustrated by Harper Johnson.
Ages 7-11. $2.75

Gwendolyn Bowers

THE LOST DRAGON OF WESSEX. Thirteen-year-old Wulf's adventures in Saxon England. Illustrated by Charles Geer.
Ages 8-12. $3.00

Rosemary Sutcliff

THE SHIELD RING. A story of the Vikings in England during the Norman Conquest. Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges.
Ages 12 up. $3.00

Ronald Welch

CAPTAIN OF DRAGOONS. The story of a young captain in the army of the Duke of Marlborough.
Ages 12 up. $3.00

Margherita Fanchiotti

STORIES FROM THE BIBLE. "Unusual presentation of the key stories . . . has color and drama unusual in such books."—*Virginia Kirkus*. Illustrated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe.
Ages 8-12. $3.00

At all bookstores

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Inc.
114 Fifth Avenue, New York 11

who, in later years, was to become the designer and decorator of many of the town's finest homes and public buildings. At twelve, however, he was primarily interested in his family, his friends, his wood-carvings, and the busy life of the harbor town, and it is these things that are described in the book. —E. S. R.

IMAGINATIVE AND FOLK TALES

HORTENSE. *By Natalie Savage Carlson. Illustrated by Nicolas. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. Hortense was a Normandy cow leading a placid existence when her beautiful white calf disappeared. All she asked of life was to find her calf but her search led her into many strange adventures with pirates, a shipwreck, and an eventful journey through Africa. Fate returns her to the court of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette's Petit Trianon. Children in fourth and fifth grades should find this imaginative search both unique and entertaining. While the humor is sometimes subtle and sophisticated it is also sprightly and original. Many excellent illustrations in black and white by Nicolas Mordvinoff add distinction to the book.
—R. H. H.

THE HUNDRED AND ONE DALMATIANS. *By Dodie Smith. Illustrated by Janet and Anne Grahame-Johnstone. Viking.* $2.75. The *dramatis personae* of this first children's book by the author of "I Capture the Castle" are Pongo and Missis, "a young married couple of Dalmatians," their fifteen puppies, their pets, the Dearlys, and a sinister woman named Cruella De Vil, who dotes on furs and is never seen without her cloak of "absolutely simple white mink." From Cruella's evil wish for Dalmatian fur coats to match her hair the plot develops, and Dalmatian puppies are kidnapped all over England.

In this amusing and well-written story the laws of good fantasy are obeyed. Pongo plans and executes a masterly rescue of the puppies—but the humans involved are never undeceived in their belief that he is just a good dog and all the rest is coincidence. —A. O'B. M.

MISS GRIMSBEE IS A WITCH. *By Gerald Weales. Illustrated by Lita Scheel. Little, Brown.* $2.75. Jimmy Felbs is very upset when his teacher says there are no witches today, for he knows that his friend Miss Grimsbee, the very respected president of the Garden Club, is a witch of many talents. Jimmy and Miss Grimsbee set out to prove that there are witches by turning the teacher into an alligator bag, the streets into sponge rubber, and the school into ice cream. A delightful combination of the everyday and fantasy, with sly allusions to today's government which will make reading it aloud fun for adults as well as children. Amusing line drawings by Lita Scheel. —NORMA RATHBUN.

MIKE FINK: *Snapping Turtle of the O-hi-o-, Snag of the Massassip. By James Cloyd Bowman. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Little, Brown.* $3. The exploits of Mike Fink are vigorously told by the same storyteller who has given us "Pecos Bill" and "Winabojo." Mike, who had the Mississippi and the Ohio so well under control that there was no need for Davy Crockett to remain in the neighborhood of the waterways, was the undisputed king of the Mississippi and the keel boatmen. Mr. Fisher's black-and-white illustrations have caught the humor and exaggeration of the tales. Storytellers will have fun relating these stories in the same language used by the tale-swapping rivermen.
—AUGUSTA BAKER.

THE HAT-SHAKING DANCE AND OTHER TALES FROM THE GOLD COAST. *By Harold Courlander with Albert Kofi Prempeh. Illustrated by Enrico Arno. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.95. The Ashanti people have lived on the Gold Coast of Africa for many years. Though life is changing, the old traditions are not forgotten, and people still gather to hear stories, many of them about the spider, Anansi. He is the smartest and yet the most stupid of all the creatures, sometimes a great hero and sometimes a veritable rascal. It will be interesting to use this collection with Philip Sherlock's "Anansi, the Spider Man," for the Gold Coast Anansi is the forerunner of the West Indian Anansi. Mr. Courlander has included notes on each of the stories. The stylized illustrations by Enrico Arno add to the attractiveness of this book, which Prempeh, the Gold Coast African, and Courlander, the folklorist, have added to the storyteller's shelf. —A. B.

—From "Hortense."
a placid existence."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SHIELD RING. *By Rosemary Sutcliff. Illustrated by Walter C. Hodges. Oxford.* $3. This absorbing tale of the struggles of the Vikings against the Norman invaders revolves around Frytha, a small child at the beginning of the story. When her home is burned and her family destroyed by the Normans, she and a faithful retainer escape to the inner fortress, the shield ring, of the Viking defenses. She grows to young womanhood acquiring some of the gentler arts but also learning to take her part in the defense of the homeland. Her companionship with Bjorn, their capture as spies by the enemy, and the last fateful battle add excitement to this well-written story of the fight for freedom against invading forces. For older boys and girls. —SARAH JONES.

THAT JUD! *By Elspeth Bragdon. Illustrated by Georges Schreiber. Viking.* $2.50. Mrs. Bragdon is to be saluted for this fine story of youth, as fresh as the New England breezes that blow through it, as sound as the moral values that premise it.

Her hero is a potentially "bad" boy, ward of a Maine town, who lives in a kind of spiritual loneliness because of the criticism constantly directed at him. Then a young priest and three other men give him their faith and confidence, and so armored he comes to a full realization of his own innate fineness.

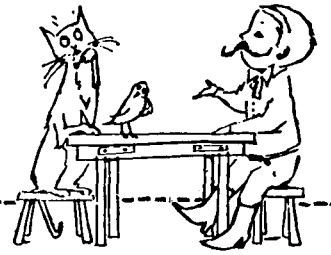
Jud is an appealing young person, and his story, written with honest conviction, is one of considerable stature. —E. S. R.

BOSS CHOMBALE. *By Margaret Carson Hubbard. Illustrated by Peter Spier. Crowell.* $2.75. Peter's father, an engineer, brought his family to Kafue, Northern Rhodesia, and Peter had to prove that he was not a "new chum." After many trials and some errors, he learned the ways of the bush and won the affection of the natives who nicknamed him "Boss Chombale." Mrs. Hubbard, who lived in Northern Rhodesia, knows the country and its inhabitants intimately. This is one of the best African stories for boys and girls because of the warm and natural relationships between the natives and the Hartley family, and between the Hartleys themselves. —A. B.

ELEPHANT BRIDGE. *By Jeffrey Potter. Illustrated by Roberta Moynihan. Viking.* $2.50. Though this is a story of Burma at war, fighting has little place in it. It is, rather, the story of the remarkable experience of a young Burmese boy and his life with a herd of elephants. Too young to enlist with

Harper Books

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS *SPRING 1957*



Winner of the 1956 Caldecott Medal

MARC SIMONT

Illustrator of

A TREE IS NICE

By Janice May Udry

A delightful book about the fun a child can have in, with, and under a tree. "Poetic simplicity and beauty . . . a delightful excursion into nature." — *San Francisco Call-Bulletin.* With a garland of multi-colored pictures. Ages 3-6. $2.50
Library edition $3.25

MAURICE SENDAK

VERY FAR AWAY. *Illustrated by the author.* Martin and the horse, the cat, and the sparrow went very far away for an hour and a half — and were very glad to return. "Laughable . . . at times ticklingly funny."—VIRGINIA KIRKUS.
Ages 4-8. $2.00

RUTH KRAUSS

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY. *Drawings by* **MAURICE SENDAK.** "Takes the reader to a marvelously joyous — and quite unexpected — birthday celebration."
—*Publishers' Weekly.* Ages 4-8. $1.50
Library edition $2.00

PALMER BROWN

CHEERFUL. The author-artist of BEYOND THE PAWPAW TREES and THE SILVER NUTMEG has created a merry picture-storybook glowing with color and filled with the cheerfulest mice.
Ages 4-8. $1.50

EMILY WHITTY LAMBERT

THE MAN WHO DREW CATS. *Pictures by* **SAUL LAMBERT.** Mr. Phip drew cats on everything and each cat made someone happy. The delightfully deft pictures, in 2 and 3 colors, reflect the story's gaiety. Ages 4-8. $2.00
Library edition $2.75

TOMI UNGERER

THE MELLOPS GO FLYING. *Illustrated by the author.* "Reminds one of the best of the Babar books with something else distinctive and original."
—VIRGINIA KIRKUS. Ages 4-8. $2.00
Library edition $2.75

MILLICENT SELSAM

SEE THROUGH THE JUNGLE. *Illustrated by* **WINIFRED LUBELL.** "Takes the reader on a thrilling journey through the South American rain forest."
—*Publishers' Weekly.* Ages 7-11. $2.50

RAYMOND F. YATES

THE BOY'S BOOK OF TOOLS. The long-needed, complete introductory guide to the basic tools used in the home and school workshop. With 75 photographs and diagrams. Ages 10 up. $2.50

NORMAN DALE

THE SECRET MOTORCAR. *Pictures by* **EDWARD SHENTON.** A fast-moving mystery story of two boys involved with an old car, several suspicious men, a long-lost son, and an attempted jewel theft.
Ages 8-12. $2.75

CROCKETT JOHNSON

TIME FOR SPRING. *Illustrated by the author.* "Wonderful conversations between a small girl and a snowman who obligingly melts away when he learns that the child longs for the coming of spring."—*Publishers' Weeekly.*
Ages 4-8. $1.50
Library edition $2.00

GENE ZION

DEAR GARBAGE MAN. *Illustrated by* **MARGARET BLOY GRAHAM.** The merry story of Stan, the new garbage man who just couldn't bear to throw *anything* away. "Takes a humorous peek at one of the cities' services and humanizes the men who run it."—VIRGINIA KIRKUS.
Ages 4-8. $2.00
Library edition $2.75

MARY STOLZ

BECAUSE OF MADELINE. Madeline's arrival at Bramley school causes change and thought in many lives. "The most outstanding writer of teen age novels today."—*Horn Book.* Ages 12 up. $2.75

ROBERT KRAUS

LADYBUG, LADYBUG! The author-artist of ALL THE MICE CAME blithely relates a story of the Ladybug's comical confusion when a little boy says: "Fly away home, your house is on fire, your children are gone." Ages 4-7. $1.75
Library edition $2.50

MARY CHALMERS

KEVIN. *Illustrated by the author.* "Some of the most delightful little animal pictures that Mary Chalmers has done . . . one of the most appealing rabbits to appear in the juvenile world since Beatrix Potter's Peter."—*Publishers' Weekly.*
Ages 3-6. $1.50
Library edition $2.00

JEAN LEE LATHAM

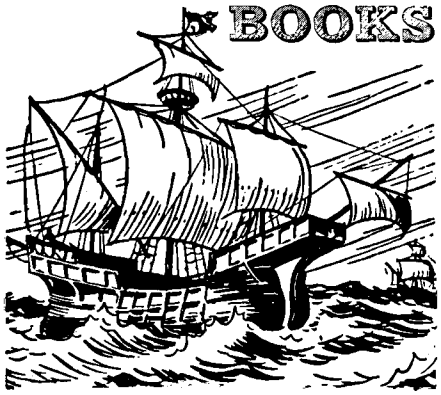
THIS DEAR-BOUGHT LAND. *Illustrated by* **JACOB LANDAU.** A boy's growing into manhood in Capt. John Smith's Jamestown colony. "Robust story . . . Miss Latham, who won the Newbery Award, has a knack of making the past seem very much alive."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Ages 12 up. $2.75

At all bookstores

HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y. 16

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BORZOI BOOKS



CELEBRATE AMERICA'S HISTORIC FESTIVALS

The Voyage of the *Mayflower II*

THE STORY OF THE "OLD COLONY" OF NEW PLYMOUTH (1620-1692)

by Samuel Eliot Morison

Illustrated with line drawings by *Charles H. Overly*. "A sample of the learned and gifted writing of Samuel Eliot Morison is brought to younger readers for the first time by this book. No one – adult or youngster – who picks up this history of the Pilgrim Fathers will find it easy to put down. ...Admiral Morison is a master storyteller."–*New York Times Book Review*. Ages 12 up. *$3.50*

The Jamestown Festival

POCAHONTAS AND HER WORLD

by Frances Carpenter

Illustrated in line by *W. Langdon Kihn*. This story gives a true picture of the Indian girl and the first settlers of Virginia. Told from the point of view of Pocahontas herself, it vividly relates how she became the human bridge between her people and the strange world across the waters. Ages 10-14. *$3.00*

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
Borzoi Books for Young People

ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*
501 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

the other men of his village, Maung Po ran away, hoping to join the army. Instead, he was adopted by a mother elephant recently bereft of her baby, and a strange affection and understanding between the young boy and the elephants developed. Together they destroyed a bridge the enemy had built across a deep *chaung*, or dry river bed, and by eliminating this means of transportation aided in the defense of Burma.

A great feeling for the jungle comes through the descriptive text and the innumerable black-and-white illustrations. —F. L. S.

—*From "Boss Chombale."*

"Warm and natural relationships."

JOE SUNPOOL. *By Don Wilcox. Illustrated by Allan Houser. Little, Brown.* $2.75. Joe Sunpool, a young Navaho Indian, has many adjustments to make as he leaves the reservation and enters Haskell Institute in Lawrence, Kansas. His homesickness, his frustrations, and some of his personal relationships at times dim his dreams of becoming a printer and contributing his talents to the improvement of his people. His boxing ability, his superb horsemanship, and the understanding friendship of a Cherokee girl help him meet the challenge of a new environment. Junior high school boys will like this story of courage and determination, and they will gain a better insight into the character and problems of the Indians Joe represents. The illustrations by the noted Indian artist Allan Houser have a simplicity and strength that are in accord with the text. —S. J.

ADVENTURE TO HOME. *By Robert Wells. Illustrated by Mary Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf.* $2.50. Twelve-year-old Dirk sometimes found the customs of the Pennsylvania Dutch "plain people" restricting, but he loved the warmth and closeness of his family life. It was hard for a boy who loved to ride to accept the fact that "a horse is to work." The opportunity to head West with his Uncle Justus in the early 1800s taught him something of life outside his own community and made his return on his own horse even more joyous. This is a simple and pleasing story for young readers, containing colloquial words and phrases to challenge their reading skill. —M. P. D.

ABOUT PEOPLE

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY: *America's Best-Loved Poet. By Toby Shafter. Messner.* $2.95. In many ways Miss Millay is a natural subject for a biography aimed at teen-agers. Not only have adolescents always loved her poetry, but certain aspects of her life will also be especially appealing to them. It is these aspects which the author has skilfully emphasized—her poor but carefree and unconventional childhood, her poetic triumphs while she was still in her teens, and her conquest of New York's literary world while in her early twenties. Dramatics at Vassar and in Greenwich Village, the many suitors, travel in Europe, her love for and marriage to Eugen Boissevain, and finally her sad death are all, in spite of a lack of distinction in the writing style, well and wisely handled. Miss Shafter has done a creditable job which will be enjoyed by teen-age girls, especially those with any literary aspirations of their own. —LILLIAN MORRISON.

ELIZABETH. *By Frances Winwar. Illustrated by Enrico Arno. World.* $3. In telling the romantic love story of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning the author has succeeded in presenting two remarkable individuals as well. There is almost as much of Italy's upheavals and France's struggles under the shadow of Napoleon as there is of the Victorian life of the Barretts on Wimpole Street. Therefore Elizabeth's passion for both personal and national freedoms and her admiration, sometimes misplaced, for strong men can be more readily understood. Robert Browning emerges as a voice for true democracy as well as the gallant lover.

The careful research that was done for the earlier "Immortal Lovers" is evident here, and one new poem—"Song"—appears in print for the first time. —GRACE SLOCUM.

THE MAN WHO WAS CHOSEN. *The Story of Pope Pius XII. By Elise Lavelle. Illustrated with photographs. Whittlesey House.* $2.75. By its very nature the exalted office of the Holy See obscures the man who holds it. It is, therefore, a credit to the author, who is the religious editor of *The New York Times*, that she has been able to show in this biography the warmth and stature of the personality of Eugenio Pacelli, the present Pope. We catch glimpses

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of him in various roles—as a child in his family setting, as a Roman schoolboy, as an enthusiastic athlete, as Vatican librarian, as statesman extraordinary, and finally as Pope, the courageous and creative leader of his church and a great man in his own right. —A. O'B. M.

TOM PAINE: FREEDOM'S APOSTLE. *By Leo Gurko. Illustrated by Fritz Kredel. Crowell.* $2.75. That some men achieve greatness because of the times in which they live is clearly brought out in this life of Tom Paine. Coming to America at the age of thirty-seven after unsuccessful attempts to make a living in England, Paine was caught up in the fury for freedom prevalent in America at the outbreak of the Revolution. His faith in reason and its power to solve man's problems cost him many personal friendships and took him into the hotbeds of English and French politics at the close of the eighteenth century.

Though deceptively simple in appearance, this book will be best appreciated by young people with some knowledge of the times in England and France as well as in America. The first few chapters are somewhat repetitious and confusingly unchronological, but for the most part the book is clear and exciting reading.

—G. S.

ABOUT MANY THINGS

THE MAGIC STONES. *By Alain. Whittlesey House.* $2.50. Alain has had a good time creating this book, which combines legend with fact so beguilingly. With clear and delightful informality he turns the development of the arch into a brisk and entertaining story. We see the French of the twelfth century struggling against Monsieur Down (gravity) until at last their inventiveness, perseverance, and imagination solve the physical problems and they erect their noble cathedrals. Alain has not only created an excellent introduction to architecture for children but has also given them a realization of how the artist derives his ideas from nature. The pictures are notable for their clarity as illustrations and their simple elegance as designs. —M. C.

WHAT COULD YOU SEE? *Written and illustrated by Jeanne Bendick. Whittlesey House.* $2. A colorful science picture book that will serve as a stimulant to looking, and also provide directives concerning what to watch for on a trip to the zoo, lake shore, or walk through the weeds. Coverage also includes suggestions on how to plant a window garden, to record the shapes of leaves, to recognize kinds

Your guide to the wonderful world of

ARIEL BOOKS

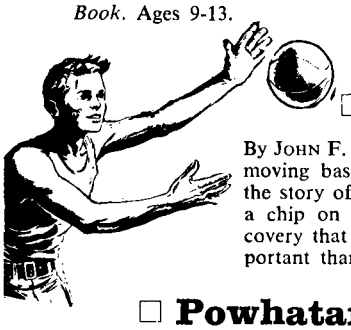
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

☐ **Kevin O'Connor and the Light Brigade**

By LEONARD WIBBERLEY. Ireland a hundred years ago and the famous charge of the Light Brigade are the subjects of this superbly realistic adventure story. "Solid historical facts and fanciful Irish legend are blended in just the right proportions for A-1 fiction."—*New York Times Book Review.* Ages 12-16. *$2.75*

☐ **Susan's Secret**

By HILDRETH C. WRISTON. Illustrated by W. T. MARS. In this warm and winning story of family life in Vermont just before the Civil War, an eleven-year-old girl discovers the real meaning of the word "liberty" as she plays an important part in helping slaves escape to freedom. "Makes the Underground Railroad more real to children than any book I have read. It will be a favorite."—*The Horn Book.* Ages 9-13. *$2.75*



☐ **Floorburns**

By JOHN F. CARSON. More than a fast-moving basketball novel, this is also the story of a young star athlete with a chip on his shoulder and his discovery that some things are more important than winning. Ages 12-16. *$3.00*

☐ **Powhatan and Captain Smith**

By OLGA W. HALL-QUEST. Illustrated by DOUGLAS GORSLINE. A chronicle of the Jamestown colony in Tidewater Virginia and the battle of wits between shrewd, crafty Powhatan, the Indian Chieftain, and Captain John Smith, the English adventurer. Ages 9-13. *$2.75*

☐ **Three Boys and a Girl**

By MARGARETTA BRUCKER. Teenage girls will love this absorbing story of the romance of a 17-year-old miss with a well-to-do but unreliable young man who tempts her with luxuries her family could never afford. Ages 12-16. *$2.75*

SOME CURRENT BESTSELLERS FOR CHILDREN

☐ **Mr. Stubbs**

By T. L. MCCREADY, JR. Illustrated in four colors by TASHA TUDOR. Ages 4-8. *$2.50*

☐ **The Magic Christmas Tree**

By LEE KINGMAN. Illustrated in four colors by BETTINA. Ages 5-10. *$2.75*

☐ **Carry On, Grumms!**

By BESSIE WHITE. Illustrated by GRACE PAULL. Ages 5-10. *$2.75*

☐ **Snow Birthday**

By HELEN KAY. Illustrated in four colors by BARBARA COONEY. Ages 4-8. *$2.50*

Use this ad as a guide to the best in books for boys and girls. Tear it out, mark off your selections, and take it to your bookstore. They will be happy to fill your order.

ARIEL BOOKS

are published by the Children's Book Division of

FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY

101 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 3

Write for free list of other fine Ariel Books.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Longmans

BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS
SPRING 1957

The Shining Road

By DOROTHY SCOFIELD. A summer of surprises and Elinor finds what to do with her life. Ages 12-16. $2.75

Conquer the Winds

By ERNIE RYDBERG. On glider wings Rocky finds himself.
Ages 12-16. $2.75

New Dreams for Old

By TOM PERSON. Caroline, suddenly in charge of the cotton farm in the Delta, learns to mingle old and new.
Ages 12-16. $2.75

Wan-Fu: TEN THOUSAND HAPPINESSES

By ALICE MARGARET HUGGINS and HUGH L. ROBINSON. A North China girl finds the way to education and happiness. Ages 10-14. $2.75

The Listening Post

By MARION BARRETT OBERMEYER. Dan Burnett's adventures tell the exciting story of the early days of radio.
Ages 12-16. $3.00

Julie's Heritage

By CATHERINE MARSHALL. Her own integrity eventually brings a Negro girl friends in high school.
Ages 12-16. $3.00

Spitzee Anota

By D. R. KING. Young Ted, after capture by Indians, escapes and wins them back to friendliness.
Ages 12-16. $3.25

Wings over Labrador

By JACK HAMBLETON. A story of an airlift operation into the wilderness of Labrador. Ages 12-16. $3.00

Green as Spring

By ROSALYS HASKELL HALL. A warmhearted story of the joys and sorrows of growing up.
Ages 12-16. $3.00

Anna Sewell and Black Beauty

By MARGARET J. BAKER. The Quaker girl who grew up to write the beloved classic, *Black Beauty*.
Ages 10-14. $2.50

At all bookstores

LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY
55 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 3

of spider webs, shells, and snowflakes, plus a dozen and one other objects of equal interest to nursery and primary age level of children. Recommended for consideration for homes as well as library book shelves; it is sure to be welcomed with enthusiasm.

—D. McG.

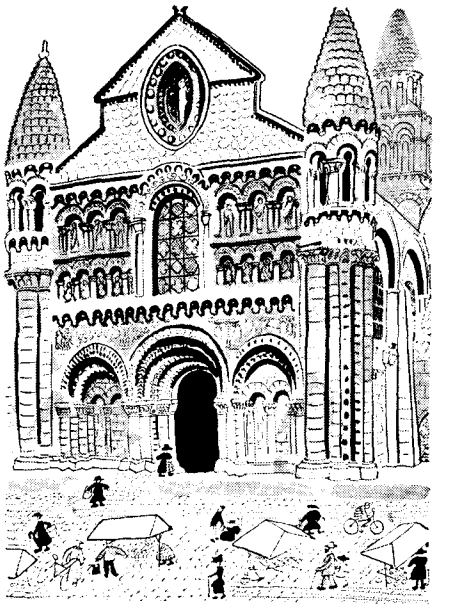
RUN SANDPIPER RUN. *Story and lithographs by Lloyd Lozes Goff. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2.50. Sanderling, the young sandpiper follows the spring north from South America to the breeding grounds in Labrador. There he mates and there the young sandpipers learn to care for themselves until it is their turn to go south. Young children who are interested in birds will like this authentic story of the migration of the sandpipers and the experiences they have on their journey. The author's colorful lithographs catch the movement of the tiny birds as they dart about on the beach in quest of food and try their wings in flight. —S. J.

MAGIC HOUSE OF NUMBERS. *By Irving Adler. Illustrated by Ruth Adler. John Day.* $2.95. The mystery of numbers and their interrelations is compared to a magic house whose stairs may lead you to surprises. Indeed this is proven constantly when curiosities about number sequences are revealed. It is a book that stimulates imagination and would be particularly enjoyable if shared. In addition to facts about numbers, there are puzzles, problems, and games from different parts of the globe, as well as mathematical card tricks devised by the author. These require only a basic elementary knowledge of arithmetic for their solution.

If arithmetic as a subject in the school curriculum were approached as it is here, there would be no doubt that arithmetic could be exciting.

—JULIA JUSSIM BRODY.

MANHATTAN ISLAND. *By May Garelick. Woodcuts by John Ross and Clare Romano Ross. Crowell.* $2.75. The hustle and bustle of New York come through the text and pictures of this portrait of a great city by day and by night, at work and at play, independent in spirit yet dependent for its very life on areas outside itself. It is a restless city, always on the move, quieter on Sundays and at night, but even then tense, waiting as if something were about to happen. The striking woodcuts in brown, gray, and black make this a handsome book that children, too young to read, will like to look at. By synthesizing facts and impressions, places and people, and all of the intangibles into a unified whole, Miss Garelick has done for



—*From "The Magic Stones."*

"brisk and entertaining story."

Manhattan what Ruth Tooze in a more poetic way did for the United States in "America," decorated by Valenti Angelo (Viking).

—F. L. S.

EXPERIMENTS WITH A MICROSCOPE. *By Nelson F. Beeler and Franklyn M. Branley. Illustrated by Anne Marie Jauss. Crowell.* $2.75. This experienced writing team has produced a useful and much needed book on the microscope and its uses. A readable and well-organized text aided by many clear diagrams and illustrations describe the microscope, how to use it, mount specimens, and prepare many experiments. While the introductory material is sufficiently simple to aid the young reader in fourth or fifth grade, enough development is included to attract the more experienced and older boy and girl. Culturing protozoa, observing bacteria, photomicography are treated in separate chapters. An index increases the usefulness of this welcome addition to books on science for boys and girls.

—R. H. H.

MEN OF MEDICINE. *By Katherine B. Shippen. Illustrated by Anthony Ravielli. Viking.* $3.50. The story of man's constant search for knowledge about his own body and the diseases that assail him is dramatically recounted in this history of medicine that spans 5,000 years. Swiftly we journey from ancient Sumaria, where we hear priest-physicians chant to drive away demons; through tombs where records of medical practice are revealed; on to the lofty Askelpian temples, where "temple sleep" seems a forerunner of modern psychotherapy, and then to the immediate present with "mycin" already a household word.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We linger at milestones of medical discovery, and through records and fragments of journals, we glimpse the men who made them possible. Although their lives are secondary to the drama itself, these personal encounters may lead the child to fuller biographical material.

It is an absorbing tale that is well told, and has the added virtue of being in an attractive format—all of which should make it appealing to the older child interested in medicine.

—J. J. B.

STORIES FROM THE BIBLE. *By Margherita Fanchiotti. Illustrated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe. Oxford.* $3. These stories from the Old and New Testaments are retold with a keen appreciation of their dramatic power and a sensitive regard for their historic and religious significance. The author is stirred by the events of those fabulous times, and she handles the material imaginatively and reverently. She gives to the old tales her own interpretation, occasionally changing fact to suit her purpose as a storyteller. Scene and character are portrayed as vividly here as in her earlier book about Noah, "A Bow in the Cloud." The result is a brilliant and absorbing collection of Bible stories, beautifully and simply rendered, which should take the reader immediately to the Bible itself.

—M. C.

There have been in recent years a number of books for the eight- to twelve-year-olds on many aspects of nature—birds and insects, plants and animals. These have been characterized by simple text, good illustrations, attractive format, and accurate information. All have a place in the nature section of the library's collection or among the child's own books. New titles to add to this growing list are:

THE HOLE IN THE TREE. *Story and Pictures by Jean George. Dutton.* $2.50. An old apple tree is host to a variety of insects and animals as each enlarges and adapts for its use the tiny hole made originally by a bark beetle for her eggs—a wood borer, a carpenter bee, a chickadee, a deer mouse, a downy woodpecker, a flycatcher, a blue bird, and finally a raccoon.

—F. L. S.

LEAPER: *The Story of an Atlantic Salmon. Written and illustrated by Robert M. McClung. Morrow.* $2.25. This is the story of the development of a salmon, its trip to the ocean, and its mysterious return to the upper reaches of the river where it had hatched for its own mating. The hazards it encountered, the fish ladder built around an artificial dam, and the natural falls it had to leap are described in vivid details.

—F. L. S.

THE RIVER'S JOURNEY. *By Anne Marie Jauss. Lippincott.* $2.25. This is the biography of a river beginning where a spring flows out of some rocks high in the mountains, continuing as a small stream rushing over pebbles and tumbling down boulders, cutting through a gorge, dropping to power a

O for a Booke and a shadie nooke,
Eyther in-a-doore or out;
With the grene leaves whispering overhede,
Or the streete cryes all about;
Where I maie Reade all at my ease,
Both of the Newe and Olde,
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke
Is better to me than golde.

—JOHN WILSON, 19th century bookseller

A CHILD'S BOOK OF DREAMS
Beatrice Schenk de Regniers. Drawings by Bill Sokol. The lovely absurdities of a child's dream world fill this unusual book. Imaginative drawings by a fine artist. Ages 4-8. $2.25

THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF
Pictures by Marcia Brown. A Caldecott Award-winning artist catches the very essence of this well-loved Norwegian folk tale. Ages 4-8. $3.00

HORTENSE, THE COW FOR A QUEEN
Natalie Savage Carlson. Illustrated by Nicolas Mordvinoff. Rollicking humor distinguishes this tall tale and Nicolas' interpretive drawings for it. Ages 6-10. $2.75

BITSY
Sally Scott. Illustrated by Beth Krush. For beginning-to-read children, this appealing story of a Siamese kitten makes an ideal book. Ages 6-10. $2.25

TIGER'S CHANCE
Jan Henry. Illustrated by Hilary Knight. A magic journey on which Rajah, the beautiful tiger rug, takes Jennifer is described with skill and humor. Ages 6-10. $2.75

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE FESTIVAL PRIZE BOOK

GONE-AWAY LAKE
Elizabeth Enright. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. A gifted writer again creates unforgettable characters and vivid scenes of high adventure in this delightful story of an exciting vacation. Ages 8-12. $3.00

MAGIC BY THE LAKE
Edward Eager. Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker. The four children so well loved by readers of *Half Magic* embark on a new series of magic adventures. Ages 8-12. $2.95

FLAMING ARROWS
William O. Steele. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. In this dramatic story Chad Rabun—a frontier boy in Tennessee—learns the importance of tolerance and fair play. Ages 8-12. $2.75

THE HAT-SHAKING DANCE: AND OTHER TALES FROM THE GOLD COAST
Harold Courlander with Albert Kofi Prempeh. Illustrated by Enrico Arno. A collection of wise and humorous folk tales, strikingly illustrated. Ages 8 up. $2.95

BLUE MYSTERY
Margot Benary-Isbert. Illustrated by Enrico Arno. Annegret helps to recover a valuable plant stolen from her father's nursery in this unusual story. Ages 9-12. $2.95

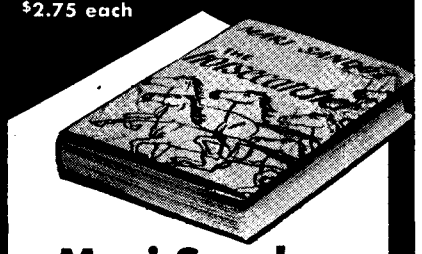
THE WILD ANGEL
E. C. Spykman. The sometimes dangerous, often wildly funny, but always intensely individual situations in which the Cares children find themselves make a memorable book. Ages 10-14. $2.75

At all booksellers **HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literature for Youth
from WESTMINSTER

$2.75 each



Mari Sandoz
writes a new book of such adult literary merit that it was a selection of the Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club

THE HORSECATCHER
An outstanding novel about a peace-loving Cheyenne youth who finds the courage to pursue his own ambitions despite his tribe's disfavor. *For tens, teens, and young adults.*

THE WONDERFUL TIME
By *James L. Summers.* Larry Richmond comes back to high school after serving in the Army, and faces the problem of picking up where he left off. *Ages 12-15.*

PALOMINO GIRL
By *Amelia Elizabeth Walden.* Kit Kendall, accustomed to running her father's ranch, learns that bullying won't work with her college chums or her boy friend. *Ages 12-15.*

CHEROKEE BOY
By *Alexander Key.* Against the authentic background of the "Trail of Tears," a heroic Indian boy undergoes almost impossible trials to help his tribe find refuge. *Ages 12-15.*

SOMEONE TO CARE
By *Nancy Paschal.* Orphaned at 16, Betty Fondren finds a whole new life when an author helps her discover new courage, new faith, and new friendships. *Ages 12-16.*

SIDE LINE VICTORY
By *Jack Paulson.* The sportswriter for a school paper is caught in a struggle between the football coach and the star player. Illustrated. *Ages 10-14.*

SECOND YEAR NURSE
By *Margaret McCulloch.* The second year of nurse's training seems too hard to Jan, until a mysterious young surgeon gives her the inspiration she needs. *Ages 12-15.*

GENERAL CROOK: Indian Fighter
By *Fairfax Downey.* The fierce battles, daring escapes, and clever schemes that inspired Sherman to call General Crook "the greatest Indian fighter the Army ever had." *Ages 12-15.*

HIGHLAND FLING
By *Sybil Burr.* Three youngsters explore the Scottish island of St. Bride and become involved with a secret hidden in an old tower. *Ages 12-15.*

CIRCUS DAZE
By *Velma Griffin.* The thrilling story of an orphan who joins the circus only to find, after some hair-raising adventures, that life under the "big top" isn't all clowns and cotton candy. Illustrated. *Ages 9-12.*

THE WESTMINSTER PRESS, Philadelphia 7

mill, widening and slowing up in the lowlands, finally forming a harbor as it flows into the sea. —F. L. S.

SEE THROUGH THE JUNGLE. *By Millicent Selsam. Pictures by Winifred Lubell. Harper.* $2.50. Here, as in "See Through the Forest" and "See Through the Sea," Miss Selsam and Miss Lubell have presented animals and plants that inhabit the various layers of jungle life. Starting at ground level, they describe, in text and illustrations, what would be seen up to four or five feet above one's head, in the mid-part of the jungle, and in the topmost branches of the tallest trees. —F. L. S.

THE RABBIT STORY. *Text by Alvin Tresselt. Pictures by Leonard Weisgard. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* $2.50. It is good to have another book from the team of Tresselt and Weisgard, whose last offering was "Rain Drop, Splash," a runner-up for the Caldecott Medal in 1948. "The Rabbit Story" is the life cycle of a little wild rabbit and is the first of a new nature series. The text is poetic and charming and the large illustrations are beautifully reproduced in gravure. Every child will welcome the little rabbit who was taught to "Beware the swift-running fox. . . . The hungry weasel. . . . The velvet-winged owl. . . . Be careful . . . watch out!", but who had not been warned about traps and the little boy who was his friend.
—M. P. D.

High Adventure For Young Adults

By JEAN C. ROOS, *supervisor of Youth Department, Cleveland Public Library.*

HIGH adventure and high spirits go hand in hand with that exuberant, unpredictable, challenging group we call "young adults." High adventure of many kinds, in many fields of interests; high adventure with reality and vitality—young adults want books that have plenty of action, suspense, dramatic style, characters that catch the imagination, and a degree of integrity that will satisfy their own forthright honesty. Settings can be anywhere or anytime—modern, historical, under the sea, conquest of space, exploration, mountain climbing, scientific, the world of nature, current world situations—in fact, the interests of the group are as broad as life itself. The challenge is to discover the interests, to deepen them and to extend them.

One of the most popular books with the older boys last year was the marvelous tale of World War II by Alistair MacLean, "The H.M.S. Ulysses" (Doubleday), the grim, powerful story of personal suffering and heroism in the American and British convoy bound for Murmansk. In MacLean's recent book, "The Guns of Navarone" (Doubleday), he has again produced a superb tale with masterful characterization. Five men were carefully chosen and assigned the task of destroying German guns on a small, high-cliffed, practically impregnable island fortress in the Mediterranean on which 1200 men were stranded. Allied attacks from the sea and from the air had failed. The only solution was to do what the Germans considered impossible—to land in a small boat at the foot of the towering cliffs and scale them. Captain Keith Mallory, noted New Zealand mountain climber, was the leader. The expedition included Andy Stevens, another climber who fought his fear of being afraid and who became the bravest of all; Dusty Miller, an American, who was an experienced saboteur and demolitions expert; Casey Brown, communications man, and Andrea, the powerful Greek who hated the Germans but who had compassion for his fellow man. Superhuman efforts to keep the caïque afloat, the transporting of the explosives, the arduous climb and the encounter with the German sentries, the treachery of an islander whom they trusted, all are part of a tense, dramatic tale with many values. The war is very close to the reader and the characters real. The scaling of the cliffs in "The Guns of Navarone" will make any boy want to read Edmund Hillary's "High Adventure" (Dutton), which tells about the conquest of Mt. Everest.

The interest created in the war and the German army by "The Guns of Navarone" could well lead to Brian Connell's new book, "A Watcher on the Rhine: An Appraisal of Germany Today" (Morrow). This important book should stimulate thought and discussion. The author, an outstanding British journalist, studied in Germany shortly before World War II, fought during the war and later became head of the *London News Chronicle*'s Current Affairs Bureau. He analyzes the political, economic,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and social recovery of Germany and the forces shaping the future of East and West Germany and Europe.

An outstanding book in this area of interest is "The Long Walk," by Slavomir Rawicz as told to Ronald Downing (Harper). Rawicz, a young Polish officer, was convicted as a spy on false espionage charges, was brutally treated and sentenced by the Soviets to a slave-labor camp in Siberia. This is the harrowing tale of his escape with six of his fellow prisoners, a trek of 4,000 miles, on foot and by truck, through forests and grasslands, over the Gobi Desert and Himalayan Mountains to India and finally freedom.

Only the author and three of the other prisoners survived. This is an epic of heroism and endurance, a heartbreaking account of a search to freedom. Boys will discover similar appeals in "Seven Years in Tibet," by Heinrich Harrer (Dutton), which concerns a German prisoner who escaped from a war camp in India to the forbidden city of Lhasa and who remained there until the Communists arrived.

ANOTHER Iron Curtain escape concerns two Hungarian ballet dancers, Istan Rabovsky and Nora Kovach, husband and wife, who risked their lives for freedom in the West. In "Leap Through the Curtain" (Dutton) the two dancers tell their story to George Mikes, describing their training at the Royal Hungarian Opera in Budapest, the occupation of their country by the Nazis and the Russians, dancing tours in the satellite countries, and their escape.

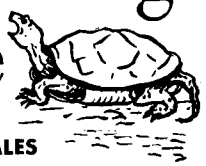
An intriguing adventure and mystery story with the background of Ireland and the understanding of Irish ways and temperament is "Danger Under the Moon," by Maurice Walsh (Lippincott). David Daunt, the hero, has just been paroled and returns to his ancestral estate after serving nine years in prison for a murder he did not commit. He knows he must prove his innocence and find the real killer. The unraveling involves a tangled romance, and the suspense is maintained to the end. This is a romantic mystery with the charm and beauty of the Irish countryside and moonlit nights, when much of the action takes place.

Two excellent books of high adventure to catch the immediate interest of almost any young adult are "Hangman's Cliff," by Robert Neill (Doubleday) and "The Wreck of the Mary Deare," by Hammond Innes (Knopf). In "Hangman's Cliff," a tale of love and smugglers in The Cliffs of Dover, Captain William Appleton, hoping for peace and seclusion, after years at sea, brings his daughter to live in the house on The Cliffs, willed to him by an uncle. Mysterious whisperings, signal lights, hoofbeats in the night, the coming and going of unknown ships and kidnapping give evidence of a dark legacy. This tale of the 1780s is filled not only with adventure and mystery but with fascinating details about ships and the men who sailed them.

And so to "The Wreck of the Mary Deare"—where man is pitted against

VANCE RANDOLPH brings you still more of his delicious Ozark folk tales . . . better even than *The Devil's Pretty Daughter* and *Who Blowed Up the Church House?* Don't miss —

The Talking Turtle

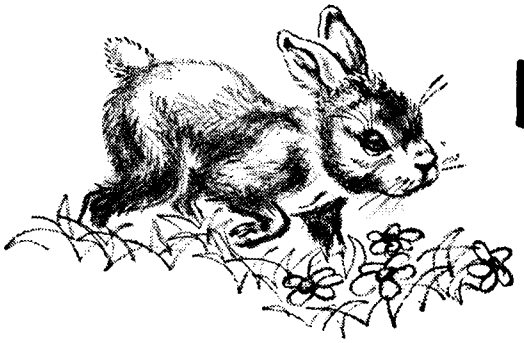


AND OTHER OZARK FOLK TALES

Illustrated. $4.00 at bookstores

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS

New York 27



New Spring BOOKS

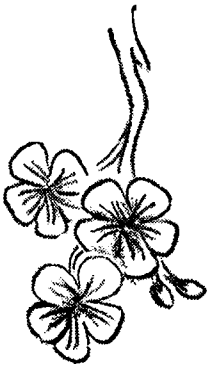
THE RIVER QUEEN
By Peter Burchard
The boy Chip rides on his father's Mississippi riverboat. A striking, gaily-colored picture book. Ages 4-8.
Boards $2.50; Rein.cloth $3.00

FREDDY
By Miriam E. Mason
Illustrated by Vee Guthrie.
A pet rabbit of fierce demeanor complicates the life of his owners. An engaging first reader. Ages 6-8. $2.00

LITTLE O
By Edith Unnerstad
Illustrated by Louis Slobodkin.
A little girl in a happy Swedish family knows just where to look for mischief. Ages 6-10. $2.50

THE MYSTERIOUS MACHINE
By Glen Dines
Illustrated by the author.
Two boys' fast-paced, madcap adventure with science, crooks, and the speed of sound. Ages 8-12. $2.75

WILD GEESE FLYING
By Cornelia Meigs
Illustrated by Charles Geer.
The warm-hearted Milton family solve a mystery about the big house they have inherited in Vermont. Ages 8-12. $2.75



The Macmillan Company
60 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 11, N.Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the sea and wind and nature. A wild March storm in the English Channel and an apparently abandoned ship change the course of John Sands's life as he sights the drifting derelict from his salvage boat. The mystery uncovered when the stranded ship is finally boarded is well sustained in this first-rate sea story.

The boys who have read "The Coast of Coral," by Arthur C. Clarke (Harper), concerning the undersea explorations of Australia's Great Barrier Reef, will need no introduction to his latest book," "The Reefs of Taprobane," which takes the author and Mike Wilson to Ceylon. With new equipment for both photography and diving, they start their underwater adventures at Matara. All of this adds up to a true high adventure tale illustrated with remarkable photographs in black and white and in color by Mike Wilson. Arthur Clarke will also be remembered for his excellent introduction into the exploration of space in a book by that title, as well as his "Interplanetary Flight" and "The Exploration of the Moon" (Harper). To develop even further interest in underwater experiences, Jacques Yves Cousteau's "The Silent World" (Harper) is suggested.

Rear Admiral George Dufek, Commander of the U. S. Naval forces in the Antarctic, is an authority on polar exploration, and in his "Operation Deepfreeze" discusses two expeditions in the Arctic and two in the Antarctic. Currently he has been assigned to the South Pole for The International Geophysical Year 1957-58 in Operation Deepfreeze, the Navy's Antarctic Expedition. He gives numerous personal observations about the Antarctic zone and about the men who have chosen this field as a career. There are many amusing anecdotes and considerable drama, particularly when he flies over the South Pole. All boys who enjoyed Richard Byrd's "Alone" (Putnam) will enjoy "Operation Deepfreeze" and will also read Walter Sullivan's "Quest for a Continent" (McGraw-Hill), a resume of Antarctica discovery.

One of the most inspiring recent books is the biography of Edward Sheldon, "The Man Who Lived Twice," by Eric W. Barnes, (Scribner's). "The most unforgettable character I've met," Anne Morrow Lindbergh calls him in an introductory chapter. Everyone will agree with her after reading this fascinating interpretation of a great man and a successful playwright. Ned Sheldon had an enormous zest for living. Graduated *magna cum laude* from Harvard in 1907, fourteen years later he was crippled with paralytic arthritis. He became blind and was threatened with the loss of speech and hearing. Although confined in his penthouse in New York, he kept in communication with the outside world daily. From inner resources of heart and brain he made a new life for himself and radiated an undaunted spirit. The influence he exerted in the theatre was amazing: his opinions and ideas were constantly sought by playwrights and actors, many of whom he helped to fame and fortune. He gave comfort and encouragement to those in trouble, and spiritual and financial help where it was needed. His courage and understanding never failed; and never did he discuss his own fate with those who came to see him. In spite of his disabilities, he entertained a great deal, and his generosity was boundless. He was unspoiled by dramatic successes and remained undefeated by his personal tragedy. He enjoyed a world of lasting friendships, and his life became a far nobler work than his plays. His was a courageous life, a high adventure in living.

abingdon

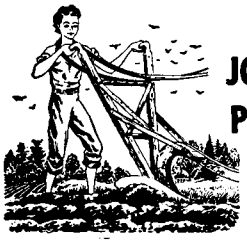
presents

ARMED WITH COURAGE

May McNeer and Lynd Ward

Stories of high courage—physical and spiritual—in the lives of Florence Nightingale, Father Damien, George Washington Carver, Jane Addams, Wilfred Grenfell, Gandhi, and Schweitzer. These biographies of seven people who dared to be true to their ideals at any cost make living an inspiration and a challenge to young readers.

Ages 9 up. $2.50



JOHN MUIR PROTECTOR OF THE WILDS

Madge Haines and Leslie Morrill
Illustrated by Avery Johnson

From the east coast to west and up to Alaska—boys and girls will follow this famous naturalist as he explores the wilderness on foot. They will discover the drama of conservation as he fights for national parks to save the forests and animals he loves from destruction. A *Makers of America* biography.

Ages 8-12. $1.50

A BABY FOR BETSY

Anne Guy
Illustrated by Priscilla Pointer

A bright-colored, easy-to-read picture-story of a little girl who longed for a baby sister to love. The surprise ending, the adoption of twins, will delight all young children. *Ages 4-7. $1.25*

abingdon press

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MAMA (OR PAPA) WAS ON THE STAGE

Each of the following individuals is appearing or has appeared in a dramatic production during the current theatrical season, and each is the son or daughter of a theatrical person (or pair of persons: in some cases *both* parents are actors). Identify the parent or parents and tell the play involved, asks Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Missouri. Answers on page 66.

1. Sarah Marshall
2. Sidney Chaplin
3. Anna Massey
4. John Merivale
5. Elizabeth Montgomery
6. Michael Lindsay-Hogg
7. Claudia Morgan
8. Glynis Johns
9. Jason Robards
10. Cornelia Otis Skinner

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR YOUNG ADULTS

PATCH. *By C. H. Frick. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75. Although Patch was a natural-born runner, he had to learn to take competition seriously when he joined the track team at West High. Boys in search of the sports-centered story will find the action and the development of team situations satisfying. A brief glimpse of Patch's relaxed and musical family intrigues the reader, and one could wish they figured more prominently. But they serve to emphasize Patch's character and personality, which add an individual note to a well-developed sports story.

—R. H. H.

THE BEAU COLLECTOR. *By Pauline H. Coleman. Dodd, Mead.* $2.75. Charlotte Dillon, unlike her older sister Ella of "The Different One," is a popular, out-going, charming high-school sophomore. Life gets complicated for her when she successfully ensnares so many young men that she can hardly keep her dates straight. Even the girl friends are beginning to resent taking second place whenever siren Charl is around. During a family camping trip to Yosemite in the summer, she grows up a little and begins to understand the obligations of adult friendship. Although some of the situations are a little contrived, younger girls will like this wholesome, happy story with its warm family relationships and touches of romance and intrigue.

—E. W. P.

YOUNG INCA PRINCE. *By Alida Malkus. Illustrated by William Moyers. Knopf.* $3. The plot of this story is developed as a closely-knit tapestry, woven around events and individuals involved in the welding together of the Inca Empire during the life and reign of Prince Cusi's father in the middle of the fifteenth century. Mrs. Malkus,

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 724

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 724 will be found in the next issue.

PA HODBEAPBC TPA RHCD

AHB XHQR HGEAEHAD, OKB

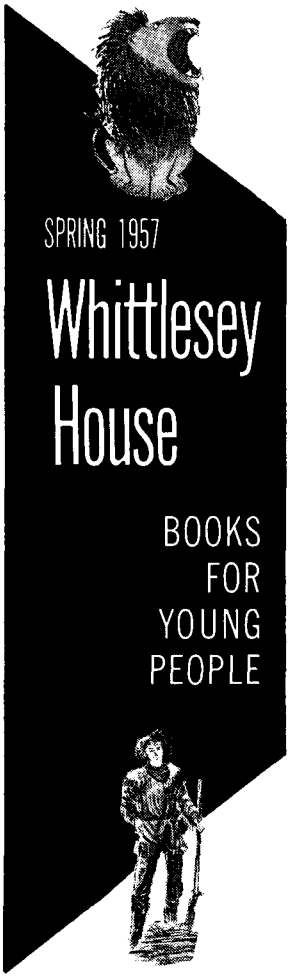
BXCL XHQR XET.

DPTKCQ OKBQCF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 723

A classic is something everybody wants to have read and nobody wants to read.

—MARK TWAIN.



THE HAPPY LION ROARS
By LOUISE FATIO. *Pictures in color by Roger Duvoisin.* In his latest adventure, the famous, but lonely, Happy Lion is befriended by the most Beautiful Lioness in the world. Ages 4-8. *$2.00*

WHAT COULD YOU SEE?
Adventures in Looking
Written and illustrated in color by JEANNE BENDICK. A fascinating springboard to information on plants, animals, rocks, rivers, hills, sky, and weather signs. Ages 5-9. *$2.00*

A SONG FOR GAR
By JEAN MERRILL. *Pictures in color by Ronni Solbert.* Here's how Absalom, who couldn't even carry a tune, helped his big brother win the song-swapping contest. Ages 6-10. *$2.25*

THE MAGIC STONES
The Story of the Arch
Written and illustrated in color by ALAIN. How men discovered the secret of putting stones together and raising beautiful buildings. By the author-artist of *The Elephant and the Flea.* Ages 7-11. *$2.50*

CALL OF THE WHITE FOX
By WILLIS LINDQUIST. *Illustrated by P. A. Hutchison.* An action-packed tale of Mark and his Eskimo friends; of dogs, of foxes, snowshoe rabbits, caribou and other far north creatures. Ages 8-12. *$2.75*

WHERE THE TRAIL DIVIDES
By LORNA CALLAHAN. *Illustrated by Paul Galdone.* An unusual novel of a courageous young French girl in a northwest wagon train. Ages 12-16. *$3.00*

All books are clothbound. Write for free catalog.
WHITTLESEY HOUSE
A Division of McGraw-Hill Book Co., N. Y. 36

A distinguished biography

TOM PAINE
Freedom's Apostle
By LEO GURKO

Tom Paine was impractical and blunt, eloquent and idealistic. Because he was so complex, he was, and remains until today, a controversial figure. Benjamin Franklin said that Jefferson and Monroe thought him the ablest man writing for the American cause; but others, like Gouverneur Morris thought him a low dog, and said that he was a troublemaker and consorted with riffraff.

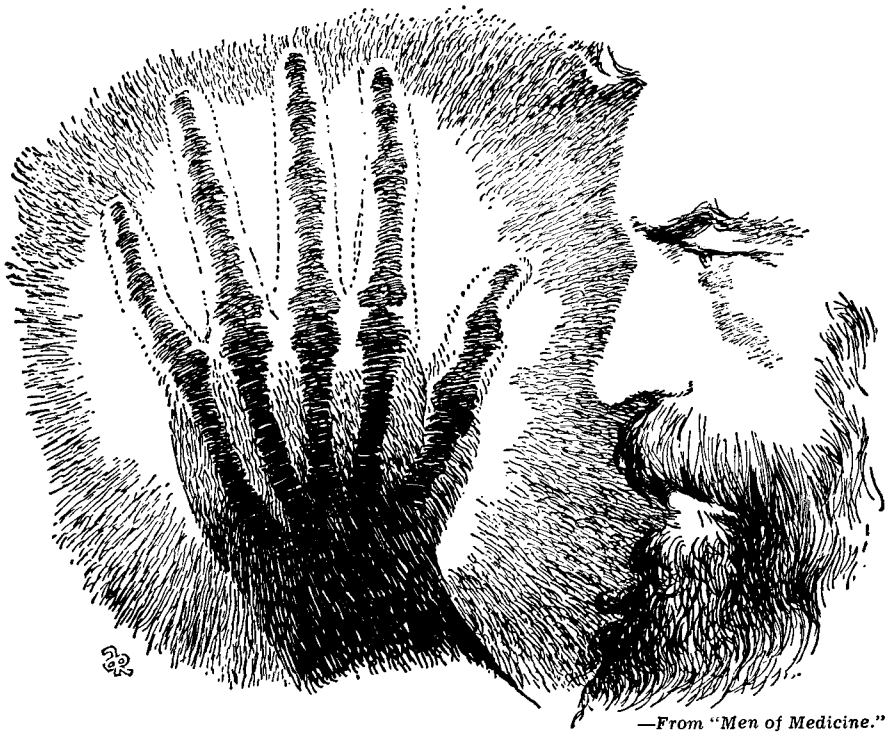
Here is a book that presents a balanced, fair and exciting portrait of an enigmatic figure. Tom Paine, and his era, come alive on the pages of this memorable book.

Illustrated by FRITZ KREDEL *Ages 12 and up* *$2.75*

FROM YOUR REGULAR BOOKSELLER

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY *Established 1834* *New York 16*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*From "Men of Medicine."*

A history of medicine which "lingers at milestones of medical discovery."

who flew over the Andes, climbed among the ruins, visited the museums, and viewed the fabulous treasure of the Incas at close range, has been unusually successful in combining the history of the period with the pageantry of the Inca ceremonials—national loyalties, filial devotion, and patterns of leadership—without slowing down the tempo of events as they occur. For mature readers the "Young Inca Prince" may serve as a nice introduction to Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey" and W. H. Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico."

—D. McG.

HARDNOSE. *By Gilbert Douglas. Crowell.* $2.75. Dean Canady, eighteen years old and about to finish high school, is at loose ends. He believes his father is disappointed in him, for he excels neither as an athlete nor as a student. A camping trip, during which Dean and two friends must contend with escaped convicts, proves that his courage at least is outstanding, and gives him the confidence to make a decision about his future. The action and sustained suspense are what one would expect in a story of outdoor adventure. In addition, Dean's problems have reality, and the writing, although not highly polished, has an appealing sincerity which lifts the books above the ordinary fare.

—L. M.

BECAUSE OF MADELINE. *By Mary Stolz. Harper.* $2.75. Perceptivity and excellent characterizations—the qualities that typify Mary Stolz's books—also distinguish this latest one. A departure from usual teen-age themes, its setting is the fashionable Bramley school for young people. The focus is a certain Madeline Portman as seen through the eyes of Dorothy, a student at the school. Madeline, a recently enrolled scholarship student, is a charwoman's daughter; she is also detached, completely self-contained, unpolished, and brilliant. The sensitive pinpointing of adolescent emotions and reflective analysis of cause and effect suggest that the book will find its readers among the older, brighter, introspective girls. —Esther Walls Pappy.

A GIRL OF THE NORTH COUNTRY. *By Elizabeth Howard. Morrow.* $2.75. The lake country of Michigan is the background for this light adventure story for older girls. The plot revolves around the school-teaching experiences and romantic entanglements of the pretty sixteen-year-old daughter of a pioneer family. Drama is provided when the father is incapacitated for work, excitement when ships, following false lights, are wrecked on the lake's rocky shores and the cargo "salvaged" by the lake pirates.

A teen-age novel with the perspective of time to give credulity to setting and incidents is refreshment occasionally from the modern problem story so fashionable today. —E. S. R.

JULIE'S HERITAGE. *By Catherine Marshall. Decorations by E. Harper Johnson. Longmans, Green.* $3. Julie, the daughter of a Negro physician and his wife, lived in a small town adjacent to New York City. As a young child her best friends and neighbors were white, and Julie was unaware of racial prejudice. Entrance into high school changed the picture as best friends rejected her, but Julie fought bitterness by following her father's maxim, "Live so that they can see your worth." The author has left a great deal of the problem-solving to the reader in this provocative story. —A. B.

WHERE THE TRAIL DIVIDED. *By Lorna Callahan. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Whittlesey House.* $3. When Fernande Watteau and her father join a wagon train going to the Oregon Territory their hard luck still goes with them. Mr. Watteau had not been able to make a living in New Orleans as a music teacher, so after his wife's death he set his ambitions on a new life in the Northwest. A frail man, unsuited to the rigors of pioneer life, he became ill the first week out and aroused the animosity of others in the train, who resented him as a foreigner and accused him of being a jinx. The trip was a lonely one, but the Watteaus did not waver in their determination to reach Oregon.

A simple and quiet story filled with the strength that comes from human understanding. —G. S.

THIS DEAR-BOUGHT LAND. *By Jean Lee Latham. Illustrated by Jacob Landau. Harper.* $2.75. Jean Lee Latham, who was awarded the Newbery Medal for her earlier "Carry on, Mr. Bowditch," writes an even more compelling story in this portrayal of the settlement of Jamestown, the first permanent English colony in the New World. It is the story of David Warren, young and impetuous gentleman who sails as a member of the crew of the *Susan Constant* and his maturing under the stern and steadying direction of John Smith, through whose will the colony survived. This is indeed a rewarding book, ably illustrated by Jacob Landau. —M. P. D.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Daughter of Herbert Marshall and Edna Best. "Visit to a Small Planet." 2. Son of Charles Chaplin. "Bells are Ringing." 3. Daughter of Raymond Massey and Adrianne Allen. "The Reluctant Debutante." 4. Son of Philip Merivale. "The Reluctant Debutante." 5. Daughter of Robert Montgomery. "The Loud Red Patrick." 6. Son of Geraldine Fitzgerald. "The Taming of the Shrew." 7. Daughter of Ralph Morgan. "The Apple Cart." 8. Daughter of Mervyn Johns. "Major Barbara." 9. Son of Jason Robards, Sr. "Long Day's Journey into Night." 10. Daughter of Otis Skinner. "Major Barbara."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1207

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Sailing vessel or one of the crew, as called contemptuously by sailors on steam vessels.	174 159 127 154 177 88 51 76 186 140
B. Street of the Boar's Head Tavern in Shakespeare's time.	99 126 4 117 41 11 166 64 149
C. Movable limb of a sextant; wheel spoke; etc.	25 164 182 193 145 34
D. Din; one of the sons of Usnech.	16 144 48 32 103
E. Largest island of Greece.	124 169 113 53 75 77
F. The cold sense (psychology).	192 30 35 62 72 151 80 170
G. One of the great copper companies of the U.S.; tiny Alaska town.	78 129 172 43 83 194 184 47 138
H. Greek Stoic philosopher, taught in Rome till Domitian ousted all philosophers, 90 A.D.	24 139 188 84 81 45 163 115 152
I. Unstratified deposit of loam, an excellent soil when watered.	165 92 109 54 146
J. Part of an annoyance one is glad to see (3 wds.).	196 42 55 1 156 91 121 133
K. Famous communication whose text Bismarck altered, hastening the Franco-Prussian War (2 wds.).	59 168 20 71 131 147 153 180 89 195 125
L. The third stage of Quaternary glaciation in Europe.	63 40 167 111

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Familiar commercial past tense, also meaning a twist in the grain of a bow.	57 173 105 36 118 96
N. Unfathomably obscure; dead-pan.	15 37 134 74 98 161 171 137 185 123 79
O. A summerhouse.	175 5 68 23 46 179 33 93 8
P. What Ulysses saw "begin to twinkle from the rocks" (Tennyson).	69 56 17 2 183 49
Q. New word in the news meaning amalgamation with Greece (not yet in Webster).	27 82 191 102 108 95
R. Bring out into a perfected state.	70 44 136 26 181 130 119
S. Under side of a subordinate part of a building.	86 114 155 39 101 12
T. They're here again! (2 wds.).	187 67 52 158 148 18 13 90 65
U. Like any of the small numerous invertebrate animals with six legs.	38 73 189 85 21 135 143 100 9 58
V. Having a tendency to overthrow, upset, destroy.	87 178 120 142 176 7 28 50 107 3
W. Fanciful landscapes in antique Roman mural decoration.	10 97 66 19 112
X. Lacking sensitiveness; impenetrable to emotions or ideas; blunt.	104 122 60 94 162 141
Y. Small craft designed to be propelled by oars.	106 31 110 6 61 150 116
Z. U.S. naval base on historic site in Virginia.	128 160 157 14 190 22 29 132

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

■	1 J	2 P	3 V	4 B	5 O	■	6 Y	7 V	8 O	9 U	10 W	11 B	—	12 S	13 T	14 Z
15 N	16 D	17 P	■	18 T	19 W	20 K	21 U	22 Z	23 O	24 H	25 C	26 R	27 Q	28 V	■	29 Z
30 F	31 Y	32 D	33 O	■	34 C	35 F	36 M	37 N	38 U	39 S	40 L	41 B	42 J	43 G	44 R	45 H
■	46 O	47 G	■	48 D	49 P	■	50 V	51 A	52 T	53 E	54 I	55 J	56 P	57 M	58 U	59 K
■	60 X	61 Y	■	62 F	63 L	64 B	65 T	66 W	■	67 T	68 O	69 P	■	70 R	71 K	■
72 F	73 U	74 N	75 E	■	76 A	77 E	78 G	79 N	■	80 F	81 H	■	82 Q	83 G	84 H	85 U
86 S	87 V	88 A	89 K	90 T	■	91 J	92 I	93 O	■	94 X	95 Q	■	96 M	97 W	■	98 N
99 B	100 U	101 S	102 Q	103 D	■	104 X	105 M	106 Y	■	107 V	108 Q	109 I	110 Y	111 L	■	112 W
113 E	114 S	115 H	116 Y	■	117 B	118 M	119 R	■	120 V	121 J	122 X	123 N	124 E	■	125 K	126 B
127 A	128 Z	■	129 G	130 R	131 K	132 Z	133 J	134 N	■	135 U	136 R	137 N	138 G	■	139 H	140 A
141 X	142 V	143 U	144 D	145 C	146 I	147 K	148 T	■	149 B	150 Y	151 F	152 H	153 K	154 A	■	155 S
156 J	157 Z	■	158 T	159 A	160 Z	161 N	162 X	■	163 H	164 C	165 I	166 B	167 L	■	168 K	169 E
170 F	171 N	■	172 G	173 M	174 A	■	175 O	176 V	■	177 A	178 V	179 O	180 K	181 R	182 C	■
183 P	184 G	■	185 N	186 A	■	187 T	188 H	189 U	190 Z	191 Q	192 F	193 C	194 G	195 K	196 J	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Library of Science

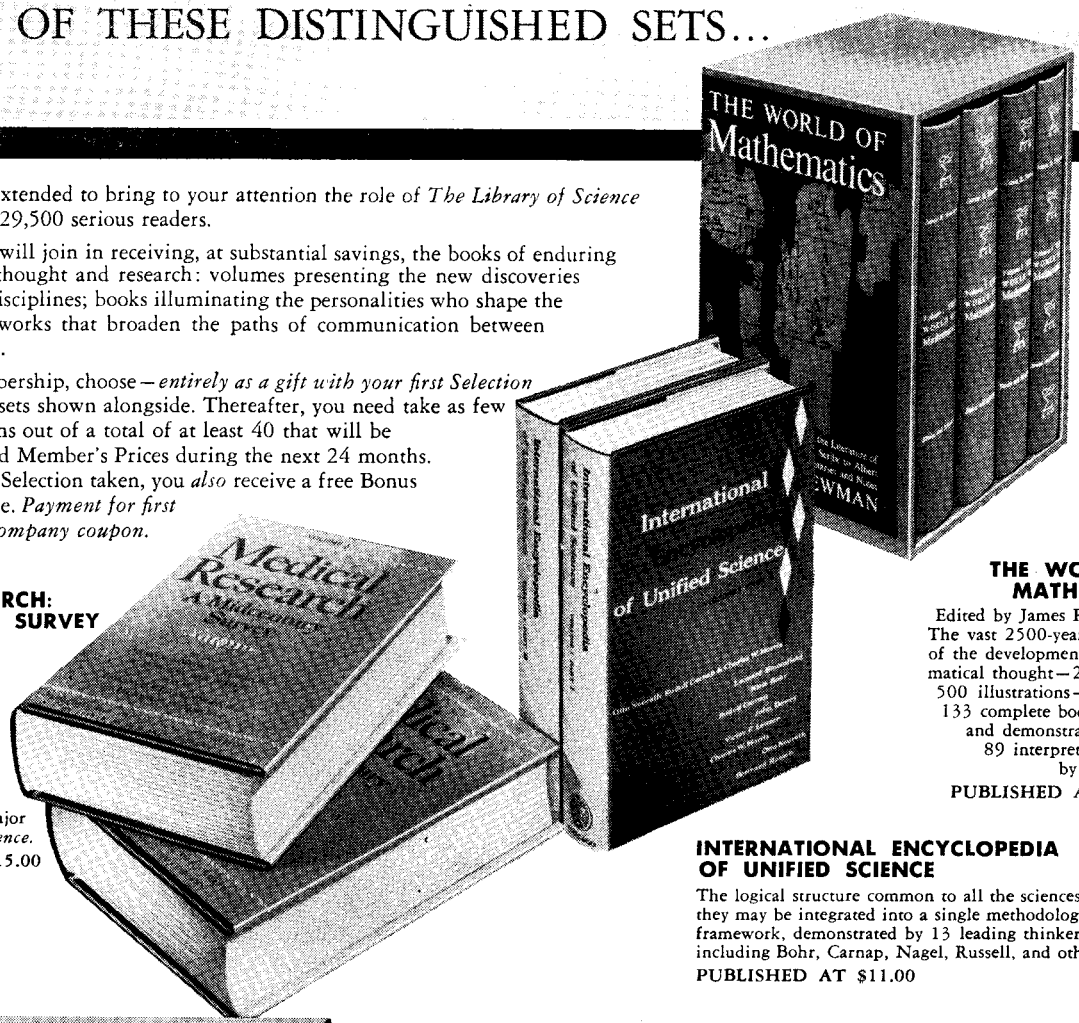
INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT AS A MEMBERSHIP GIFT

ONE OF THESE DISTINGUISHED SETS...

This invitation is extended to bring to your attention the role of *The Library of Science* in the thinking of 29,500 serious readers.

As a member, you will join in receiving, at substantial savings, the books of enduring value in scientific thought and research: volumes presenting the new discoveries of the individual disciplines; books illuminating the personalities who shape the world of science; works that broaden the paths of communication between all fields of inquiry.

To start your membership, choose—*entirely as a gift with your first Selection*—one of the three sets shown alongside. Thereafter, you need take as few as 5 more Selections out of a total of at least 40 that will be available at reduced Member's Prices during the next 24 months. After every fourth Selection taken, you *also* receive a free Bonus Book of your choice. *Payment for first Selection must accompany coupon.*



MEDICAL RESEARCH: A MIDCENTURY SURVEY
Edited by E. E. Lape. The perspectives of medico-biological research today—progress, methods, problems—analyzed in the light of physical, chemical and mathematical science. 1505 pp. "Truly a major accomplishment." *Science.*
PUBLISHED AT $15.00

THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS
Edited by James R. Newman. The vast 2500-year panorama of the development of mathematical thought—2535 pages, 500 illustrations—presenting 133 complete books, articles and demonstrations, with 89 interpretative essays by the Editor.
PUBLISHED AT $20.00

INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF UNIFIED SCIENCE
The logical structure common to all the sciences, and how they may be integrated into a single methodological framework, demonstrated by 13 leading thinkers, including Bohr, Carnap, Nagel, Russell, and others.
PUBLISHED AT $11.00

Choose any one of these 8 important works as your first Selection

THE DARWIN READER
Edited by Marston Bates & P. S. Humphrey. "All the most important and interesting portions of Darwin's enormous output . . . the essence of his work and thought." *Julian Huxley.*
List price $6.75 Member's price $4.95

THE LAWS OF NATURE
By R. E. Peierls. "A remarkable insight into the logic and unity of physics [and] how the separate ideas fit together to make a wonderfully coherent structure." *Scientific American.*
List price $4.50 Member's price $3.95

THEORIES OF THE UNIVERSE
Edited by Milton K. Munitz. Space, Time and the Creation of the Universe—the first one-volume presentation of the development of cosmology from Plato until the present day.
List price $6.50 Member's price $4.95

MATHEMATICS AND PLAUSIBLE REASONING
TWO VOLUMES. *By George Polya.* Analyzes the methods of scientific problem solving, showing their origins in mathematical reasoning and their applications in other fields of inquiry.
List price $9.00 Member's price $6.50

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN BOOKS
FIVE VOLUMES. 1082 pages, paperbound, on: The New Astronomy; Atomic Power; Automatic Control; Physics and Chemistry of Life; Animal Biology.
List price $5.00 Member's price $4.50

A HISTORY OF SCIENCE
By George Sarton. The leading scientific historian of our time recreates the science of antiquity, from the beginnings of writing to the flowering of Greece.
List price $10.00 Member's price $6.95

READINGS IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF SCIENCE
Edited by Herbert Feigl & May Brodbeck. Partial contents include: Nature of Scientific Method; Theory Construction; Logic of Scientific Explanation; Testability and Meaning.
List price $6.00 Member's price $4.95

FRONTIERS OF ASTRONOMY
By Fred Hoyle. "The directions in which astronomical thought is tending on the frontiers of astronomy . . . discussed in a fascinating manner." *The (London) Times.*
List price $5.00 Member's price $3.95

The Library of Science
59 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

Enroll me as a member and send the books indicated alongside; one as a Gift on joining and the other as my first Membership Selection. MY PAYMENT FOR FIRST SELECTION IS ENCLOSED. I need take as few as 5 more Selections during the next 24 months, and after every fourth Selection, I will receive a Free Bonus Book of my choice.

_____
Membership Gift

_____
First Selection

_____
Additional Selection desired

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

419

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED